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PHONE CALL

Amusing comedy-romance of a Bohemian artist, a dull rich man, and the girl they both wanted to marry.

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9 OCT 1950
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

by IRENE KAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

"It's the excitement, I suppose," Jenny said as he wiped away her tears.

THE time was noon, as a poet might put it. Miss Jenny Loudon put the finishing touches to a fashion drawing, sighed, turned the drawing upside down, and squinted her pretty blue eyes at it. Then she put it on the worktable in the apartment she shared with her Aunt Lobelia.

She had been hoping, all morning, that some man, almost any man except the one she was practically engaged to marry, would pick up a telephone somewhere in this great city and call her for a lunch date.

Somehow, on this particular day, she just wished she had a man to lunch with. Any man except Theo. Someone quite different from Theo C. Walsingham. Someone quite, quite different, just for a change.

She rose from her worktable, and at that moment the telephone rang. The sound, in the big, quiet, studio-like room, was almost shocking to Jenny. There was such an ominous urgency to the ring that she thought it must surely bring bad news.

And, in a way, it did.

"Yes?" Jenny said softly, hesitantly, into the phone.

"Miss Jenny Loudon," a man's voice said.

The voice had a remarkable effect on Jenny. She turned pale and bit her full, soft lower lip and gripped a paintbrush so hard that she would have broken it except it was an extra-thick one.

But she didn't let her voice betray her agitation. "This is she," she said softly, hoping the racket made by the wild leap of her heart could not be heard over the telephone wire. "This is she," she said again.

"Well, this is he!" the man's voice said, in a kind of passionate mimicry of Jenny's words.

"Oh, my goodness," Jenny cried, letting recognition swell her small voice. "It is Derek. Derek Foster! Where are you, for goodness' sake?" This question was natural enough, considering that the last time Jenny had heard of Derek Foster he was in Paris, studying art on a rehabilitation course. And a good thing, too, so far as Jenny was concerned. That was how her Aunt Lobelia had put it, and Jenny supposed she was right.

"Well," Derek Foster said, "you can be quite sure I am not telephoning you all the way from Paris."

Jenny kept her voice cool and flippant. "Why," she said, "I don't know about that. After all, you might be going to ask me to send you some money."

There was a loud, raucous noise at the other end of the wire. "Well," Derek Foster said, after he had stopped laughing, "I can see you haven't changed, Jenny Wren. I can see that money is still your god, and if you think you are going to get back that small loan you lent me years ago when we were both struggling art students at the Art Students' League, you are very much mistaken."

"I realised long ago that I would never see it again," Jenny said primly, but smiling to herself. "I deducted it from my income tax. Bad debt, they call it."

There was more of this talk between them, but the upshot of it was that Jenny agreed to meet Derek Foster at a small, inexpensive French restaurant known as La Beanerie, which they had frequented as art students.

"Dutch," Derek said, of the lunch, "of course."

"Of course," Jenny said. "It would only have shocked me if you had offered to buy me a lunch."

She put down the phone and rushed into the bedroom to dress. As she put on her blue-and-green plaid suit and her new navy bicorn, she found that she was trembling. She sat down for a moment and put her pretty, flushed face into her hands. This would never do. All was over between herself and Derek. Aunt Lobelia was right. He was nothing but a Bohemian ne'er-do-well, even if he was terribly attractive and marvellously talented.

Aunt Lobelia was right, Jenny thought now, and this is no time for me to become confused about Derek Foster again. Here I am, Jenny told herself, on the verge of marriage, and if I get excited about Derek I can just kiss the Walsingham trust funds good-bye.

By great mental effort, Jenny got her hands and feet and lips steady. She was relieved that Aunt Lobelia was out shopping. I must view this lunch, she told herself, as nothing more than an amusing diversion, a gallant farewell to the old life, before to-night's fateful dinner-party.

Please turn to page 10

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THAT MAN OF HERS

By
FELIX NOLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

IN spring of that year Sam Woodworth and his wife came to look at the house. The weather was a kind of symptom, as I see it now, for here seasons are dramatic, and spring is a brief time of hoping. My husband and I watched Sam Woodworth help his wife from the car. He was a young, dark giant of a man, very gentle with her and protective.

"Be careful of the steps," we heard him say to her, and though the old Fansler place was twice as large and costly as ours, I knew by the way she talked and gestured that she was determined to have it.

"They'll buy it, Walter," I remarked to my husband. "Look—she's already measuring the windows for curtains."

She was dressed very casually that day—a little thing with restless blue eyes and a ribbon in her hair. Through our open windows I could hear her agreeing with the real estate man while Sam Woodworth left them and strolled around the house.

"It's a nice place, yes," he said, coming back to where they were standing. "Seems to be well built, all right. But I'm thinking of you, dear."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, the size of it, Vivienne." He turned to the agent and explained, "My wife hasn't been well these past few years, and we have two children to look after."

"That's just the point: we need the extra room." Her voice was quick and sharp. "Besides—" she put her hand on his arm—"it's so exciting, Sam! I've always wanted a music room," she said, "a place where I could put my piano."

"You won't have much time in a house this size, I'm afraid." He said to the agent, "My wife is a musician, you see."

He told us too, within a week after they'd moved in. Walter and I were working in the garden when Sam Woodworth came out the back door and crossed leisurely to the fence. "I hope we haven't disturbed you over here," he said.

"No, no." My husband straightened with an involuntary frown. He had suffered for years with a touch of arthritis, but there was something so eager about Sam Woodworth's smile that I raised my eyes in warning. "Why, we haven't noticed," Walter said less irritably.

"I was afraid the children . . . or my wife's piano," the young man apologised. "Have you heard it?"

I shook my head and laughed. "Anyway, it wouldn't bother us, Mr. Woodworth."

"Well, you know, she's a musician. Composes, too."

There was so much pride in his voice that I had to say something. "Why, that's wonderful. You mean professionally?"

"Not yet. Takes time, of course. And then she hasn't been very well. But I'm looking forward to the day when she can support me!" he finished gaily. "You've met our children, haven't you?"

Jill Woodworth, who was seven, edged closer to her father, but the boy, Michael, stepped forward and held out his hand across the fence. He must have been nine or ten; he had his mother's blue eyes, but there the resemblance ceased. Both children were tall and well built like their father. They wore simple, adequate clothing, yet there was about them an air of neglect. They spoke in subdued little voices.

"You're welcome to play over here," I told the boy. "We have some bird-houses—you might find them interesting, you and Jill."

"Don't encourage them too much," their father laughed. With one arm around the little girl, he gave Michael's head a playful push.

A light came on in one of the dark windows next door, and Sam Woodworth turned away, first pausing to caution

The nurse looked at Sam. "If you want me," she said, "I'll be glad to come and look after Mrs. Woodworth."

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He was a proud husband, and she never knew the sacrifices he made for her happiness, until it was nearly too late.

the children, "Try not to be noisy, now—Mother has a headache, you know."

. . . . . .

Our neighbor, we learned, was in charge of a small manufacturing business and he had a great many friends—young couples who stopped their cars in front of the house at night. Sometimes, long after we had gone to bed, I would hear them drive up and call to him, "Yoo-hoo! Sam?"

"Shh . . ."

"What's the matter? Come on, we're all going—"

"Vivienne's feeling so rotten. She'd get up if I'd let her, but honestly, Jane . . ."

Their voices dropped, and in the darkness my husband cleared his throat.

"I wonder what's wrong with her?" he asked, turning stiffly. "She looks healthy enough."

"But rather frail, don't you think?"

"No, I don't think."

"I haven't seen her around much," I said, "and I hate to interrupt her."

"You mean, when she's suffering?"

"I'm talking about her music, and you know it."

"Well, perhaps it wouldn't be such a bad idea to drop in occasionally. That poor fellow, trying to run the whole house—kids and all," my husband said acidly. "I'm beginning to feel sorry for him."

So was I, and without quite understanding why. Not that I doubted her illness at that point, or saw any reason why a woman shouldn't express herself in some way. But Sam Woodworth's constant deference to his wife, the slightly hushed voices of his children and friends, began to nag and disturb me increasingly.

"Mother's going to work at her music," Jill told me one morning. "Can I help you pick the flowers, Mrs. Benton?"

Nodding, I moved the basket closer. "I was just thinking we might fill this and take it to your mother."

"Oh, that would be nice!" she looked at me with wide, startled eyes. She wore a slightly soiled gingham dress and her blonde plaits needed combing, but she was really a beautiful child. "You mean, take them to her now?" she asked, rather anxiously I thought.

"When we've filled the basket." I patted her shoulder. "I'm going out for lunch. I could only stay a minute."

"Well, that's all right, Mrs. Benton. Mother just loves presents, anyway," she said.

We passed through the kitchen where a Mrs. Botts stood washing an accumulation of dishes. She came twice a week, Jill explained softly, and this was their living-room. Daddy had painted the walls himself—weren't they beautiful?

I murmured something appropriate and dropped down on one of the zebra-striped chairs. Color struck at me from all directions. It lay in swathes on the sofas and chairs, as if thrown there in a moment of feverish pique. Nothing had been finished, nothing properly arranged. A fine coating of dust pervaded the room and lent a note of sadness. I wished, somehow, that I hadn't come, especially when Jill picked up her skirt and wiped the glass table in front of the chair where I was sitting.

"Oh, I thought I heard voices!" Vivienne Woodworth, in a lime-green negligee, came trailing down the stairs, "Why, Mrs. Benton—how nice to see you! Have you been here long? Jill, why didn't you call me? Do sit down, Mrs. Benton. I'm afraid this room—but I haven't been very well . . ." The glittering smile died away, and she leaned wearily back in her chair. "This enormous house," she sighed. "It simply drains me of strength."

I made a feeble sound of agreement. "I understand you're trying to compose, too."

"Oh, did Sam tell you that?" She gave a short laugh. "Oh, I do wish he wouldn't. He's a perfect child, Mrs. Benton—naive beyond belief."

"Well, it's a very endearing quality," I said.

"Yes, of course. Everybody likes Sam." Her eyes darkened slowly. "There's nothing complex about him."

All this time Jill had been standing by her mother's chair watching me. Now as she looked away I found myself rising abruptly. "My husband and I want you to have dinner with us soon," I said, "if you don't mind an old couple—"

"Why, I think it would be lovely except that I'm on a diet, Mrs. Benton—a very strict diet." She rose, and in the movement her thinly fleshed bones stood out. She was a pretty young woman with very clear skin and hands as cool as lettuce.

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"It's just been one thing after another. Ever since the children—even before that, really. I suppose I was born under an unlucky star!" She laughed bitterly.

I looked at her little girl—a fine, bonny child any woman might have been proud of, and I thought of her son, who had been sent away to stay with friends for the school holidays, and of Sam Woodworth working to pay for the house she had wanted. I thought of them and left the house as fast as I decently could.

They were in my mind often on those hot summer days when the shades next door were drawn against the sun. Finally I asked my husband, "Why is it that women like Vivienne Woodworth so often attract the best men on earth? How does he stand it, year after year?"

"Well, he loves her, poor fellow. He's just a typical husband, long-suffering and put-upon."

He was watching the doctor's car, which had stopped before the house next door. Sam Woodworth had come out of the house and was walking with the doctor to his car. He was listening intently to what the doctor said.

When he had gone our neighbor came over to us, but he wouldn't come in, thank you. His wife was sick—he didn't like to leave her alone. He was taking her to hospital in a little while.

"Nothing serious, I hope?" I asked.

"I don't know, Mrs. Benton. They want to make some further tests." He refused the cigarette my husband offered and, fumbling in his pocket, stared down at the tiled floor.

"The trouble is, they can't find out what's wrong with her," he said. "Last year she had a nasty little cough and no appetite and I sent her away for two months, and when she came back, all brown and healthy, I thought everything was going to be fine. Now it's something else—they don't know what."

"Well, we're certainly very sorry," Walter said. "If there's anything we can do——"

The question seemed to rouse him from a daze. "That's what I wanted to ask you," he said, handing me a key. "There won't be anybody at home during the daytime, and if anything should come up . . . Would you mind, Mrs. Benton? I'll leave a note on the door."

"But what about Jill? She could stay here with us," I said quickly.

For an instant I thought he was going to cry. His whole face stiffened, and he looked past us. "I'm sending her to my mother," he said. "Michael will join her there at the end of the holidays."

"But—your wife will be home before then! A week or ten days at the most," Walter said. "I'd be willing to bet."

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A TOWN LIKE ALICE

By NEVIL SHUTE

Concluding our popular romantic adventure serial

The beach at Green Island where they spent their honeymoon was a far, pleasant cry from Midhurst.

IT began to rain again, and Jean went up on to the verandah. It was very quiet and empty now that Joe was gone, and the aboriginal, Polly, had retired to her own place. The rain made a steady drumming on the iron roof. It occurred to her that the whole business might be over. Don Curtis might have turned up at Windermere and Joe's journey might be so much wasted effort.

It was absurd that Midhurst had not got a radio transmitter. It was true enough that they were only twenty miles from the hospital and so would hardly need it for their own accidents, but in a case like this it was both difficult and trying not to know what was going on.

She made up her mind to have a transmitter at Midhurst when she and Joe were married. A cattle station without one in these days was a back number.

She had never been alone in Midhurst before. She wandered through from room to room, slowly, deep in thought, and the wallaby lolloped after her; from time to time she dropped her hand to caress it, and it nibbled her fingers. She spent a long time in Joe's room, touching and fingering the rough gear and clothes that were essentially Joe.

He had so few things. Yet it was in this room he had dreamed and planned that fantastic journey to England in search of her. That journey that had ended in Noel Strachan's office in Chancery Lane. Chancery Lane seemed very far away.

At about three o'clock Dave Hope arrived. He came riding from Willstown through the rain as Peter Fletcher had come in the morning; he had got a lift up on a truck from Normanton.

He had heard all about the Windermere affair in Willstown, which he had left shortly before noon, and he could add further information from the radio. He told her that the aboriginal, Samson, had returned to the homestead.

"Seems they were looking for some poddys," he said, "somewhere up at the Disappointment Creek end of the station. They separated and one went one way, one the other, for some reason; they left the camp standing and were going to meet back in the evening. Don didn't turn up that evening and, of course, the abo couldn't track him in the dark.

"When the morning came the whole place was swimming in water, and he couldn't track him at all. That's how it seems to be."

They talked about it for some time on the verandah. Somewhere thirty or forty miles from them a man must be lying injured on the ground.

"You'd better go and help, Dave," Jean said at last. "There's nothing to do here. I'll stay here and look after things."

He was a little doubtful. "What did Mr. Harman say I was to do?"

"He didn't say anything. I said I'd stay here till you got back. But you go and join them over at Windermere. That's the best thing you can do."

"It certainly seems crook to stay here doing nothing," he admitted.

She got him off in the late afternoon with about two hours of daylight left. He knew Windermere station well, and was quite happy about finishing his journey in the dark.

Left to herself, Jean went on with the plan of the kitchen she would have liked to see built, with a view to getting Joe to pull the old one down completely and start again from scratch. Presently Polly came in and cooked eggs for her tea, and fed the various animals, and watered the verandah plants.

When Polly had gone away, Jean was alone in Midhurst for the night, with only the puppies and the wallaby for company. Somewhere out in the darkness and the rain Joe Harman would be pushing on towards the top end of the property, horses and men soaked through, picking their way cautiously through the darkness. She could do nothing to help them, nothing but sit and wait.

She learned a lot that evening. She learned a little of the fortitude that a wife on a cattle station must develop, even, she thought, a little grimly, a wife with fifty-three thousand pounds. She learned that a radio transmitting and receiving set was almost indispensable to such a wife; even on that first evening she would have liked to exchange a word or two with Jackie Bacon in Cairns.

She learned how much a lonely person turns to animals, and queerly the memory of Olive came into her mind, the brown girl who could not bear to be separated from her kitten even on a visit to the Willstown hotel. By the time she went to bed she understood Olive a bit better.

She went to bed at about nine. But she slept only lightly, and she woke before dawn to the sound of a horse in the yard. She got up at once and put her frock on and went out on the verandah, and switched on the light, and called, "Who's that?"

A man came forward into the light at the foot of the steps, and said, "It's me, Missy, Billy. Missa Hope, him come back?"

She said: "He's gone over to Windermere. He came back here, and went on to Windermere. What's happened to Mr. Harman, Billy?"

He said: "Missa Harman, him up top end. Him find Missa Curtis, him leg broken. Missa Harman, him send me back fetch Missa Hope, him drive utility up top end, bring Missa Curtis down."

"Mr. Hope's not here," she said. "He's gone to Windermere."

He was silent for a time. Then he said, "No white feller here, drive utility?"

She shook her head. "Can you drive the utility, Billy? Or any of the others?"

"No, Missy."

The thought came to her that she could drive it up to them herself, with Billy as a guide, but it was not a thing to be undertaken lightly. She had never owned a car, and though she had driven cars belonging to various young men from time to time and knew the movements, her total driving experience did not exceed five hours.

She asked, "How far away is Mr. Harman, Billy?"

He thought. "Four mile past bore."

Jean lit a cigarette and thought deeply about what she ought to do.

Finally she decided to undertake the trip.

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH

Please turn to page 38

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A SHORT STORY
by
STEPHEN COLE

The Innocent

IT is a curious thing that you can't always tell, when you start doing something, how it's going to turn out in the long run. I mean, you can have very good intentions and plan ahead all you want to, but then something goes wrong, and you end up in a sort of opposite direction.

For instance, take last Sunday when Mum had been home about a week from hospital. Before breakfast Charlie and Sis and I gathered together a pile of pebbles for the catapult.

Well, we sent Sis up into our tree hut and started shooting at her, but our tree hut is in an unfortunate place. It's in a tree right in front of the house, so that we hadn't been shooting more than five minutes before Charlie bounced a pebble off a limb and it went through a window. The window was closed at the time, being the one in Mum and Dad's bedroom that is right over their bed, and they didn't like the draught.

Usually there is something very satisfying about the crash of broken glass, but the situation was a little different with this particular window. Because we heard Mum scream and Dad bellow, and almost immediately Dad stuck his head out of the other window, glared down at us as best he could for being still sleepy, and began making some remarks.

The conversation, or monologue, or whatever you call it, went on for a while, and finally Dad wanted to know what we were doing, anyway.

"We're shooting at Sis," I told him.

Dad closed his eyes, ran his hand through his hair, and then leaned his head on both hands as if he had a most monstrous headache. He seemed to have run out of conversation, too, but that didn't affect matters, because right away Mum's head appeared in the window, beside him, and began to take over.

Well, we tried to point out the facts of the case to her. We had her look at the tree house, which was right over her head, and Sis waved to her out of it. We explained that we had a tight fence of little branches woven around it, so that the pebbles usually bounced off and didn't hit the person inside. We explained that we used fresh sticks every now and then, because when they got old they'd grow brittle and rattle out, so that then the person inside might get hit, but none of this talk did any good.

We ended up with orders to stop shooting pebbles around the house, and to stop shooting them at one another even if we were in armor plate at the time—both of these orders being of the "now-and-forever" variety. It is too bad that Mum was just out of hospital or we might have made out better.

However, we had managed to get them up, and so pretty soon we were all at breakfast. It was a quiet sort of meal, because Dad and Mum weren't altogether ready for it, so they both disappeared behind different sections of the newspaper and only ran a hand out now and then for their coffee, which acts something like the fountain of youth on them. Finally Mum sighed and put her paper down.

"There's the most wonderful idea here on the feature page," she said to Dad. "It says that parents ought to take separate holidays."

"Tired of me?" mumbled Dad, who was reading the sporting pages.

"No," said Mum. "Just plain tired."

Dad went on reading, so Mum sighed again and said, "This article claims that one parent ought to go off alone for two weeks, leaving the children with the other one. Then, after she gets back, the husband does the same thing."

"With a blonde?" Dad asked.

"What about the kids' holidays?" Charlie wanted to know. "Have we no rights?"

"It doesn't go into either of those points," Mum said. She brushed her hair out of her eyes, patted a yawn, and poured herself some more coffee. Then she looked around at us three kids, and did not seem too pleased with what she saw. "I think that author has a good idea, Dan," she said to Dad.

"M'm'm'm," he said, still reading the sporting news.

"Imagine having two whole weeks away from absolutely everybody," Mum went on. "Imagine just lying there on the beach for two weeks without a care in the world."

Dad put his paper down and gave me his coffee cup. I handed it over to Mum, and watched her face to see if she was just talking or was really saying something that she believed. I gathered the impression that she meant it.

So did Dad. Anyway, when he got his hot coffee back he looked pretty serious.

"If you really want that, it's what we'll do," he said. He looked at her face, which had some lines in it, because, as I said, Mum was just out of hospital, and besides, she is not so young as probably she once was. Then he looked at the three of us kids, perhaps thinking about waking up with glass on your face.

Finally he said again. "If that's what you want, it's what we'll do. Let me see that article, will you?"

Charlie and Sis and I looked at one another, excused ourselves, and got out of there. We went to our hut and sat down, and for a while didn't say anything to one another. I don't know about Charlie and Sis, but I was busy thinking over the summer holidays we had taken in the past, family style.

For as long as I can remember we had always gone off together to that cottage on the lake and had a very good time. We had fished and swum and gone on picnics and canoed in the moonlight singing songs and hammered around in the outboard and explored strange islands and played tennis and climbed to the tops of hills.

Those things don't sound like much, but when I remembered them the way the whole family of us had always done them together, they were the best part of the year. And I realised that I had been counting on us always doing them together forever.

"Do you remember the time I won the canoe race?" Charlie suddenly asked me, out of nowhere.

"Yes," I told him, and then we were quiet for a while longer.

"How about the time I caught the big fish and fell out of the boat?" said Sis. "And Dad rescued me and the fish was still on the hook."

"Yes," said Charlie and I.

After a while, Charlie said, "I suppose when we broke the window this morning it reminded them of the time we smashed the canoe when we tied on to the launch."

"And the time we sheared the propeller off the outboard, so Dad had to row us home five miles,' I remembered.

"And the time you nearly drowned me on that aquaplane thing because it seemed like a good idea that I should be tied to it," Sis told us. "I think we must do lots of things that get Mum and Dad tired of us."

Charlie and I studied that one for a while, and we finally had to admit that Sis probably had something there. So I said, "Maybe if we stayed out of messes for a few days we could get them to change their minds about this holiday business."

Of course, nobody could think of a better idea, so we decided that we would watch ourselves pretty carefully. And then Sis came up with the brilliant idea that we should all go down and do the breakfast dishes. Which we did, and I believe that we rather astonished Mum.

After that ordeal was over, and after Charlie had swept up the remains of a cup he had butterfingered, we agreed that it would be a very smart idea if we got a long way from the house before we began to put any wheels in motion.

So we went across the field down the hill to Old Man Jones' place, just sort of wandering around. And then Charlie got the idea it would be a good safe pastime if we played in Old Man Jones' barn. Old Man Jones doesn't mind.

We hopped the barbed-wire fence and started across his paddock to the barn. That is to say, Sis crawled under the fence and Charlie hopped over it, but I was careless or unlucky or something, and got myself caught up on the wire. So that Charlie and Sis were pretty well into the paddock by the time I got myself unsnarled.

I started to hurry after them, and then I took a look around and got back on the safe side of the fence. Because I had happened to notice that Old Man Jones' bull was in the paddock that morning and was heading our way.

"We have visitors!" I yelled to Charlie and Sis, pointing to where that big old red bull was trotting over to see what everything was all about. So Charlie and Sis looked, and then did the natural thing—they swarmed up the apple tree out there in the middle of the paddock.

Old Man Jones swears that his bull is pretty tame, but I have never been entirely sure that the bull knows about it. Besides, a bull close up and coming closer is a very large animal.

When the bull finally got over to the tree to investigate the situation, Charlie had one of his ideas—he dropped a hard green apple down on him. And the bull did not seem to appreciate it. Especially since the apple hit him on the nose.

"That may not be smart," I told Charlie. "After all, you have to get down from there sometime, you know."

Well, Charlie saw the sense of that, but it seemed that he had seen it somewhat late. Because the bull had apparently sized up the situation about the way I had, which is pretty good for a bull. He seemed to realise that he had some people up a tree, and also that those people would someday have to come down out of the tree. So he stuck around in a quiet but firm sort of way.

Please turn to page 76

"Where's Charlie and Sis?" Dad asked — just one of those awkward questions parents sometimes ask.

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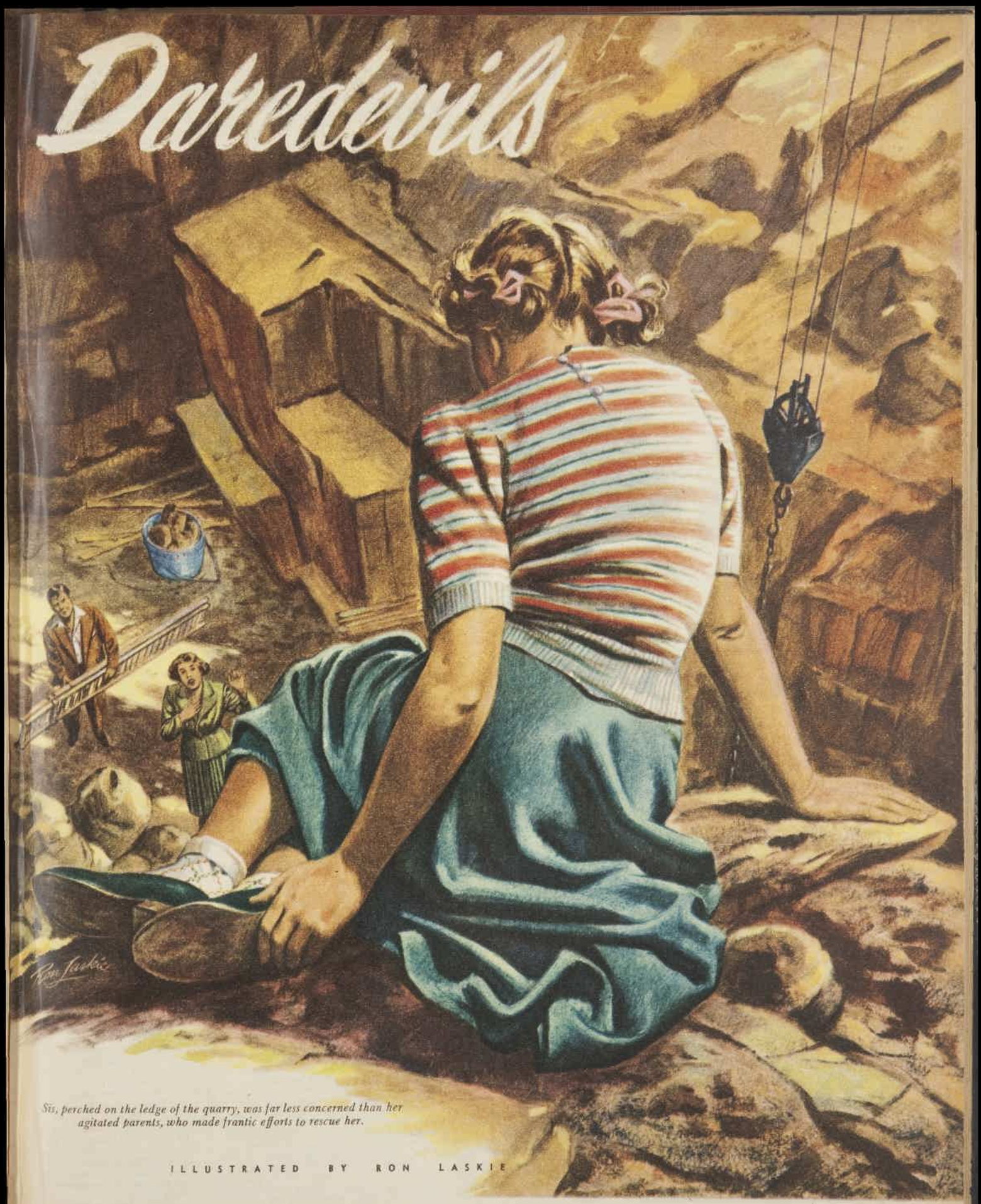
Daredevils



Sis, perched on the ledge of the quarry, was far less concerned than her agitated parents, who made frantic efforts to rescue her.

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

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Phone Call

Continued from page 3

TO-NIGHT, Theo Walsingham's stepmother, who, since the death of Theo's father, had had a lot to say about the Walsingham trust funds, was going to make Jenny's agreement with Theo official by presenting Jenny with a Walsingham emerald brooch.

On her way to lunch at La Beanerie Jenny found herself comparing Theo Walsingham and Derek Foster. Of course, Theo had lots of money, which is likely to make people look better than they are. But he needed it, Jenny's friends liked to say. He was not really homely, only a little caddish-looking.

He danced as though he were dangling from the end of a parachute, and he was ill-mannered in dealing with waiters, taxi-drivers, telephone operators, and similar people. He liked to start fights, but he had never been known to finish one.

Derek Foster, on the other hand, was dangerously dark and handsome. He was a talented painter, and he danced in such a way that other women, glimpsing him over the shoulders of their own partners, were often distracted and had to apologise for stumbling. Derek was not only as poor as a church mouse but much more arrogant about it than any church mouse.

He believed women should pay their own way through life, and, wherever possible, his, too. At first, this shocking attitude had not asserted itself on Jenny Loudon's consciousness. Indeed, by the time it had become fully apparent she was practically on the way to the altar with him.

She had simply asked him, in a perfectly civil way, if he planned to get a job of some kind. And he had simply answered, in a perfectly civil way, too, that jobs were death to painters. This had led to assorted uncivil words, and the upshot of it was that Derek and Jenny stopped seeing each other.

Before this experience could make itself felt, Derek received a personal message from the government, went into the army, and then was shipped out of the country.

When the war was over, Derek was in Paris. He had stayed to paint and sit around piling up saucers and criticising the paintings of others. He had not written.

Jenny had tried to forget all about Derek Foster and concentrate on finding a man of substance who would make her his wife. Aunt Lobelia, of course, had encouraged this campaign.

She had naturally gravitated to Theo C. Walsingham, especially after she had learned the extent of the Walsingham trust funds. She had schooled herself to admire what paltry virtues Theo had and to ignore his faults.

One of the reasons Jenny and Theo were rushing toward matrimony at breakneck speed was Mrs. Walsingham's desire to get rid of Theo as fast as possible.

So to-night they would have a too-rich dinner at a French restaurant that Mrs. Walsingham patronised, and later Mrs. Walsingham was taking Theo and Jenny and herself to the theatre.

Jenny was mulling over all this as she sped toward La Beanerie and her luncheon with Derek Foster.

She took a deep breath and laid a brave smile on her face as she crossed the threshold of La Beanerie. And then she saw Derek, thinner and darker and handsomer than ever. Jenny burst into tears.

Derek Foster, scowling ferociously, rose and went toward her. He took her in his arms, and in a kind of vaguely urgent way kissed her.

"It's been a long time," Derek said gently, and helped Jenny to her seat. Jenny tried to recover her grave, gay smile, but the tears continued. Derek took a moderately clean handkerchief from his coat pocket, considered it, and put it back. Then he took his napkin and dried her eyes.

"It's the excitement, I guess," Jenny said, "it's—" she tightened her mouth so that she might say it fast—"it's just that I expect to get engaged to-night."

"All right," Derek said gloomily. "I suppose we might as well. I thought Paris would cure me, but I might as well give up. I hope you are making plenty of money in the fashion field."

"No! No!" Jenny wailed, stricken anew. "Not engaged to you, Derek. To a—to someone else."

"I see," he said coldly. "Some rich young fool I suppose?"

"Yes," Jenny said.

Derek regarded her sternly. "You mean yes, he is rich?"

"Yes, he is rich, and I mean he is a fool, too. I don't know," Jenny said, deeply confused.

When Derek spoke, it was in the sombre tones of a man who has experienced life. "It's probably all for the best," he said. "I intend to be the best painter in America. Between you and me and the lamppost, I am the best painter in America. But I intend that everyone else shall know this as well as I do. I'm not going to let anything stop me."

He sighed. "For a moment I lost my head. I thought you had changed and would be willing to help me achieve my goal. I thought perhaps now, if we married, you would not expect me to run out and take in commercial art like other painters' wives expect them to do. It's too bad. After all, it isn't as though I loved you for your looks. I saw better-looking girls than you in Paris. I had them at my feet."

> ***"A woman making a speech is like a dog standing on its hind legs. The wonder is not that it is well done; but that it is done at all."***
>
> **—Dr. Samuel Johnson.**

"Yes, I suppose so," Jenny said wretchedly.

"But I wasn't able to forget you. It is a terrible sickness, being in love, and I had hoped you would join me in helping to cure it."

"Cure it?" Jenny asked. "How do you cure it?"

"By marriage!" Derek said savagely. "It is the only known cure for love, and I understand it works like a charm. Marriage, with its economic problems and its dish-washing and its quarrels over who pulled the bedclothes off whom last night so that whom caught cold—marriage is the only sure cure. However, if you are going to marry this rich fool and nothing I say will deter you—" He paused.

Jenny put her elbows on the table and jammed her chin into her hands. It was the next best thing to clapping a hand over her mouth, which would have been obvious. She did not want to start talking for fear she might cry. If he had just offered to try to get a job, just offered, chances are she wouldn't have expected him to go through with it. Just the gesture. But he didn't. He wouldn't.

"I guess painters should never marry," Derek said darkly.

Jenny would have cried aloud at this except that their onion soup arrived at this point. Neither ate much or talked much after that. Their luncheon check was small, and Derek insisted on paying for it. "A sentimental gesture," he said.

They left the restaurant and said farewell with many quiet, murmured words and small touchings of each other, such as picking a thread off a coat, or straightening a tie.

"To-night, eh?" Derek said finally, after he had said, "Well, good-bye," three times. "To-night you get yourself engaged?"

"Yes," Jenny said. "His mother is taking us to dinner and then to the theatre."

"What exquisite taste in entertainment to celebrate a betrothal," Derek said wryly. Then he said, "Well, good-bye," again, but this time he turned and walked away. Jenny stood on the corner watching the back of his head weaving in and out of the crowd, and once it seemed to her that a lighter blur took the place of the dark hair, and she thought maybe he had turned and looked back at her. And then she could not see him at all.

. . . . .

Dressing for dinner that night in a black dress that made her look like a Dresden-china widow, Jenny let Aunt Lobelia do all the talking.

"Aunt Lo," Jenny interrupted, "guess who is in New York."

Aunt Lo suddenly looked old and beaten and sad. "Why guess?" she said bitterly. "I could tell from the ghastly pallor of your face. That Bohemian, that artist, that Foster, that kiss of death. He would have to come home now. He couldn't wait until I'd got you safely married to T. C. Walsingham. Well," she said savagely, "if he comes near me, I'll tell him off."

Theo Walsingham came then and led Jenny off to his stepmother's limousine.

The thing about Theo's stepmother, as Jenny had tried to explain to Aunt Lo, was not so much that she was young as that she was so terribly young. She was not much over forty, but she was a living example of the one-step-forward-and-fifteen-steps-back principle.

She grew younger as she grew older. She had large, glittering dark eyes, and hair the color of rose gold. She had as marvellous a figure as you would expect of a woman who had a good one before the massage and foundation experts had gone to work on it. It was nothing short of astonishing.

Her voice was husky, and she never spared it for a moment. She wore furs that matched her hair, and jewels entirely too large to be real except that some of them were. She had been christened Beulah, but she liked to be called Binnie. Men usually liked her. She always liked men.

As Theo led Jenny across to the car, Binnie Walsingham began talking. She wanted Theo to stop off and leave a basket of grapes at the apartment of a sick friend. He was the man she had asked to escort her to to-night's dinner, but he had taken sick yesterday.

This expedition took quite a while, and as they rode about the city, Binnie talked. She admired Jenny's dress, made Jenny feel the material of her own dress, talked about the hot hors-d'oeuvre at the restaurant they were going to. And she asked Jenny and Theo whether they thought she should have her old aquamarines reset now that aquamarines were back in fashion again.

"You gave those aquamarines to Cousin Helen," Theo said.

"Did I?" his stepmother asked vaguely. "I remember no such thing. I'll ask her for them. I don't recall giving them to her. What is she doing with them, anyhow?"

"You gave them to her for Christmas two years ago," Theo said.

"Oh, I couldn't have," she said. "I'd never be so foolish. I'll get her some handkerchiefs. She can always use more handkerchiefs. She's always sniffling. I'll explain. She'll have to return the aquamarines."

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KEEN CARD PLAYER Munroe Donald and his fiancee Alice Jones fight out a game of Sevens. The cards have the suits and values imprinted on them in Braille. Munroe usually wins.

SHAVING with electric or safety razors holds no fears for Munroe. He dresses himself unaided.

Bearing no grudge, Munroe is a truly happy man

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

In October, 1942, Army dispatch rider Munroe Donald lay shockingly injured in Heidelberg Military Hospital, Melbourne.

His head had so many fractures received in a road smash that he was unconscious for nine weeks.

WHEN he came to and was strong enough to receive the news, doctors told him he would never see again.

Before the war Munroe had been breadwinner-in-chief for his mother and five younger brothers and sisters. He was a fine natural athlete and an enthusiastic oarsman.

Encouraged by his mother, Munroe made a complete adjustment to living in a world of darkness.

On Saturday, October 28, Munroe will marry petite Alice Jones before Nuptial Mass at St. John's Church, Clifton Hill.

Alice is the daughter of Mrs. Tom Jones, of Prahran, Melbourne, and the late Mr. Jones, who was a sightless Anzac.

Many people have sympathised with Alice because she is marrying a man who is blind.

But Alice does not feel that she needs sympathy. She and Munroe have thrashed out in many frank talks the difficulties that married life may hold for them.

In the past six years Munroe has learned two trades—carpentry and upholstery—to take the place of his pre-war calling of printing.

He took up rowing again, despite the added handicap of a severe leg injury received in the accident that cost him his sight. He now strokes for Richmond's crew. Before losing his sight he was cox.

To-day Munroe is a truly happy man.

"I honestly haven't any grudge about losing my sight," he told me with convincing simplicity, when I interviewed him at the comfortable home his wages have bought at Clifton Hill, Melbourne. "A man is an exceptional character if he goes through life without some sort of trouble.

"It's just as well I still can row," he added. "I was very keen on games, and rowing always topped the list."

Munroe made his first steps towards regaining his independence by cultivating a happy outlook and insisting that he was "quite capable of knocking around by himself."

When he came out of hospital he took a carpentry course at the Royal Victorian Institute for the Blind.

Later he was one of 19 blinded Australian ex-servicemen sent by the Commonwealth Repatriation Department to do an 18 months' rehabilitation course at St. Dunstan's, famous English institution for blinded ex-servicemen.

At St. Dunstan's, Munroe learned upholstery because he felt it was closely allied to the carpentry he had already mastered.

"When I left St. Dunstan's I battled all round England, Scotland, and Wales by myself," Munroe said.

"I like to be independent.

"Mum was the first to realise how I felt.

"She said I had always known how to look after myself, and it was no use anyone trying to stop me just because I was blind."

Munroe has found his mother's death in December last year one of the heaviest burdens he has had to bear.

Mrs. Donald developed heart trouble while he was abroad, tried to keep the news from him.

However, when Mrs. Donald became dangerously ill, relatives were forced to tell Munroe of her condition.

He made a dash home by air, reached his mother's bedside only a few hours before she died.

Munroe met Alice when he was recuperating from his accident in Caulfield Hospital in 1944.

BLIND SCULLER Munroe Donald is proud of the fact that his father, the late James Donald, stroked 10 Victorian crews to victory in the King's Cup. Munroe claims his father's record has never been beaten in the world. His father was called "Prince of Australian Oarsmen."

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over blindness . . .

Inspired by mother and sweetheart, young Melbourne ex-soldier Munroe Donald wins out against blindness and crippling injury. In Sydney newly married blind couple John and Esme Clayton show the same brave spirit.

STROLLING in the garden of his home at Clifton Hill, Melbourne, blind Munroe Donald seems to be looking at his fiancee, Alice Jones, as he smiles at her.

While he was at Caulfield he became firm friends with Alice's father, Mr. Tom Jones, who was a patient there.

Mr. Jones took such a fancy to Munroe that whenever Alice or her sisters visited the hospital he would insist that they should go out on to the balcony and talk to him.

"We just used to rush out, say 'hello,' and bob back again," Alice told me. "We were too shy to think of anything to say. We couldn't get away again quick enough."

After Mr. Jones died Alice did not see Munroe until last Anzac Day.

On that occasion she and her mother, who have always taken a keen interest in helping to entertain blinded ex-servicemen, went to the Blinded Soldiers' Club to say cheerio to some of the boys.

There they met Munroe again. Mrs. Jones asked him home to tea.

At the time, Munroe was about to go into Heidelberg Hospital to have his injured leg treated.

Alice promised to visit him. She went to Heidelberg four nights a week for two months.

She admits now that before Munroe had left hospital she knew she was in love.

It wasn't until some time later that she found out he had "fallen," too.

Alice is only about 4ft. 10in. in height, with brown wavy hair, and a face invariably wreathed in smiles.

Munroe said he never tries to weave a mental picture of her face. "Since I lost my sight I prefer to think of people by their personalities," he added.

He teases Alice that it is probably "just as well he can see only the beauty of her character."

"I lent my brother my camera to take a picture of her, and we haven't been able to use the camera since," he whispers just loud enough for her to hear.

"She's very tight-fisted too," he sighs with mock seriousness. "I can't get her to open her purse at all."

"Oh yes you can," retorts Alice, waiting for her moment. "I'll open it up now to put back that penny change you owe me from the threepence I gave you to make a phone call."

"What hope has a man got!" laments Munroe, giving Alice a hug.

Munroe and Alice are now busy shopping for their wedding. Alice will wear white and her attendants will be dressed in blue.

Loses her way

MUNROE claims that his fiancee is hopeless at finding her way around Melbourne without his piloting.

"She hasn't any bump of locality and can lose herself in Bourke Street," he says.

When they are married Munroe and Alice will live with Alice's mother at Prahran.

Mrs. Jones is looking forward to having Munroe in her home as son-in-law. "We've never known what it is to have a handy man around the place before," she said.

Munroe said to me: "I don't think I miss not being able to see now as much as also having lost my sense of smell.

"We used to live in the country when I was a kid and I used to love the scent of wattle.

"But not being able to smell has its compensations. Especially when you're passing tanneries and rubbish tips."

THERE ARE SELDOM any breakages when blind couple John and Esme Clayton do the washing-up in their home at Arncliffe, Sydney. Like nearly all blind people, they have firm, sure touch.

SPEEDY KNITTER Esme Clayton makes all her own jumpers and some for members of her family.

THE CLAYTONS ARE "JUST LIKE OTHERS"

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

I knocked on the door of the neat little cottage at No. 9 Willington Street, Arncliffe, Sydney, to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Clayton and see how they were managing to keep house.

Esme and John Clayton were married on August 9. John is 22 and Esme 21. They are both blind.

THEY lost their sight as the result of similar brain operations. John has been blind since he was 12, Esme for the past five years.

When I asked the dark-haired young woman who opened the door whether Mrs. Clayton was in, she smiled and said to my amazement:

"I am Esme Clayton. What can I do for you?"

She led me into the sitting-room and asked me to wait while she looked at the dinner.

"John will be home in a minute. I mustn't be late with the tea," she said, as she ran out into the kitchen.

With almost unbelievable sureness she pulled the roast out of the oven, stuck it with a fork, and popped it back again.

"It won't be long now," she smiled.

Then she told me about her wedding.

"We had a wonderful honeymoon in Canowindra," she said. "The weather was perfect. Blue skies and sunshine all the time."

When asked what she found most difficult about housekeeping, Esme said:

"Why, nothing is difficult. But I find ironing Johnny's sports shirts a bit of a nuisance. They are much harder than his work shirts.

"We manage very well, you know. We are just like other folk."

Esme said she spent her spare time knitting or playing the piano.

Pointing to the red cardigan in intricate cablestitch she was wearing, she said:

"I knitted this for myself, and have just finished a blue one for my sister. I hope to knit a Fair Isle next. Mum reads the pattern to me, I memorise it, and it's easy from there. Plain knitting is too boring."

I asked Esme if she would pose for a picture with some knitting, but she said she had just finished her last piece.

I offered her my knitting just for the picture. She picked it up and said: "It's plain stocking-stitch, and you are purling now, aren't you?"

Just then John came home from work. He walked unerringly through the house, went up to Esme and kissed her.

John works for an inner spring mattress firm at Camperdown, a couple of miles from the heart of Sydney. He travels by himself.

I asked what they did on Saturday nights. Esme's face lit up.

"We go to the pictures, or the dogs," she said. "I think the dogs are very exciting, especially when I have a win."

When the interview was over John took me to the station, because I did not know the way. As he farewelled me I suddenly felt most inadequate. I realised that the Clayton couple were managing very well indeed.

ROLLING HIS OWN cigarettes, which he prefers to ready-mades, presents no problems to John Clayton.

ATTENDING TO ALL her own household chores, Mrs. Clayton is a good cook, has no difficulty in regulating heat in her gas stove, preparing food, and cutting up vegetables.

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Australians train in Japan for Korean war

CLEANING GRENADES. Ptes. Vic Floyd, W.A., Bill Denham, Vic., and Cpl. Robson, N.S.W.

BATTALION C.O., Lt.-Col. C. H. Green, outside battalion headquarters during exercises. Col. Green, who took command two months ago, was one of the youngest A.I.F. colonels in last war.

● *Australians training in Japan for Korea experienced the discomforts and trials of battle conditions when a typhoon struck the British Commonwealth Occupation Force area during a four-day tactical training exercise. Some of the men in the 3rd. Battalion, newly arrived reinforcements, though veterans of the last war, had made the change within a few weeks from civilian life to familiar wartime hardships.*

AT LEFT. Pte. G. W. Cook, Ptes. T. J. Beard and Leslie Smith, both of Victoria. Pte. Cook is one of a number of Englishmen in the battalion.

DIGGING-IN for defence, Ptes. Lance Gully, of South Australia, and Ian Robertson, of Melbourne, during tactical training exercise.

TEA was a welcome sight to troops who had dried-out their clothes after a night of soaking rain. Australians, like the British, will have American food supplies in Korea. However, British troops took their own tea rather than drink only coffee.

BLOCKED by a bogged truck, vehicles make a detour on narrow village road in Japan. Korea's rough, narrow roads, congested with streams of refugees, added to supply and communication difficulties in early stages of campaign.

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WIDE VARIETY IN HOME PLANS

JOY FLOWER and her husband, Alexander Grey, in their small flat in New York, which they painted and decorated themselves.

FOR HAT MODELLING Joy has the perfect head and face.

Australian girl is now New York's leading hat model

From LLOYD CLARKE, in New York

For the past year Joy Flower, of Manly, Sydney, has been head model at New York's most exclusive millinery establishment — the House of John Frederics.

Joy went to America in 1941. She is married to American baritone Alexander Grey.

ALTHOUGH she loves the life of model and cover-girl, Joy would sooner have a home to keep or a business of her own to run. She hopes to return to Australia soon and open her own hat shop and work-room.

In the ornate, luxurious, super hat shop just off swanky Park Avenue, where Joy now spends her days, there are two huge gilded cages at either end of the main display room.

Inside the cages, swinging padded perches serve as seats. In place of feed trays are dressing-tables with huge, flattering mirrors.

The House of Frederics also has special balconies where the really high-paying customers are fitted.

Film stars invariably use the balconies so that they can be watched by ordinary people from the showroom below.

According to Joy the stars are the best customers to handle.

"They're used to crowds and they like people to see them," she said.

Customers' foibles

"SOMETIMES they will even look around at the other customers for a nod of approval, but the new-rich like to make things as difficult as possible."

Joy recalled a brittle blonde customer who retired to the seclusion of the drawn curtains while her chauffeur waited in a lobby nursing four French poodles. After the blonde had tentatively chosen several models, she called the chauffeur to ask him which ones he thought would go best with her three new cars.

"This sort of customer is pretty rare, thank goodness," Joy said. "Most of the women who come in are everyday people with more to spend on a hat than I have.

"Being a glamor girl in a place like this is exhilarating and exciting, but there's lots of hard work. Hours just don't seem to matter much. There are plenty of heartbreaks, too. You always have in the back of your mind the fact that you're not ageless and it can't go on forever.

"Being on top lasts only a few years. If you've any sense you come to realise that if all this business is to be anything more than just another of life's experiences with an awful let-down at the end, you have to capitalise on every moment.

"You simply can't let a chance go by. I've been a model for 10 years and I'm not getting any younger. To-day I can still apparently please, but my mind is on learning selling and designing."

Lined up at the side of the room in which we were talking were unfamiliar blank-faced wooden heads tagged with familiar names: Louella Parsons, Hedy Lamarr, Katharine Hepburn, Gloria Swanson, and Olivia De Havilland.

"We keep models of all our famous clients' heads," Joy said. "When one of them wants a hat, Mr. Fred Frederics, the head of the firm and chief designer, can create on the dummy."

Joy's work is not restricted to stimulating a belief in the purchaser that she can look as well as Joy does in any given creation.

Part of her day is devoted to displaying new lines to buyers, posing for photographers for advertisements, and rehearsing television fashion shows.

Joy also does a lot of "unofficial" modelling.

This involves anything from trips to racecourses, appearances at fashionable cocktail parties, to going to the theatre. "When I have to do one of these jobs I just feel like a million dollars," she said.

Just then a buzzer went. Joy answered it.

"It's Hedy Lamarr for a fitting," she said. "I'll have to dash."

As she let me out of the plush palace we passed three red doors each marked: "Secret. Keep out."

"That's where we do our original work," she almost whispered. "Only a handful of us are allowed in there. It's more hush-hush to Mr. Frederics than the inner sanctum of the atom-bomb plant."

"SULTAN'S FAVORITE" is the name of this velour model with harem veil which Joy Flower is wearing. U.S. designer Fred Frederics created it after a trip to Morocco.

Local conditions influence ideas

Australia - wide entries in our Plan-A-Home Contest have brought forth a great variety of designs for three-bedroom homes.

Closing date for the contest, which has aroused tremendous interest, is November 10.

Differences in climate account for some of the differences in design.

MANY Queensland entries show houses pitched high on piles, with garages, laundries, and ferneries underneath.

This is the State for wide verandahs, too, and furnishing details often include squatter chairs (canvas lounge chairs).

Country readers in all States have included tanks in their plans, indicating a necessary concentration on the problem of water supplies, which the city dweller is spared.

Some entries show the capacity of each tank.

Terraces are more popular in the southern States.

A glance through entries from all States reveals two schools of thought about kitchens.

There is the smaller kitchen fitted with cupboards, sinks, and storage walls.

There are plans that show plenty of cupboards, and the familiar kitchen table placed firmly in the middle.

Some dreams emerge from the descriptions of furnishings: "The cabinet, tables, and chairs of mahogany—if we could afford it."

"I've never had the chance to fix a house nicely, but this is how I would do it . . ."

Outstanding feature of the contest is the enthusiasm of the competitors. One sent a sample of the carpet.

Another, anxious to know the fate of his entry, asked us to let him know how he was getting on.

PRIZE LIST

Following is the full prize-list in our Plan-A-Home Contest:

First Prize £2000

Second Prize £1000

Third Prize £500

Ten Consolation Prizes of £50

As the entries now total many hundreds, this, unfortunately, is not possible.

A third asked for the entry to be returned after the contest. We are not able to do this, and, therefore, ask all competitors to keep copies of their entries.

Many readers are inquiring about including a garage. This is not necessary, but if competitors want to include one they may do so. Floor space of the garage should not be included in the permitted total of 14 squares.

RULES ARE SIMPLE

YOUR entry must consist of:

1. A plan of a three-bedroom house situated in the suburbs or in the country.

2. A brief explanation of the plan and a description of color scheme and furnishings.

PLAN:

A ground plan with the sizes of the rooms indicated and positions of doors and windows marked. If you propose to build in some of the furniture, show where this would be done.

The house may be up to 14 squares (1400 sq. ft.) in size, excluding verandahs, terraces, and wall thicknesses.

Site for the home is a block of land 50ft. in frontage. Frontage to road faces south. Most pleasant views are to north.

EXPLANATION:

Say in your own words why you arranged the rooms as you did and add a description of the way you would furnish it, giving colors and the type of furniture.

CONDITIONS:

No person who earns a living, or has ever earned a living, as an architect, architectural designer, architectural draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator may enter this competition. Students in these subjects are also ineligible.

Finalists will be required to sign a declaration that their plan is their own unaided work and that they have not had advice or help from any architect, architectural designer, architectural draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator.

No member of the staff or relative of a member of the staff of Consolidated Press Ltd. may enter this contest.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received. The decision of the judges will be final and each competitor will enter the competition on that basis.

Copyright on all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.

Write clearly and on one side of the paper only.

Address your entries to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. The envelope should be marked—Plan-A-Home Contest.

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they stay brighter longer

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AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England

BOOK REVIEW

BY AINSLIE BAKER

THE FEAST

By MARGARET KENNEDY

Thirteen years ago a group of novelists planned that each should write a short story about a modern character who was the personification of one of the seven deadly sins.

They finally dropped the idea when they came to the conclusion that the result would be too depressing. But Margaret Kennedy, who was one of the group, owes the inspiration for "The Feast" to that abandoned discussion.

WHAT might have been as grim as the project rejected by her colleagues becomes—thanks to the presence of two families of magnificently portrayed children — a really fascinating book.

Miss Kennedy has written an absorbing novel of character and behaviour. She is a skilful craftswoman, well able to handle the mechanics of the complicated flashback technique she uses to explain the relationships and motives of the extraordinary group of guests in a doomed Cornish hotel.

But it is in her handling of the children and young people of her crowded canvas that she excels.

There are the little Coves, "like an illustration in a 'Save Europe' pamphlet. Everything they had was meagre. The three girls were tall and pallid, like plants that have been grown in the dark. Their teeth were prominent, but they were no straightening braces; their pale blue eyes were myopic, but they wore no spectacles. Their hair was home cut, in a pudding-basin bob, and their shabby cotton dresses barely covered their bony knees.

"The word feast had a magic significance for the little Coves. They had never seen a feast, but they had read about such doings. They had a book called 'The Madcap of St. Monica's,' in which dormitory feasts were held at midnight.

"The word conveyed to them they knew not what of hospitality and convivial enjoyment. And their favorite game was to plan feasts which they would give if they were rich. A difficulty in collecting guests (for they knew very few people) had been overcome by Beatrix, who suggested that a notice might be put up on their house door saying: A GREAT FEAST IS TO BE HELD HERE. ALL ARE INVITED. And then everybody would come."

And there are the handsome, noisy Gifford children.

The Cove and Gifford families become acquainted when they both stay at Pendirack Manor, an old Cornwall house turned by Mrs. Siddal, the wife of its owner, into a hotel. She hopes by this means to pay for the education of her two younger sons, Dull and Robin.

Siddal, a barrister who lacks the character to sustain the brilliance of his youth, has chosen to look upon himself as his family's poor relation, refuses to take any part in the running of the hotel, and rarely emerges from a former boot cupboard in which he insists on sleeping, surrounded by unopened letters.

Here one week stay, among other guests, seven who are the 20th century embodiment of pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth.

There is the terrifying megalomaniac Canon Wraxton, and his daughter Evangeline, who powders glass in her bedroom.

But they are no less fearsome than Mr. and Mrs. Paley, the elderly husband and wife whose awful silence has the quality of violence.

Miss Kennedy has succeeded in drawing two portraits of really horrifying implication. They are that of Miss Ellis, the housekeeper, who was not happy herself and could bear to see no one else happy, and the spoilt invalid, Lady Gifford.

Two stories of young love thread their way to a happy ending through the complexities of the week that leads up to the feast.

For the little Coves finally do give their feast. It is made possible, though they do not know it, by the degree of their fellow guests' boredom, pity, hope, and hopelessness.

When a cliff-fall completely destroys Pendirack Manor Hotel, it destroys, too, those of its guests and staff who each for their own reason have refused to join the feast.

Miss Kennedy's reputation is that of a popular writer who has never quite equalled the success of her two first best-sellers, "The Constant Nymph" and "Escape Me Never."

While it would certainly be untrue to suggest that this book will place her in the front rank of English novelists, it cannot fail to gain for her an enthusiastic following of new readers.

"The Feast" is published by Cassell and Co. Our copy from Craftsman Bookshop.

Editorial

OCTOBER 14, 1950

HOMES OR LUXURIES?

TO own a home is the dearest ambition of most wage earners, but unless they win a lottery too few have a chance to realise their dream nowadays.

Entries in our Plan-A-Home contest prove how close the subject is to people's minds—and hearts. Well-thought-out plans were received two days after the contest was announced.

Next year war gratuities will be paid and the Government is endeavoring to check the further inflationary tendencies that may result from this.

Many who can't buy homes will be able to buy cars, and will do so as an escape from poor living conditions. Others will buy expensive furniture.

These things, admirable as they are, lose their real value when they are not contributing to family life.

You can't rear children in a motor car or refrigerator.

A three-bedroom brick home covering 14 squares costs more than £4000 without the land in some States. Maximum advance for home building by the Commonwealth Bank is £1750.

A Government plan to keep the price of homes within reach of the wage earner would have a long-range stabilising effect on national finance.

It would mean that hundreds of thousands of pounds would be invested in homes—lasting assets of use to succeeding generations.

PERSONALITY QUIZ: —How's your social sense?

With these 10 questions you can test your social sense. Answers on page 28.

1—If two people give you identical jugs at a shower tea, can you think quickly enough to say: "How lovely! I'll be able to make up a set"?

2—Your host offers you a sherry and a cigarette, not realising that you neither smoke nor drink. In refusing them, do you give moral reasons for your refusal?

3—When a man admires your evening dress, do you brush the compliment aside by saying: "This old thing—it must be five years old"?

4—A newcomer to your circle asks you and Mrs. So-and-So to afternoon tea, not knowing that you and Mrs. S. have feuded for 10 years. Do you observe a truce on this occasion?

5—Unexpectedly, your husband asks a crony of his to take pot-luck for dinner. Can you place the homely potato pie in front of the crony without adding: "If I'd known you were coming, etc."?

6—Do you think apologies suffice after you've smashed a friend's Limoges china teapot?

7—Can you still enjoy yourself if you arrive at a party in a cocktail gown when everyone else is in slacks and sweaters?

8—If your hostess has no help, do you insist on helping with the dishes even if she says: "Oh, leave them. They'll keep till morning"?

9—At parties, do you make a point of paying some attention to the old, the shy, or the duller guests in between enjoying yourself?

10—Do you take perverse pleasure in talking of radicalism and trial marriage when staying with a conservative married couple?

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HAPPY GROUP. Chatting in foyer of Trocadero before Black and White Ball are Ken Youdale (left), Olivia Blanchard, Gordon Douglass, and Jennifer Chapman, whose strapless dress of black and white checked taffeta was bound in black-and-white pique.

METROPOLITAN DAY. Mr. P. Tait, of Bowral, is greeted by his daughter, Mrs. G. Welsh, of Warren, when he arrives at Randwick Spring Meeting.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER. Frock and matching coat of pink blush grosgrain, dotted in white, is worn by Mrs. Bill Tilley, snapped with her father, Mr. Stuart Johnston, on Derby Day at Randwick.

COUNTRY PUNTERS. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Sawyer, of Wagga, come to town to attend spring racing carnival at Randwick. Mrs. Sawyer wears madonna-blue surah suit and wide-brimmed black straw hat.

Intimate Jottings

SURPRISING to see how quickly the wool clip was turned into shantung, lustrous faille, surah, linen, and nylon by squatters' wives and daughters when they attend Spring Meeting at Randwick.

Can see we city gals will have to tether a few merinos on the garden patch for pin-money to keep up the competition in the dress stakes with the girls from the bush.

This idea has already been thought of by several country matrons who have raised orphaned lambs and then found they yielded pin-money in the diamond brooch class.

• • •

RACE festivities seem to be starting earlier and earlier each year, and there were many sleepy people at the races on Derby Day. Night before, the Governor, Sir John Northcott, entertained young friends of his daughter Elizabeth, and lots of country folk attended gay party, "Naughty 'Nineties Night in a Circus," at A.C.I. building.

• • •

SEE Jess Smith at the races in superbly tailored natural shantung suit with never a spangle showing from the night before, when she attended "Naughty 'Nineties Night at the Circus" party as the wife of the proprietor of the circus. Her husband, Mr. W. J. Smith, also left his cutaway suit and his side whiskers, which he wore in his role of proprietor, at home.

MELBOURNE VISITORS. Well-known host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nelken arrive at Randwick for Metropolitan Day. Couple, who are known all over Australia for their hospitality during Cup time in Melbourne, are greeted by many friends at races.

BUSILY jotting down would-be winners I see Rae Last, of Rawilla, Muttama, at Randwick, and am immediately fascinated by gold novelty pencil which tilts miniature Bourbon whisky bottle as Rae writes down each sure tip. She tells me pencil is gift of friend, Mrs. H. Sidney Loughlin, formerly Karlene Vaughan, of Cootamundra, who is visiting Australia from her home in Pasadena, California. Karlene spends few days in Sydney over racing season after visiting her mother, Mrs. C. A. Vaughan, of Cootamundra. Rae and husband Cecil only down for few days, and then whip off home again before Rae comes to town again for G.P.S. sports, where she will be squired by two sons, Ross and Philip.

CREATING more interest than all the other news of Race Week put together is wedding of Denzil Macarthur Onslow and Dr. Dorothy Conacher, who were quietly married recently. Formerly superintendent of Balmain District Hospital and now superintendent of Parramatta Hospital, Dorothy is old girl of S.C.E.G.G.S. and graduate of Sydney University. Talk with her mother, Mrs. W. D. Scott, of Bellevue Hill, and hear that newlyweds spend holiday week-end at Mount Gileah, Camden.

• • •

EXPECTED to see golden (wool) ducats falling from Ottie Falkiner's pockets, or at least to see country squires grandly ordering magnums of champagne, but notice after Epsom at Australian Club that most of them still settle for a "cuppa."

• • •

NOT to be outdone by all the glamor surrounding him, Leslie Hill, of Terlings, Moree, pins exquisite rose in lapel of his natty navy suiting . . . and that's not all, he carries a spare rose in his car in case it wilts before he continues on with gay whirl when he returns to town from the course.

• • •

ONE daughter missing in the Playfair group this year at Randwick. See Mrs. Strath Playfair and then count one, two, three, four, and find there are only three daughters in my count. Reason is, of course, that third daughter, Wendy, is playing in "Madam Louise" at the Palace, and curtain must go up Randwick or no. Wonder if Wendy will get around to doing a Robert Morley act and signing a contract only if race days are excluded!

Anne

PRETTY MODELS. Mrs. Robin Biddulph, of "Innisfail," Forbes, right, admires "Ladies Day" hat modelled by Sue Playfair, centre, and "Baseball Cap" worn by Primrose Anderson Stuart at "Headlines and Highballs" cocktail party at Kinneil in aid of the Anti-T.B. Association.

WED IN WAGGA. Owen Lloyd Jones and his bride, formerly Nancy Sawyer, daughter of Mrs. Matt Sawyer, of Eulomo, Bethungra, and the late Mr. Sawyer, leave St. John's Church of England, Wagga.

GUESTS at Baillieu wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Osborne, of Currandooley, Bungendore, were among guests at quiet wedding of Bill Stewart and Sandra Baillieu in Melbourne. Mrs. Osborne wore cinnamon corded silk suit.

INTERESTING WEDDING. Mr. Alexander (Bill) Stewart and his bride, formerly Sandra Baillieu, leave Toorak Presbyterian Church. Bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Baillieu, of Toorak.

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Phone Call

Continued from page 10

THEO laughed. "Maybe she's hocked them," he said. "You know Cousin Helen. She hocks everything."

"How could she?" his stepmother asked reasonably. "How could she do such a dishonest thing with someone else's property? Without so much as a by your leave?"

"Mother," Theo said heavily, "you gave them to her. You put them in a new box and gave them to her for Christmas. That makes them legally hers. She has a right to hock them if . . ."

"There is no need to shout, Theo," his stepmother said. "This is supposed to be a gala occasion. Let us all be gay."

The restaurant was a small, elegant place, full of many well-dressed, middle-aged people. Actually it looked larger and more crowded than it was, because the walls were covered with dark mirrors, which repeated all the tables and the people and their faces, the last looking somewhat older when glimpsed in the mirrors.

The headwaiter bowed to Mrs. Walsingham. "Good evening," he said. "I put the young man at your table."

"The young man?" Binnie Walsingham cried. "Don't be silly, Oscar. The young man is right here. My stepson. Theo."

"The other young man," the headwaiter said, eyeing Theo coldly, "the cousin."

"Cousin?" Binnie Walsingham cried. "I have only one cousin. Helen Walsingham. She has my aquamarines."

Jenny began to tremble. In one of the dark mirrors she had caught a glimpse of Derek Foster, looking older than he had looked at lunch. Then he turned his head, and she could see his face—young and handsome and stern. Mrs. Walsingham followed the headwaiter, and Jenny followed Mrs. Walsingham, and she supposed Theo followed her, because someone trod on the back of her shoe and nearly took it off, and that could be only Theo.

As they approached the table, Derek rose and waved a fork at them. Before him was a large plate on which were assembled many interesting hot hors-d'oeuvre.

"I waited for you like one pig waits for another," Derek said gaily. "You're late. Did Jenny explain about my barging in like this?"

"Why, no," Binnie Walsingham began, but her voice trailed off.

"I'm Jenny's cousin, of course," Derek said heartily.

"He is not!" Jenny said, her voice low and trembling.

"Well, then," Theo Walsingham said loudly, "who is he?"

"Yes, Jenny," Derek said significantly, "if I am not your cousin, just who am I, eh?"

Jenny brooded on this for a moment. "All right," she said finally, "he is my cousin. It is just that I am ashamed of him."

"Ashamed of him?" Binnie Walsingham cried. She came out of the trance Derek's appearance had thrown her in. She laughed her husky little laugh. "There is nothing to be ashamed of, Jenny. He is really terribly attractive. You're really terribly attractive," she cooed, leaning toward Derek.

"You're not bad yourself," Derek said gallantly.

"These things are all matters of personal opinion," Theo Walsingham said. "What I want to know is what he is doing here."

Binnie Walsingham took over. "What business is it of yours, may I inquire?" she asked Theo. "This is my party. Do you have to be so selfish? You have Jenny, and my partner is sick, and there was no one for poor little me. Now this darling boy, this—" she looked inquiringly at Derek, and he supplied his name—"this Derek is here and the rain ceases." She swept her arms through the air above the tablecloth. "The sun shines again."

"It's almost eight o'clock," Theo said to one one in particular. "We are going to be late for the theatre, as usual, and she talks about the sun shining."

Mrs. Walsingham said something low and savage to Theo, something in French. Theo shrugged. Derek grinned and began talking French to Binnie Walsingham. The lady was charmed, and they began a soft, nasal cooing, during which Jenny strained to hear what was being said, and Theo Walsingham ignored everyone.

Derek fed Mrs. Walsingham titbits of the food on his plate, and she immediately ordered hors-d'oeuvre for everyone. When these came, she turned to Derek and asked him to tell her all about himself.

"I was born with a paint-brush in my hand," he began.

"Derek is a painter," Jenny said sarcastically. "He is going to be the greatest painter in America, he says. Like Picasso."

"Picasso," Mrs. Walsingham said. "Oh, yes. A friend of mine brought back some of his dishes from France. I'd adore to see your dishes," she said to Derek.

"I'm not at the dish stage yet," he said, "but if I take good care of my talent, I may get there."

"Derek," Jenny said, anger and other emotions making her hands shake, "feels that if a man is an artist, his wife should feel honored to support him."

"There's something in that," Binnie Walsingham said sagely.

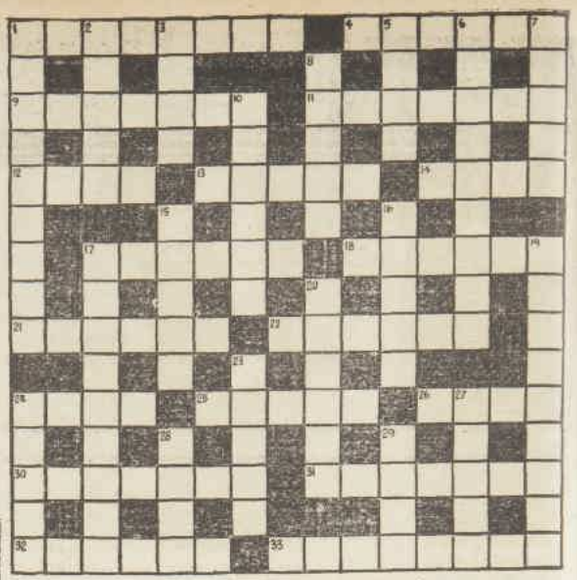
"What an artist needs," Derek said, "is not a wife but a woman like Catherine de Medici or—"

"I don't think I know her," Binnie Walsingham said. "Is she any relation of Cecil de Medici, the movie man?"

"A woman of wealth," Derek said after a short silence, "can enrich her own life by sponsoring an artist."

Please turn to page 21

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Concentrate 4840 sq. yards to murder (8).
4. A musically very soft organ so published (6).
9. Sweetie with a breakwater centre (7).
11. A German Minder and a mixed drink for a fish (7).
12. Unctuous (4).
13. Made of solid raise gods (5).
14. Throw into common fund a backward figure produced by a curve (4).
17. The half is an insect, the whole is a branched horn of a stag (6).
18. Back the singed, strike asunder and reach the destination (6).
21. City in the Punjab on the River Ravi (6).
22. You and fifty mixed in an Indian coin recurring yearly (6).
24. A saint and you and I reversed in a fishpond (4).
25. Assign everything to reverse (5).
26. Male deer (4).
30. She spun a good yarn for Theseus, who let her down (7).
31. This crossword puzzle ingredient is composed of a horse and a sheep (7).
32. Use Ned as the making for resulted (6).
33. Run to Don. (Anagr. 8).

Solution to last week's crossword.

H	I	T	B	E	L	O	W	T	H	E	B	E	L	T
A		U		T		M		E		R		N		
R	E	S	T	O	R	E		R	E	S	I	G	N	S
D		S		N		L		M		E		L		C
O	B	O	L		R	E	M	I	T		L	A	M	A
F		C		D		T		N		S		N		N
H	Y	K	S	O	S		F	A	S	T	E	D		D
E				D		L		L		E				A
A		S	I	G	N	A	L		A	P	E	A	L	
R		T		E		C		C		L		L		M
I	R	O	N		F	R	O	R	E		F	A	R	O
N		P		E		O		U		L		T		N
S	A	G	G	L	E	S		S	P	A	R	I	N	G
		A		B		S		O		S		O		E
H	E	P	T	A	N	E	V	E	N	T	E	N	O	R

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Like marble ruins more for a start (8).
2. Calyx-leaf if mixed it leaps (5).
3. British colony near the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb (4).
5. Separate a reversed trap (4).
6. I see a rise. (Anagr. 8).
7. Kingly from one end and just beer from the other (8).
8. Female titles are a hard outer case (5).
10. The third largest city in the British Empire (8).
13. Holy still in the beginning (5).
16. Haughty (5).
17. Practice of physical exercises can come from the least chit (8).
19. It's a lunatic see gun men are mixed (8).
20. Capital of Turkey but may be just a rabbit (8).
23. Mixed retail change if I am not in it (5).
24. Holy welcome in the rung of ladder (5).
27. Slowly in music, where a sailor set (5).
28. Lazy out of a German song (4).
29. The knave of hearts stole it (4).

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Individual Hair Treatment for Lovelier Hair. At Chemists, Stores, Ladies' Hairdressers.

C.13.5

Phone Call

Continued from page 20

THEO was surly. "Listen," he said, "why does he need a woman to support him? Why doesn't he get a job and paint at night?"

"The light is poor at night," Derek said. "Light means a lot to a painter."

"You see, Theo," Binnie said, "you shouldn't talk about these things unless you know. It only shows how ignorant you are."

"Ignorant?" Theo snarled. "Look who's talking. She thinks Cecil de someone or other and Catherine de Medici are cousins, too."

"What do you mean by 'too'?" Derek asked.

"I mean I don't believe you and Jenny are cousins," Theo said, looking at Derek. He would have said more, but the waiter came at that moment to remove the hors-d'oeuvre and substitute lobster bisque. Theo wasn't finished with his first course, so he smacked the waiter's hand. This disturbed the waiter's equilibrium to such an extent that he tilted the soup tureen, and lobster bisque splashed on Theo.

"You fool!" Theo roared at the waiter.

The headwaiter bustled over.

"Fire this man," Theo demanded "Immediately!"

"This gentleman," the waiter said to the headwaiter, "struck me and called me a fool. I am going to have a word with the shop steward. Hold this." He handed the soup tureen to the headwaiter.

"Mrs. Walsingham," the headwaiter said, hugging the soup tureen, "I've told you before that we only allow your son in this restaurant because we admire you. This is not the nineteenth century, madam, and one cannot go about hitting waiters and calling them names. Oh, dear!" he cried in anguish, "here comes the shop steward. He handles complaints to the union."

They all turned and gazed apprehensively at a short, strong-looking waiter moving purposefully toward the table.

"I have to make a telephone call," Theo said and left the table hurriedly.

"I'll handle this," Derek said, rising.

"Derek!" Jenny cried. "You stay out of it. You'll get hurt. Think of your hands, your painter's hands. It was Theo's fault."

The man the headwaiter had called the shop steward was at the table now, a world-weary look on his face.

"This is indeed a sorry affair," he said sadly. "Is this the way for ladies and gentlemen to act?"

"Hello, Sarge," Derek said.

"Derek!" the shop steward said, and embraced Derek. The headwaiter placed the tureen of lobster bisque on a serving-table and wiped his brow with a napkin. Derek and the shop steward had a lively conversation consisting of "Where did you go after St. Lo?" and other bits of dialogue, all equally meaningless to Jenny and Mrs. Walsingham.

"He was my sergeant in the army," Derek explained.

"We'll forget this little unpleasantness," the shop steward said. "Your friend was probably drunk or unhappy. We have a lot of trouble these days with neurotics."

"You're so masterful," Mrs. Walsingham said to Derek when he had resumed his seat.

"Do you suppose he will come back?" Derek asked. They understood that he meant Theo.

"He's probably sulking," Binnie said. "Waiting for someone to come out and coax him back." She looked at Jenny.

"Not me," Jenny cried. "I won't go. I don't believe in coaxing. It's bad for the character."

"Oh, Theo's character is hopeless," Binnie said. "He misses the strong hand of a father. If I could find a man of authority—" She gazed at Derek.

"I see what you mean," Derek said. He looked thoughtful and he did not look at Jenny. "I'd be glad to take a hand with Theo. Of course, I don't suppose he would see the point unless I was legally his—uh, stepfather. Now, if you and I were married—"

Mrs. Walsingham looked the way a bird is supposed to look at a snake.

"Derek, stop!" Jenny cried. "Before you regret it. Let's talk things over calmly. I'm doing very well in my job. Derek," she said in a desperate voice, "will you please marry me?"

"But he can't, dear," Binnie Walsingham said. "He's your cousin. Of course, cousins do marry."

"He is not my cousin, Mrs. Walsingham," Jenny cried. "I'm sorry we deceived you like this."

"Perfectly all right, my dear," Binnie said graciously. "We all lie now and then. Oh—" She looked hard at Jenny. "Oh, dear," she said, "I suppose this means you won't marry Theo. And—" She looked sadly at Derek, and then she called for the check.

Jenny suddenly realised that for all Mrs. Walsingham's faults, she was really quite a person.

BUT Derek would not let Binnie pay the check. He paid it himself and left an enormous tip for the waiter, employing for these purposes a wallet simply choked with bills, a fact Jenny could not help noticing.

As they left the restaurant Theo met them. "No one thought of me," he said. "No one cared if I starved."

"Oh, you are so right," Mrs. Walsingham said. "Dry your tears and we'll go some place and get you a bite and I'll call Cousin Helen. Maybe she'll go to the theatre with us, and I can ask her about those aquamarines."

Derek escorted Mrs. Walsingham to her limousine, and Jenny had a few short words with Theo. Then Theo and his stepmother drove away.

"And you were going to marry that creature?" Derek said. "Why, just the way he acts in restaurants is bad enough to discredit him."

"We were going to eat at home all the time," Jenny said.

Derek hailed a cab. After a long silence, Jenny spoke.

"Derek," she said, "I'm not reneging on my bargain. I'll support you. Only I couldn't help seeing all the money you have in your wallet."

"I sold some pictures," Derek said, "and I have a commission to do some murals. It may not be necessary for you to support me. I just want it understood that my art comes first."

Jenny sank into his arms and didn't leave them until the cab turned into her street.

"Oh, Aunt Lo," she said. "She'll be upset."

"I don't think so," Derek said. "You see, I dropped in on her this evening. One thing led to another, and she finally sent me after you. How do you think I knew what restaurant you'd be in?"

"I wonder why," Jenny marvelled happily, "she was so dead set against you because you're a Bohemian—she says."

"Any psychiatrist could explain your Aunt Lo to you," Derek said. "She is fascinated by what she thinks is the Bohemian world, but until now she's been scared to admit it. She's a Bohemian at heart. Just a Boston Bohemian."

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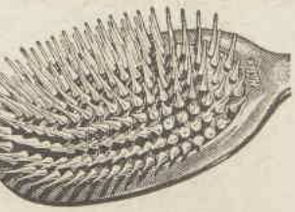

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That Man of Hers

Continued from page 5

WITH a brief distracted smile, Sam Woodworth said, "Let's hope you are right." He was, by all odds, the most attractive young man I had met in years—and the unhappiest.

Twice in the next few weeks I went to the hospital where Vivienne Woodworth was a patient. The first time I didn't expect or even want to see her, but our chrysanthemums were unusually handsome, and the empty house had served as a constant reminder. Except when Mrs. Botts came to clean there was never a sign of life about the place.

I missed the children and I hated the single light that shone in the kitchen when Sam Woodworth came home to get his own dinner. I took the flowers because of him but I was prepared to leave them at the desk.

"Would you like to see Mrs. Woodworth?" the attendant asked. "She's on the second floor—room 242."

I hesitated, but, as Walter said afterwards, curiosity had the better of me.

Up on the second floor I paused at the supervisor's desk and asked for Mrs. Woodworth. "I thought perhaps she wasn't ready to have visitors," I said.

The cool-eyed woman looked at me and smiled. "No, it's perfectly all right. She's on the left, at the end of the corridor."

The door to Vivienne Woodworth's room was tightly closed—a corner room, I noticed. At my knock a young nurse stepped out as if she had been waiting. "I'll just put these in water," she said, taking my flowers, and swished rapidly down the hall.

I knocked again and entered. "Hello, I just stopped in for a moment."

"Why, Mrs. Benton—how nice." Vivienne Woodworth held out a hand.

She was raised slightly in her hospital bed and she wore a pale violet bedjacket with a matching ribbon in her hair. A number of pillows were tucked around her, and the table and window-sills were crowded with vases of flowers. Against the chintz screen and curtains they made an extravagant picture into which—I had to admit it—she fitted perfectly. With her bright hair and blue eyes she looked pretty as a doll.

"Do sit down," she murmured in a thin, languid voice. "Have some chocolate—there's a box over there on the table."

"No, thank you." Suddenly I felt old and stiff in every joint. "I can't stay," I repeated. "I just wanted to find out how you were getting on."

"Not very well, I'm afraid." She made a wry face and slid her hands over the covers. "They're still experimenting," she said.

"Well, I suppose it all takes time." My voice was cold, and I knew it, but I couldn't help myself. "We've tried to get your husband to come in for dinner several times," I said, "but he seems to keep hospital hours."

"Yes. He always comes here from the office, and then he's here again about seven."

"Imagine!" I shook my head. "That should be an inspiration to you, Mrs. Woodworth—a reason for cheating the doctors."

Her glance was sharp, and instinctively I braced myself for some telling rebuke. But the door opened at that moment; the special nurse had brought my flowers.

"How beautiful," came the low, fatigued voice. "Put them over there where I can see them, Andy. This is my favorite nurse, Mrs. Benton—Miss Anderson."

I looked closely at the girl for the first time. She was a blonde. Her cheekbones were high and her lips rather full, and she walked with an easy, graceful swing, as if attuned to some secret rhythm.

She followed me out to the hall. "I'm so glad you came," she said. "Mrs. Woodworth needs to be taken out of herself."

"Yes, I know—" I checked myself. There were things you simply did not say, no matter how much you felt them. "I think she looks better."

"She is better."

"Well—if you see Mr. Woodworth I wish you'd ask him to come in some night. We live next door," I added, starting away. "We're very fond of Mr. Woodworth."

"He's a wonderful man, isn't he?" The glow in her cheeks seemed to deepen. "I imagine everybody loves Mr. Woodworth," she said. "He seems to have so many friends."

That accounted for the flowers, I thought. It was her way of telling me that none of the young couples who sent them really cared for Vivienne Woodworth. If they came at all, no doubt they paid their visits at night when they were sure her husband would be there. "I'll try to come again soon," I told her.

At home later I unburdened my feelings to Walter. "It's as much his fault as hers. He spoils her."

"Ah," he laughed. "I thought it was too much to expect. Now it's his fault, is it?"

"I didn't say that. I'm just sorry for both of them." At the moment this was true.

Then late the next afternoon Sam Woodworth came in to see us. He looked tired and so profoundly discouraged that, when he began to speak of his wife, I could scarcely contain myself.

DEJECTEDLY Sam told us, "I suppose she's going as well as can be expected. I don't know . . . Doctors never tell you much. She can't walk yet, though—just hasn't the strength."

"That's from lying in bed so long," I said flatly. "I'm surprised they'd let her."

"Oh, they're doing all they possibly can," he said.

It was maddening, but what could we say? For the second time he glanced at his watch—a man not more than thirty-two, with bleak, driven eyes.

"How are the children?" I asked.

A quick smile lighted his face and as swiftly vanished. "I planned to run down and see them this weekend," he said, "but I hate to leave Vivienne." No, he couldn't stay for dinner. Sometime later on he'd enjoy it very much, but he'd just called in to thank us for taking care of the key.

"I'm afraid he isn't especially bright," Walter said when he'd gone. "Any man of intelligence would put a stop to it."

"I'm not so sure. She looks so frail and wretched. Why, beside that nurse—!"

A wicked little grin twisted my husband's lips. "Tell me about her—is she pretty?"

"Never mind," I said. "Sam Woodworth happens to be in love with his wife. I don't believe he'd look at another woman."

"I told you he wasn't very bright," Walter grinned.

Well, he was credulous, I had to agree. From force of circumstances he had become a selfless kind of man. Even his young friends seemed to pity him. At night they still came by the house—honking, pounding on the door, calling his name. "Sam? Wake up—your house is on fire! We've brought the water and everything . . . Sam?"

He seldom turned on the lights. Only at dinner-time would we see his long shadow moving back and forth.

Please turn to page 24

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HAZEL

"Why don't you give up? She owns all the banks, utilities, railroads . . ."

BUTCH

"Yes, sir, yes, I realise it's very late. I'll tell her to shut up. Sorry you were disturbed sir."

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

BACK in Australia, I've been searching for some unhackneyed way to repeat what nearly all travellers feel, that it's nice to be home.

But instead of making any profound statements about Australia rediscovered, let me put it on record that it smells very nice—forgetting for the moment the boiling-down works and tanneries on the route from Mascot to the city in Sydney.

I found the same thing a few years ago when I spent a day in Cloncurry after flying from Japan. Cloncurry is not a place that would appeal scenically to the average tourist from other countries. He would find a certain monotony in the surrounding plains.

But it smells delightful, which is another way of saying that after the East it doesn't smell at all.

All sorts of little things make you like your own country, not the least being that it's very comforting to know what the signs in streets mean, where to get what you want, and precisely where you're going.

And it is, of course, made additionally attractive by the fact that for the present, anyhow, it isn't the scene of warfare.

* * *

ALL round the East there are signs of the last war's destruction.

The funnels of sunken ships stud the harbor at Manila. And you're reminded in other places of older wars.

At a flying-boat base in southern Japan you can see from the slipway the hulk of an old Russian ship.

It was captured by the Japanese, so I was told, during the Russo-Japanese war at the battle of Tsushima, back at the beginning of the century.

The battle was fought in Tsushim Strait, which separates Japan from Korea, the strait across which to-day fly the planes carrying arms and men to Korea.

* * *

IN Korea an army officer asked me, "Why does a woman's paper want a story on a war?"

I replied that troops had mothers and wives.

I think he felt that a country at war was no place for a woman. I agreed with him mentally. But I'd go further. War is no place for anybody, man or woman, and if humanity cannot find some more sensible way of settling its arguments it doesn't deserve to survive.

Since I came back I have been talking to a girl who said, "I can't help thinking about war from a personal viewpoint. I think, when I read about it, how would I feel if my brother or my fiance were there."

That's the way that most women look at war. And it's as true a way as any. What war boils down to in its essentials is the piling up of uncounted personal tragedies.

* * *

EARLY in the last war I remember reading an item about a small ship torpedoed in the Atlantic.

It was only a few lines, and it stated that all the crew except one fireman had been saved. Not a very important item in the wide sweep of war events.

But presumably the fireman had a mother or wife. The war had done its worst for someone.

That's the kind of thing that women read into communiques stating "Our losses were comparatively light," or "One of our aircraft failed to return."

IT would, of course, be useless to deplore war and do nothing about defence.

To the north of us are crowded countries, and in practically every one of them there's war or unrest, which represents a potential menace to Australia.

The United Nations plan for a world "police force" is a necessary part of the solution.

But the greatest contribution that statesmen can make is to find some way of settling the differences between nations without recourse to war. For war settles nothing, nor ever has. Regardless of who wins, the same problems remain, to provide within a few years the gunpowder for the match to ignite.

* * *

ODD notes from the East: Japanese teenagers are keen on square dancing. I saw a bunch of them doing square dances on a vacant allotment one night. Not far away huge crowds watched ancient national dances, part of a festival which honors departed ancestors.

* * *

FOR afternoon tea in Singapore you get curry puffs as well as sandwiches and cake. In Hongkong you may be given cocktail sausages. At an Australian transit hotel in Japan two Royal Air Force lads regularly had a boiled egg with their afternoon tea.

* * *

AMONG the swarming masses of Koreans in the towns, quaint old gentlemen wearing dusty white robes and tall black horsehair hats walk along fanning themselves, with an air of supreme indifference to the traffic of war and surrounding squalor. They're retired grandfathers, so I was told, living the leisurely life in their old age.

* * *

AUSTRALIANS passing through Manila don't drink much beer. One glass costs the equivalent of six Australian shillings. Other prices are in proportion. Instead, they watch the crowds of smartly dressed Filipino men and women rolling up in the latest American cars to dine and dance at the beautiful Manila Hotel. With a couple of servicemen I thought of taking a walk through the neon-lit city streets. "Don't walk," we were told. "It's too dangerous at night."

* * *

WHEN people saw a "blue moon" in Britain recently, hundreds rang observatories fearing portents of doom. Weather authorities think it was caused by the aftermath of a dust-storm which had swept North America.

"Once in a blue moon," we confidently said,
And "pigs might fly," we added with a smile,
Meaning, "It never happens, and it won't."
So, aeons back, along the ancient Nile
People drew comfort from a word or phrase
To still the secret fears of earthly days.

And then as now, perchance, it came to pass,
That wonders shook complacency of men.
To-day, of course, we know the reasons why.
We're so much braver, so we think, than then . . .
Yet fearful still, with blue moons in the night,
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That Man of Hers

Continued from page 22

I SUPPOSE he wasn't in the mood to visit people even if he had been willing to accept hospitality he could not afford to return. There were the hospital bills, the nurses, the doctors.

"You'd think they'd recognise her type," Walter argued. "They ought to know a fake when they see one."

"I don't think she's faking. There's something wrong or they wouldn't keep her in the hospital."

Not that we talked of them always. There were brief periods of time when I managed to forget the Woodworths, but as autumn slipped into winter it became increasingly difficult. Sam, coming in at night, looked so cold and pinched. Mrs. Botts didn't come to clean any more. The house stood silent, reproachful.

Finally on a brisk, sparkling day I set off on a special trip to the hospital, with some magazines under my arm.

"There's a very interesting article on symphony orchestras," I told Vivienne Woodworth pointedly. "I thought you might enjoy it because of your music."

She thanked me with a faint smile. The bedjacket was not so fresh as it had been a month before, and there was only one potted plant on the table. "I don't suppose I'll ever get back to my piano," she said.

"Of course you will." I forced myself to be hearty, for her eyes were so troubled and turned inward upon herself. In contrast with the nurse, who had left the room at my arrival, she seemed waxen and wholly listless. "Why, you've gained some weight," I said truthfully. "I can tell by your arms."

Before she could answer, the door opened and Sam Woodworth stepped in. His face and ears were rosy with the cold, and as he stooped to kiss his wife one hand cupped her chin and tightened.

"Hello there, darling! Mrs. Benton, you're just in time," he said, straightening. "I've brought some wonderful news."

Instantly I could feel a wave of resistance. "What is it, Sam?" Vivienne Woodworth asked in a strange, muffled voice.

"Vivienne," he said, "you're going home!"

My lips parted and closed.

"I just happened to meet Dr. Wright downstairs," he was saying to the motionless figure on the bed. "He thinks you've been here long enough—too long. We're going home to-morrow."

"Sam——" She turned her head to one side and burst into tears. "Oh," she wept, "he's just sending me home to die!"

"Vivienne, listen." His smile grew fixed. "Dear, listen," he begged. "You're all right. Dr. Wright says you're fine. It's just a matter of getting your strength back, that's all."

She reached blindly beneath her pillow and found a handkerchief. "I—I hate Dr. Wright. He knows I can't even walk and he just . . . doesn't care."

"Shh—Vivienne." With his mouth oddly twisted he looked toward me. "Hospitals are such depressing places," he said. "She's been here too long."

"I know." I drew my coat more tightly around me.

Miss Anderson had entered the room and now she stepped to her patient's side. She spoke in a stern, level voice. "Mrs. Woodworth—please. Try to control yourself. Here—take a sip of water."

"She's going to be quite all right," Sam Woodworth repeated, as if talking to a child. "I tell you what, dear—we'll take Miss Anderson with us. How will that be?" He looked at the nurse.

I thought for a moment the girl would refuse.

She drew in her breath, looked at him and her eyes softened. "If you want me," she said, "I'll be glad to come."

"Good! I'll ring Mrs. Botts to-night. We'll get the house ready—you still have the key, Mrs. Benton. Perhaps you'd run in to-morrow and just make sure that the bed is ready . . ." He followed me all the way down the hall. He was so very grateful to me. Poor little Vivienne had had such a long hard fight. He was going to send some flowers for her room. She was especially fond of a certain glass vase—he would leave it on the kitchen shelf . . .

I found it carefully washed and polished the next afternoon. Mrs. Botts had cleaned and straightened the house, but it was a cold, dreary day, and we worked in artificial light. The roses had not begun to open, and in the children's room the silence pressed down.

I turned Vivienne Woodworth's bed down and went downstairs, glancing in at the shiny new piano I had never once heard. Then I shut the front door behind me.

Walter had come home early that day, and I was glad to have him there when Sam Woodworth's car turned slowly into the drive. It couldn't have been much after four, but the sky was already dark and heavy, then fine rain began to fall. We could hear the wind whining through the black, leafless trees, and when the car slid past, as noiseless as a hearse, I dropped my mending and shivered a little.

"What a day to be coming home," I said uneasily. "I should think they'd be afraid of pneumonia."

WALTER adjusted his spectacles. "Don't look now," he said, "but she's wrapped like a mummy. He's carrying her in his arms, and the nursie—" He gave a low whistle. "By George, what a figure!"

"How can you tell in this light?"

"Oh, she's a sight for sore eyes," Walter teased. "No wonder he brought her along!"

In addition to being depressed I was suddenly outraged. "With a poor sick wife? I don't care, Walter—she is sick. I've said that all along."

"Say anything you like," he countered dryly. "Mrs. Woodworth had better improve."

I got up and went out to the kitchen. All through dinner I kept thinking of the situation next door. By seven-thirty we were in the midst of a gale. As I washed the dinner dishes I could hear the wind and rain, and then there were running footsteps coming up our drive.

Sam Woodworth burst into the kitchen. "Mrs. Benton—" He closed the door behind him and leaned against it. "I wonder if I could ask one more favor of you? Vivienne's nurse has to get home to-night. There are no taxis, and my wife—well—I can't leave her alone, Mrs. Benton."

"I'll be glad to sit with her," I lied at once.

He seemed greatly relieved. "Would you? She's already had her sedative. She's asleep now, and it won't take me very long. Miss Anderson's ready, so if you really don't mind—"

I found my coat and a book and, ignoring Walter's lifted brows, I stepped outside.

They were already in the car. The girl, I remember, wore a jaunty beret. She sat very straight beside him and in the lights from the dashboard her smooth cheeks had a pink glow. "Please make yourself at home, Mrs. Benton," he said.

Noiselessly I walked toward the front of the house.

Please turn to page 25

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That Man of Hers

Continued from page 24

THERE was not a sound from upstairs. In the living-room a fire had been lighted, and two chairs were drawn close to the hearth. With that beautiful nurse here, I thought as I settled down, even the bizarrely furnished room had come to life . . .

I opened my book but I was tired, and the heat of the fire made me drowsy.

The fire had completely died when I was jolted awake. Above the eerie whine of the wind I heard a sharp, plaintive call. "Sam? Sam—where are you?"

With the first word I was on my feet and hurrying up the stairs. "It's all right, Mrs. Woodworth—he'll be back soon!"

"Why, Mrs. Benton!" At my entrance she sat straight up in bed. "What are you doing here?"

"Your husband asked me to come. He thought you would sleep," I said. "He had to take Miss Anderson home."

Her eyes were wide and very blue. "How long ago?"

"Why, about eight o'clock," I said stupidly.

"But it's after twelve!" She pointed to the small electric clock on her dressing-table. "It's half-past twelve," she said in a thin, rising voice. "It couldn't possibly take four hours, no matter where she lives!"

In spite of myself I dropped my eyes. "Well, it's a bad night for driving," I said. "He may have had some trouble."

"Sam would have telephoned." She made a little rocking motion and put her hands to her face. "Oh, I feel so helpless. Oh, Mrs. Benton—what am I going to do?"

She looked like a terrified child—so young and bewildered that I moved my chair closer to her bed.

Suddenly she flung back the bedclothes. "I just can't lie here," she cried. "I can't bear it any longer!"

"Let me . . ." I started forward to help her and stopped. She was standing alone — pulling on a dressing-gown with hands that shook visibly, but still she was standing and walking alone.

She had crossed to the window and was leaning against the frame rubbing away the mist which had collected on the pane.

"I can't see a thing," she said. Then her knees seemed to give way, and she slid down before I could reach her. "No, don't—I can get up all right. I didn't even know I could walk." She struggled up. "But I—I can do it . . ."

"Yes." I pushed a chair forward. "Sit down and try not to worry. You know the old saying about no news——"

She took a deep, trembling breath. "I never want to see her again—not as long as I live!"

"Miss Anderson?" I could feel the blood rising in my face. It was as if Walter were there in the room with us and I knew what he was thinking. "She seems an excellent nurse," I said.

"That's not what I'm talking about. Oh, Mrs. Benton—" She brought one hand up hard against her mouth. "My husband—the children love him so. They haven't seen him for nearly two months."

"You can send for them soon," I said. "Maybe in a few days."

"No, to-morrow." With her arms folded she rocked back and forth. "Oh, things are going to be different here—she'll see. Maybe she thinks I'm a helpless invalid, but Sam is my husband—my children's father. He belongs to us, and I intend to keep him!"

"They're all very proud of you," I said in an effort to calm her. "So proud of your music."

She looked at me blankly. "I've never really done anything with it. I just wanted to."

"Well, you're still very young," I said, straining my ears. "Listen—isn't that the car?"

IMMEDIATELY she was on her feet. "Oh, it is! Oh, thank goodness—where is my handkerchief? Don't tell him, Mrs. Benton. Don't tell him what I said," she begged. "I'd rather do it myself."

I wanted to leave before Sam Woodworth came in but I met him at the back door.

He was dripping wet and breathless, as if he'd been running.

"I'm terribly sorry," he began. "I got bogged and then I had a puncture—"

I acted instinctively. I covered his mouth with my hand. "Shh," I whispered. "Your wife is all right. She's been up, walking around."

He stood there staring at me. "Mrs. Benton—?"

"Just let her wonder," I said. "Good-night, Mr. Woodworth."

Walter was angry when I finally crawled into bed. "I've been worried to death! Nearly two o'clock—why didn't you call me?"

"Because I knew what you'd think, that's why."

"Well?" The room was dark and still, but I felt that he was waiting. "What do you think?" he asked at last.

I leaned over to smooth the bedclothes around him. "I think you were right," I said.

(Copyright)

My favorite poem

Mrs. Raimonde F. Brady, of 48 Wills St., Kew, Vic., has sent us her favorite poem. Send us your choice. It may be a complete poem or an excerpt.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my father's voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptur'd urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns!!
No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone;
My epitaph shall be my name alone;
If that with honor fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!
That, only that, shall single out the spot
By that remember'd or with that forgot.

—Lord Byron, A Fragment (1803).

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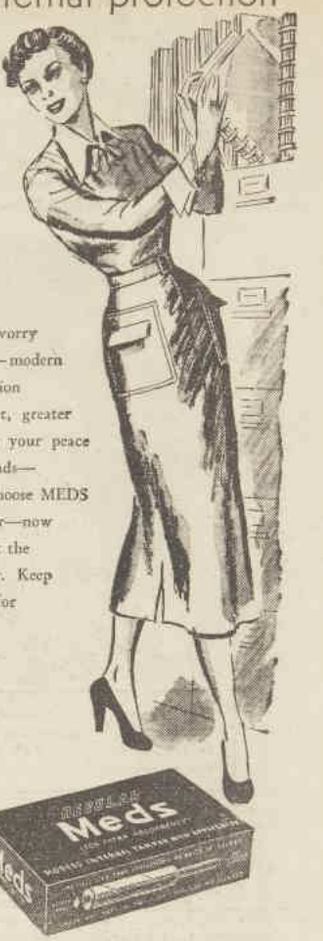

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- *and boil!*
- *and boil!*

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WORTH REPORTING

OPENING of the cricketing season this month means great activity for women cricketers, "all-out" to raise funds to send the first Australian Women's Cricket team to England for thirteen years.

Travelling expenses are £275 for each player with another £100 for togs. Women's cricket associations in all States are making a big effort to assist players with the cost of the trip.

The team of 16, which will leave Australia by the Mooltan next April, will be captained by Molly Dyer, of Sydney. Amy Hudson, Mary Allit, and Norma Whiteman are other members of the team from New South Wales.

The nine Victorians are Una Paisley, vice-captain; Lorna Larter, wicketkeeper; Betty Wilson, who is known as the Bradman of women cricketers; Myrtle Craddock, bowler and international basketballer; Joan Schmidt, opening batswoman; fast bowlers Mavis Jones and Alma Vogt, second wicket-keeper Gladys Phillips, and batswoman Valerie Batty.

South Australia will be represented by Ruth Dow and Dot Laughton.

June James has been selected from Western Australia.

Alma Vogt has taken a job at night packing fruit, while carrying on her job as cutter at a shoe factory, to increase savings for the trip.

During the tour the Australians will wear uniform grey skirts and sports hats, white blouses, green blazers, and brown accessories.

For play they'll wear cream gabardine divided skirts, lightweight cream woollen shirts, and cream woollen knee-high socks.

From the time the Mooltan reaches England the Australian Women's Cricket team will be the guests of the English Women's Cricket Association.

Darwin entertains naval men

A ROYAL Naval Friendly Union was recently established at Darwin by the founder of the Union in South Australia, Mrs. Harold Rischbieth, after she had hitch-hiked from Alice Springs.

There is a naval depot with about 170 men at Darwin, and five miles out at Coonawarra two naval wireless stations have another 50 men.

Now that the townspeople have been organised these men, who previously led very lonely lives, have a chance of making social contacts.

In Darwin Mrs. Rischbieth attended the first Civil Aviation Ball, a splendid affair, held in the large iron recreation hall built by the Americans during the war. The dance floor is large enough for 700 couples.

Mrs. Rischbieth, who has two grown-up doctor sons, but is still pretty and lively, said women were so rare in the Territory that she never missed a dance.

She said hitch-hiking between Alice Springs and Darwin was easy. She didn't have to walk a step, and it cost her only the price of a bottle of beer or a couple of packets of cigarettes for the truckdrivers.

After her long hitch-hike she flew to Wyndham and picked up the cattle boat to Perth.

She saw the recently organised air lift of chilled carcases from Glen Roy station to Wyndham and the first air consignment to Glen Roy of pigs for breeding. The pigs had come up to Wyndham on the ship she travelled in, she said.

A MELBOURNE architect, recently host at a buffet dinner, neatly solved the problem for his guests of where to park their plates and glasses without undue juggling.

Each guest was presented with an inexpensive plastic-wood artist's palette, which, in addition to having a cut-out section to take the left hand thumb, also had spaces cut to hold a plate and glass.

* * *

English war heroine's brothers in Australia

BROTHERS of beautiful Violette Szabo, who was shot by the Germans in Ravensbruck Camp for her work as a secret agent during World War II, have been working in Queensland for twelve months.

They are Roy, Noel, and John Bushell, who are trying to earn enough money to buy a house where their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bushell, and their orphaned eight-year-old niece, Tania Szabo, will live when they come to Australia.

An Australian friend of John Bushell, Miss Lynne Hill, of Tuggerah Lakes, N.S.W., saw the story in The Australian Women's Weekly of September 9 about Mr. and Mrs. Bushell wanting to bring Tania here.

Miss Hill came in and told us that John and Roy were working at "Inderi," Springshot, Queensland, where they were harvesting sorghum.

Noel is also in Queensland, and all three are trying to save money for a house.

Until the boys have the money and the house, Mr. and Mrs. Bushell and Tania must stay at their home in Wantage, Berkshire.

New book by Australian writer is set in Poland

NEXT book by Australian writer Helen Heney is set in Poland, and will be called "Proud Lady."

Her first book published, "The Chinese Camellia," set in Australia with the central character a young Chinese girl, has won success here and overseas.

"Proud Lady" spans the life of a Polish woman of the upper classes.

Miss Heney wrote this book while she was living in Brisbane in 1945. She found that writing about Poland and the Swiss Tyrol seemed to make the hot weather seem less severe.

"The Chinese Camellia" was written while she was in Europe with U.N.R.R.A from 1945 to 1947.

Miss Heney lived in Poland from 1930 to 1936.

Experiment in sowing rice from air

RICE will be sown from the air in the Wakool district, N.S.W., next month.

This is the first time a crop has been sown from the air in Australia, according to an officer of the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture.

A local aircraft company, which has had experience in dusting and spraying crops from the air, is now anxious to experiment with sowing.

Fifty acres will be sown.

* * *

TWO young socialites met in London, and again on their return to Sydney. She had been abroad on her first trip, he on an annual business jaunt.

"Isn't it dreadful being back in Australia?" she drawled. "It's so dreary. No culture, no interesting people to meet or places to go to. Everything's so provincial. Don't you miss everything terribly—London, Paris, New York?"

"No," he replied, "But then, of course, it wasn't my first trip overseas."

OUR COVER

OUR cover picture of Mrs. Betty Sara and her Quadruplets is a composite of two color photographs.

Mrs. Sara, like all others who handle the Quads, must wear a mask when she is near the babies until they are six months old.

So that her attractive smile would not be hidden Mrs. Sara was photographed away from the babies without mask, then with the babies wearing her mask. The two photographs, taken by staff photographer Clive Thompson, were combined.

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *Night and the City*

THE career of an underworld tout who cheats and betrays his friends and is in the end doomed by his own duplicity is the theme of Fox's unusual melodrama.

Tension is the mainspring of the action and it is supplied by starkly realistic atmosphere, by Max Greene's clever photography, and by a striking musical score rather than the somewhat contrived plot.

The city is London of back alleys; the murk of slums fills the night. Small-part players portraying underworld spivs underscore the atmosphere of sinister seaminess.

Although the film would have benefited by more restraint, credit must go to Richard Widmark, who is unnervingly but convincingly hysterical as the ambitious tout on whom the action centres.

Sustained hysteria has the effect of rendering the finale somewhat of an anti-climax.

A particularly strong supporting cast is headed by Francis L. Sullivan and Googie Withers, but the script gives Gene Tierney and Hugh Marlowe no chance to shine, since they are outside the general mood of the film and unimportant to the action.

In Sydney—Civic.

★★ *Obsession*

THE art of Robert Newton, plus the intelligence of Phil Brown and Naunton Wayne, makes J. Arthur Rank's film gripping beyond the construction of Alec Copel's screenplay, which he adapted from his novel "A Man About A Dog."

The film presents the story of distinguished Englishman Dr. Riordan, who plans the perfect murder of his wife's American lover.

First the victim is chained up underneath a bombed-out building, the idea being to keep him alive under wraps as a safety measure until the hue and cry over his disappearance blows over.

Riordan's ruthless plan is perfected to the point of disposing of the remains in an acid-bath, and explained in a series of straightforward situations.

Sally Gray plays Storm Riordan, who asks for no sympathy and receives none.

In Sydney—Esquire.

★ *My Dream Is Yours*

MUSIC, color, and a dash of comedy make Warners' musical average light entertainment.

Aspiring vocalist Doris Day is discovered by advertising man Jack Carson and taken to Hollywood, where she eventually makes good. En route to success there are the usual difficulties and a tangled love affair.

Carson has been funnier than on this occasion.

It is a pity that so much emphasis is given to this thin plot at the expense of the music.

Songs are catchy and the Day technique is pleasant, but all except one number are presented as solos by the singer without any production backing.

In the role of the long-suffering friend, Eve Arden's inimitable wit carries the day.

In Sydney—Regent.

KATHLEEN RYAN gets ready for the big bang expected from 12-year-old Jeremy Spenser's toy pistol. The youngster is making a name for himself in British films.

★ *Woman of Distinction*

COLUMBIA'S comedy is well produced and performed for mild amusement.

Looking like a career woman's daydream of a career woman, Rosalind Russell brings style and sophistication to her buffoonery.

The vintage story concerns a bluestocking college dean who is shaken out of her ivory tower by the polished charm of English astronomer-lecturer Ray Milland.

This should be enough to indicate the brand of humor on which the gaiety is based. The outcome is something of a tribute to the stars' combined talents and to the light directorial touch, which does wonders with the familiar plot.

Edmund Gwenn tries with varying success to infuse his role as Ros' father with a matter-of-fact calm, and Janis Carter is pretty as a medium-pressure Press agent.

In Sydney—State.

★ *Wabash Avenue*

A STUNNING torso and teeth play major roles in this tinselled technicolor piece from Fox.

Generous sweeps of incomparable Grable curves indicate that the blonde actress has never been in better shape.

The teeth belong to the rival contenders for Betty's film favor—hunk-of-man Victor Mature and radio comedian Phil Harris—who commit the comparatively minor, but nevertheless irritating, offence of constantly grinning into the camera.

Carried along on a torrent of song, numerous well-presented stage sequences, and the rich turbulence of turn-of-the-century theatricals, "Wabash Avenue" tells the usual story of antagonisms, mixups, and romantic complications ending in an inevitable glamorous close-up.

The intermittent appearance of James Barton, who plays the role of an Irish bar-fly, is distinct relief.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

PERSONALITY QUIZ

Answers to Personality Quiz, published on page 18:—1: Yes. 2: No. 3: No. 4: Yes. 5: Yes. 6: No. 7: Yes. 8: Yes. 9: Yes. 10: No.

Top score of 10? What a social asset you must be! Only seven or eight right suggests that invitations may be scarce because you are sometimes thoughtless and unco-operative. Under seven? Either you're completely antisocial or you've a lot of pointers to learn. Reform if you want to be popular.

ON OTHER PAGES:

Chain Lightning, Page 54
Venice Film Festival, Pages 56-57

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POCAHONTAS: *Early Virginia heroine*

FAMOUS WOMEN

● Pocahontas, the Red Indian girl who in childhood rescued Captain John Smith from the tomahawks of her father's braves, is a familiar and touching figure in history. Less well known is the even more romantic Pocahontas of womanhood, who married another white settler and was feted in England as an emperor's daughter, only to die there before she was 23.

HER very name brings romance and humanity into the dark story of the suffering and hardships of Virginia's early English colonists.

Legend and fact are so interwoven with Pocahontas' early life that it is impossible to separate them in the records of those remote days of the colonisation of North America.

Even the well-known story of her rescue of Captain John Smith, so favored a subject in painting and poetry, may not be true, but enough has been proved of Pocahontas' friendship and goodwill towards the English settlers to make her the first heroine of early Virginia.

Pocahontas, favorite daughter of Powhatan, chief of the tribes that inhabited the shores of the York River, was a child in 1606, when King James I of England granted a charter for the settlement of colonies in Virginia.

Her name was really Matoaka, but in the tribe she was known as Pocahontas—"playful one."

In May, 1607, three small ships, Sarah Constant, Godspeed, and Discovery, fitted out by the newly formed Virginia Company of London, entered Chesapeake Bay on the east coast of America, and the settlers landed to found the first village of Jamestown.

The expedition, well equipped in most respects, brought little food. Because of the need for supplies and the urge to know what sort of country lay around them, parties were sent to explore the rivers that ran into Chesapeake Bay.

In one of these groups was Captain John Smith, an able and vigorous man whose energy and ambition had already made him a leader in the new colony.

A generation had passed since the Indians had been awed by the first white men they had seen. The redskin had since discovered that this paleface brother, whom he had once welcomed and almost venerated, was a potential enemy, whose mysterious purpose seemed to involve driving him off his hunting grounds.

On this trip the voyagers were welcomed by the Indians they encountered.

This was part of a plan, carefully prepared by Powhatan, to delay the party with feasting and entertainment so that in their absence he could rally his braves to attack the little settlement at Jamestown, massacre the inhabitants, and capture and sink their ships.

In the attack the white men, out-numbered and quite unprepared, would have been slaughtered had they not discharged the ships' cannon, which had been left ready for firing. The Indians, astonished and terrified by what they regarded as white men's magic, were eventually driven off.

Novelist-historian David Garnett has reconstructed the story of Pocahontas from the records of the period. It is at this point that he makes Pocahontas conscious of the power of the new arrivals. Her admiration and sympathy for them are increased by her dislike of her father's intended treachery.

Garnett gives full credence to the story of Pocahontas' rescue of Smith some months later, though Smith himself, in his first record of his adventures, made no mention of it.

It was only in his "General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," which he wrote after his return to England, that Smith gave a detailed account of the incident.

According to Smith's story, the colonists, after the attack on the settlement, built barricades against renewed hostility.

The need for food supplies to see them through the long winter months sent Smith and a few companions once more up the Chickahominy River. They were attacked by Powhatan's warriors, and Smith was captured.

Garnett makes the scene live as he describes Smith's arrival in the Indian village; the braves and squaws crowding round to stare at the strange prisoner, Powhatan's huge, smoky log house lit by a great fire on a central hearth, his crowd of wives and children.

Only one seemed friendly to Smith, and that was a little girl of perhaps 11, who regarded him with strange sympathy.

Smith was fed — the feast that preceded death—then after much argument among his captors a great stone was rolled into the centre of the floor. Smith was thrown to the ground and his head held over the stone while two warriors raised stone tomahawks to dash out his brains.

It was then that the child rushed to him, threw herself between his body and the upraised weapons, pleading that his life be spared.

After some demur Powhatan agreed, as fathers do to the whims of a favorite child. There was also at the back of his mind the idea that the tribe could turn Smith's white man's knowledge to good account.

The old chief ordered that Smith become Pocahontas' personal possession. Some two months later, however, he allowed him to return to Jamestown.

Powhatan thought that he had won Smith's loyalty and that it would be easy to persuade the Englishman to bring back from Jamestown gifts of weapons and tools. But the only presents the Indians received were needles, cotton reels, a colored handkerchief for Pocahontas, beads, cloth, and fish-hooks.

Later on more impressive presents came for Powhatan, sent by King James himself. These were a royal robe and crown and a great Jacobean four-poster with mattress and hangings, which made odd furniture for a log cabin.

Pocahontas did not forget the man she had rescued nor did she cease to think about him and his stories of the wonders of his own land.

One day, dressed in her "best"—white doeskin petticoat and a cloak made from the feathers of bright-plumaged birds—she went with some of the village children to visit him at Jamestown. They soon made friends with the settlers and by such puppy-like antics as walking on their h nds and turning cartwheels had the Englishmen laughing.

COPPERSKINNED Pocahontas welcomed the white settlers in North America. She married one and is proudly claimed as ancestress by many prominent Virginians.

Smith exploited the friendliness of the little princess to the utmost. She and the other children became frequent visitors to the fort and helped them forage when settlement supplies ran low.

Pocahontas is credited with saving the lives of Smith and a party of his men when they were on another food-gathering trip. She gave them warning of an ambush prepared by her father and enabled them to reach the safety of the fort.

She refused to accept any recompense for her action, warning Smith that it would cost her her life if her father discovered it.

Towards 1610 Smith was injured in a gunpowder explosion and, gravely ill, was carried aboard the Falcon for England. The news that he was dead spread at once through the tribes. Pocahontas was convinced that he had been killed by treachery rather than by accident.

● *Besides Captain John Smith's account and David Garnett's fictionalised version of Pocahontas' story, there is an interesting chapter about her in McKenney and Hall's "History of the Indian Tribes," and a play, "Pocahontas," based on her life, by G. W. P. Custis.*

With Smith's departure, a sniping, intermittent warfare developed between red men and white men.

Three years later Pocahontas set out with her brother and other boys and girls of her tribe to visit the Potomac for the great winter fair, when the coastal and inland tribes met for trade.

Fascinated by the novelty of new places and new faces she stayed on, intending to return home in the spring. While she was still at the Potomac, an English ship came up the river. It was the very ship she had been shown by Smith at Jamestown, but this time there were no friendly faces among the crew.

Instead, a plan to kidnap her was devised and carried out with the help of her Indian hosts, who betrayed her for a copper kettle.

In Pocahontas the English now had a valuable hostage at Jamestown.

Far from being the dreary imprisonment she dreaded, captivity delighted Pocahontas. She made friends with two English girls of about her own age, Bessie and Mollie Gates. They had gone out to Virginia with their parents, Sir Thomas and Lady Gates, but their mother had died on the voyage.

The sisters made much of their Indian friend and taught her English manners and behaviour. They even made for her, with the help of their maid, Ann, her first dress. It was a splendid affair of yellow velvet, cut very low, and with a skirt of brown brocade. For plainer wear they cut down a linen dress that had belonged to their mother.

Every day the colony chaplain gave Pocahontas reading and writing lessons and religious instruction.

As a result of his patient teaching, she became a Christian and was baptised "Rebecca."

During walks with the Gates girls, Pocahontas had met one of the settlers, John Rolfe, who was busy making a garden to plant some tobacco he had been given.

Tradition credits Rolfe with being one of the first white men to plant tobacco, the crop that was to be the source of Virginia's wealth. Indian women had always been the cultivators of tobacco in the villages, where they grew it for their menfolk's use. So Pocahontas was naturally interested in what Rolfe was planting.

A friendship developed between them as the girl came to watch the progress of the crop and give advice on its cultivation.

While negotiations dragged on for Pocahontas' release, Rolfe realised he had fallen in love with her. He wrote a touching letter to the colony governor, Sir Thomas Dale, asking permission to marry her.

His "hearte and beste thoughts," he said, "are and have for a long time bin so entangled in so intricate a laborinth that I was ever awearied to unwinde myself . . ."

Dale enthusiastically approved the match. Not only had the copperskinned girl endeared herself to him by her intelligence and gentle ways, but he saw the marriage as a matter of important policy—a means of making lasting peace with the Indians.

Negotiations were opened with Powhatan. The old chief, impressed by her grand clothes and her obvious happiness, gave his consent. He himself expected to benefit by the marriage.

Pocahontas became Mrs. Rebecca Rolfe at Jamestown in April, 1614. She and her husband cleared land and built a house near Henrico on the James River. Here their son, Tom, was born.

Not only were they happy themselves, but the marriage fulfilled white and Indian hopes. "The great blessings of God have followed this peace and it hath bred our plentie," wrote John Rolfe.

In 1616 Rolfe, Pocahontas, and her brother, together with some Indian girls and baby Tom, accompanied Sir Thomas Dale to England.

Again new worlds opened before Pocahontas, much more splendid and bewildering than Jamestown. In London she was feted as the daughter of an emperor and was received at Court.

She was presented to King James, while Rolfe, as a commoner, had to stay in the background. She went to a masque and balls at Whitehall and watched racing at Newmarket with the Royal party.

She had her portrait painted and met such notables as the Bishop of London, John Donne, and Ben Jonson. Another who came to see her was her old friend John Smith, now shabby and out of luck, and a sadly changed figure from the swaggering captain she had known as a child.

But England was not for Pocahontas. She sickened in the damp, raw climate, and before their year's holiday was over it was arranged that she and Rolfe should return home on one of three ships about to sail for America.

While waiting to embark at Gravesend she died, aged about 22. It is said that her last wish was that her son should be brought up in England.

Even if Tom remained in England, his descendants returned to his mother's country. Some of the most prominent of the old Virginian families, among them the Guys, Robertsons, Eldridges, and Randolphs, are proud to trace their ancestry back to the son of Pocahontas.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

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Children's portrait

"THE SICK CHILD." This picture by an almost unknown artist, Evelyn Williams, was the sensation of the Portraits of Children Exhibition at the Royal Water Color Society's Art Gallery in London.

"Sick Child" wins fame for woman

From IRENE HANSTATTER, in London

Thousands of Londoners packed the small and select Royal Water Color Society's Art Gallery, in Bond Street, London, for the Portraits of Children Exhibition.

MANY who attended said they had never been to an art exhibition before, but gallery staff reported that nearly a hundred people a day approached them for addresses of artists whose work they admired.

The first week's attendances broke all the gallery's records.

Though great names in the art world appeared in the catalogue, their presence did not account for the family groups—including babies-in-arms, babies-in-prams, grandpas and grandmas.

From suburban houses, shops, factories, offices, artists' studios people were drawn by the magic in a child's face, the clear light that could be made to gleam in the blue of a child's eye.

The exhibition gave many people a chance to discover an artist whose work they liked and could afford.

Prices ranged from four guineas for a drawing by an unknown artist to upwards of 200 guineas for a portrait in oils by a master.

Some commissions came from grandparents. They could afford portraits, miniatures, or sculptured pieces more than young parents could.

R.A. ARTIST Ruskin Spear has lost nothing of this boy's capacity for fun and has retained the "I-can-see-fairies" look of childhood.

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show draws record crowds

FEW BY-PASSED this picture, "Nicola," by Anthony Devas, but few could afford one like it. It was priced at more than £100.

JACOB EPSTEIN painted this picture of a puzzled little girl. It was greatly admired but attracted few prospective clients.

Many visitors to London found their way to the exhibition, and arranged to have their children painted.

One of these is an Australian, Mr. J. G. Bonnin, distinguished orthopaedic surgeon at London's Middlesex Hospital. He left Melbourne in 1934, and has been back twice since. His two-and-a-half-year-old son Andrew is the subject.

Jacob Epstein, Oliver Messel, Augustus John, and Simon Elwes all showed paintings of children in many moods.

But the show was stolen from them by a completely unknown 23-year-old art student who had never exhibited in a gallery before or sold a picture for more than £5.

She is tall, slender, fair-haired, and blue-eyed Evelyn Williams, who exhibited two paintings—one called "Edward," the other, "The Sick Child."

Edward is a new-born babe. He stares as only a very recent newcomer to this planet can stare.

Sold first day

MISS WILLIAMS, who is so shy that she has never put in an appearance at the gallery, priced her pictures at 20 guineas each.

"Edward" was sold on the first day.

There was always a crowd round "The Sick Child." So many people wanted to buy it that the gallery took the sale in hand. It accepted on Miss Williams' behalf an offer of 65 guineas.

Art critic Pierre Jeanneret said: "'The Sick Child' presents a penetrating psychological study of puzzled helplessness—pale little face, tired eyelids and mouth, listless hands not strong enough to hold two dolls—carried out in a simple flat technique, recalling Elizabethan pictures, and restful tones subtly harmonious."

Now many commissions are being offered to Evelyn Williams. She can charge 50 guineas for a child's picture.

Last December Evelyn married fellow student Michael Fussell. They live in a small flat near London's Regent's Park. Both always hoped that, somehow, they might be able to make a living by their art alone.

Now that dream may be realised.

But Evelyn, still shy, pushes her hair up at the back with embarrassment when asked about her work.

QUESTIONING eyes of "Robert," by William Scott, drew groups of people to the picture every day, although it was less conventional than many of the paintings.

EHRLICH achieved the softness of a child's face in this clay head of Rosaleen, daughter of Lord and Lady Moyne.

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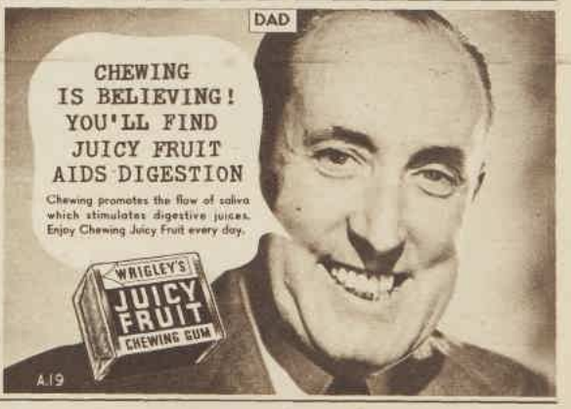

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NAGGER. Is constantly returning to discussion of small — sometimes imaginary — grievances. Unmistakable signs show early.

MERCENARY. Judges a man by his income, cannot hide her delight in money that will be spent on her.

GIRLS TO BEWARE OF

● *Watch out, men, that the girl who takes your fancy is not one of the types shown on this page. A pretty face won't make up for these faults, most of which will last a lifetime. If she's shown here, let a braver man have her.*

HOUSEPROUD. Values tidiness above comfort, and she cannot resist unnecessary fussing.

ETERNAL GLAMOR GIRL. Demands constant attention and she must always be admired.

AMBITIOUS. Life with her would be a long struggle to keep up with the wealthier Jones'.

HELPLESS. Wants every problem solved for her, always looks to others to put things right.

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Bellingen—town the Quads put on the map

PROSPEROUS BELLINGEN (above), surrounded by dairying, timber, and vegetable growing country, has a population of 1400. Below left is a close-up of Percy and Betty Sara. Hail-fellow Percy Sara (below right) greets workmates Keith Campbell and Archie Thompson at the ambulance station.

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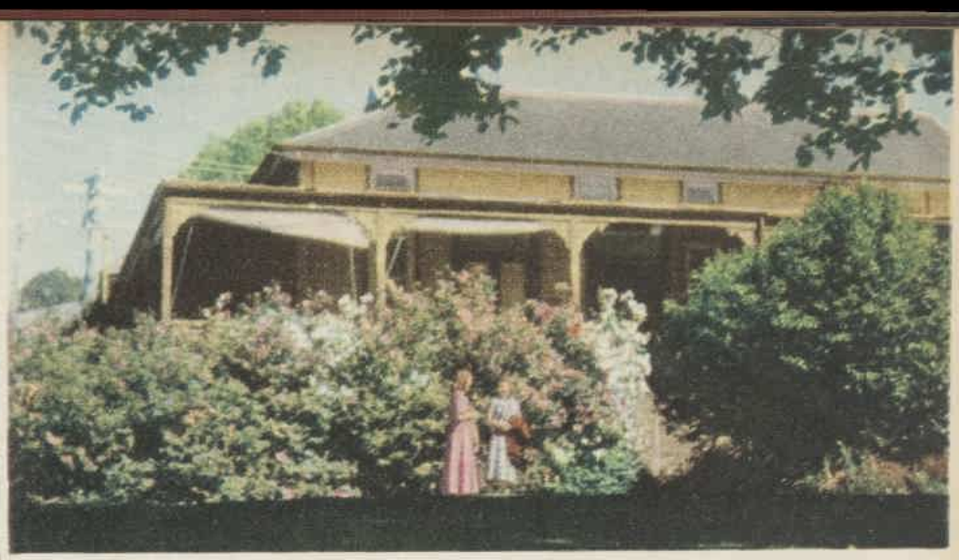
★ ***Bellingen, birthplace of the Sara Quads, is a pretty little semi-tropical town on the River Bellinger, 20 miles from Coffs Harbor, N.S.W.***

Because Bellingen is off the highway, the beauty of the district has been known to few people.

Among them was artist Elioth Gruner, who did some of his most renowned paintings there.



WEATHERBOARD Bellinger River District Hospital. Equipment is excellent and as up to date as staff can keep it. The azalea bushes make splashes of vivid color in the hospital gardens every spring.

OVER-THE-FENCE chat. Young Geoffrey Sara astride his three-wheeler talks to his father from the grassy street outside their home.

CENTRE OF INTEREST. Geoffrey Sara, who will be four in November, leaves St. Margaret's Church of England Sunday school with other Bellingen children. Mrs. Sara expects Geoffrey to "keep a brotherly eye on his little brothers and sisters." Geoffrey has had little trouble in adjusting himself to his suddenly crowded home.

THESE nurses (right) are the hard workers who remained on duty at all hours during Mrs. Sara's long confinement. They are still excited about the Quads. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 7

IT was worth trying, anyway; the worst that could happen would be that she would get it stuck and have to send Billy back to Willstown with a note for them to send up somebody more competent. So long as he had his horse there was no risk of any great delay.

She said, "All right, Billy, I'll drive the utility. You come up with me on your horse."

"Get fresh horse, missy. Him tired."

"All right, get a fresh horse." Billy must be tired, too, but she was too unaccustomed to these seamed, black faces to be able to detect fatigue. "You get some tucker," she said. "I get tucker, too. We'll start in half an hour."

Four miles beyond the bore Joe Harman sat at the mouth of his small tent. It was pitched in a clearing in a thick patch of bush in the bottom of a little valley. A heavy log stockade or corral had been built in this clearing and stood immediately behind the tent; the movable logs that formed a gate had been pulled down and the corral was empty.

Joe had built a fire before the tent, and he was boiling up in a billy over it.

A man lay inside upon a bed of brushwood, covered with a waterproof sheet, with a blanket over him. Joe turned his head, and said, "What happened, Don? Did they rush you when you got the pole down?"

From the tent the man said, "They pushed the pole back on to me and knocked me down. Then about six of them ran over me."

Joe said, "Serve you right. Teach you to go messing about on other people's land."

Just then Jean drove the utility slowly up to the tent, with Billy riding beside her; she took out the gear and stopped it with a sigh of relief. Joe came to her as she sat there.

"What's happened to Dave?" he asked. "Didn't he come back?"

She told him what had happened. "I thought I'd better have a go at driving it up myself," she said. "I've only driven a car about three times before. I don't think I've done it any good, Joe."

He stepped back. "Looks all right," he said. "Did you hit anything?"

"I didn't hit anything. I couldn't get the gears in sometimes and it made an awful noise."

"Do they work still?"

"Oh, I think so."

"That's all right, then. What were the creeks like?"

"Pretty high," she said. "It came over the floor of the cab."

He grunted. "Get along back soon as we can. I wish this rain'd stop."

She asked, "Is Mr. Curtis here, Joe?"

He nodded. "In the tent."

"What's wrong?"

"Got his leg bust," he said. "I think he's got a broken ankle, too."

She pursed her lips. "I brought that trunk with your splints and things."

He nodded in approval. "Good," he said. "I set it well as I could, but it's a mess. We'll get him down to hospital soon as we can."

They set to work to strike camp. They removed the tent from over the injured man and he saw Jean for the first time. "Hullo, Miss Paget," he said. "You don't remember me. I saw you in Willstown, day you arrived."

She smiled at him. "You'll be back there in a little while. In the hospital."

Once as she worked she turned to Joe with a puzzled expression. "Whose land are we on, Joe?"

"Midhurst," he said. "Why?"

She glanced at the corral. "What's that for?"

"That?" he said. "Oh, that's just a place we put the cattle in sometimes, for branding and that."

She said no more, but went on with her work; once or twice a little smile played round her lips. They worked a blanket underneath the brushwood bed as the man lay upon the ground, and lowered the tail board of the utility; then, with infinite care and great labor, they lifted him on his bed into the body of the truck.

The man was white and sweating when they had done, and a little blood was showing on his lip where he had bitten it, but there was nothing else that they could do to ease his pain.

They started off at about nine o'clock, Joe driving the utility, Jean riding in the back with the injured man, and Billy following behind, riding and leading the two horses. They passed the bore and went on for about five miles till they came to the creeks. The water was considerably higher than when Jean had crossed a couple of hours earlier.

They crossed the first without difficulty, though the water was in the cab of the utility and only just below the floor of the truck body on which the sick man lay.

At the second creek the water was higher, and as they crossed it grew deep quickly. Joe accelerated to keep her going, but the truck came down heavily on something with a crunch of metal, and stopped dead.

Joe swore and pressed the starter, but the engine was immovable. Oil began to appear on the eddying yellow surface of the water, and slide away downstream in black and yellow tails. He stared at it in consternation.

Jean said, "What's happened, Joe?"

"Cracked the sump," he said shortly.

He got down into the water from the cab, feeling his way gingerly; it was well above his knees, close on waist deep. He called Billy and made Jean pass him a coil of rope from the back of the truck. The utility was only about ten yards from the bank.

They made a sort of tandem harness for the three horses with lariats that they carried at the pommels of the riding saddles, and harnessed this team to the back axle of the utility, groping and spluttering under the water to do so. In ten minutes the vehicle was on dry land, a performance that left Jean awed by its efficiency.

She got down from the back and went to Joe, who was lying on his back under the front axle. She stooped down with him to look; the cast-iron sump was crushed and splintered.

He picked the broken pieces of cast iron from the hole, and got out from underneath. He went and got the starting handle from the cab and turned the engine carefully. He sighed with relief.

"Crankshaft's all right," he said. "It's only just the sump."

He stood in deep thought for a minute, starting handle in his hand; the rain poured down upon them steadily. She asked, "Where do we go from here, Joe?"

"I could patch that," he said, "good enough to get her home. But then we haven't got any oil. It's no good going down to fetch the truck the way these creeks are rising." He stood watching the water for a minute or two.

"Never get the truck through by the time it got here," he said finally. "There's only one thing for it now. He'll have to be flown out."

Please turn to page 40

Interesting People

CAPTAIN HAROLD FIELD

. . . flown 1,000,000 miles

QUEENSLAND airman Captain Harold James Field, of B.O.A.C. recently completed 1,000,000 miles flying. Born in Toowoomba, studied electricity, and worked on staff of Brisbane Electric Company. Joined R.A.A.F. in 1938, became squadron leader before transferring to B.O.A.C. in 1944. Now a senior captain, is engaged on trials and development of new aircraft. Captain Field lives with his wife and child in Southampton, England. He is a Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society and an Associate of the Royal Aeronautical Society.

MISS DORA WHITEHEAD

. . . her heart's in Japan

ENGLISH educationist and missionary Dora Whitehead will not be happy until she returns to Japan. Belonging to Charlotte Mason College, Ambleside, England, she received the call to become a missionary in 1927 and went to Japan despite parents' protest. Learned language thoroughly and worked with Church of England, especially among children, until 1938. Is paying her own way back to Japan. Bishop Yashiro is getting her a house. She will work under Bishop Mann. Teaches French at a Sydney girls' school while waiting in Australia.

MR. HARRY KLEINER

. . . just like home

CHARMING American playwright Harry Kleiner, who wrote script for new film "Kangaroo," finds Sydney just like home. Had never visited Australia, but wrote about it from 20th Century-Fox's research records. Is a graduate of Yale Drama School, and has written many plays and film scripts, including "Fallen Angel," "Street With No Name." Likes our climate, movie audiences, department stores, and milk bars, is terrified of our traffic, especially the trams. Is a music lover.

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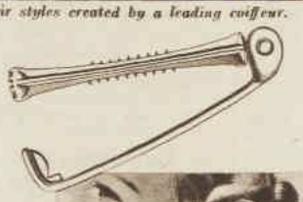

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WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI? Lovely Alva Anderson, the twin on the right has the Toni. Her sister, Alice, has an expensive salon perm.

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12/3

AT ALL HOSIERY COUNTERS

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 38

THE country round about was covered with rocks and trees. "Is there anywhere an aeroplane can land here?" she asked.

"I know one place it might," he said. "Five hundred yards they want, and then a good approach."

He took his horse and went off to the south; by the river they unpacked the tent and arranged it over Don Curtis to keep the rain off him.

Joe came back in a quarter of an hour. "Think we can make something of it," he said. "It's only about a mile away." With Billy he harnessed up the tandem team of three horses to the front axle of the truck, and, with Jean at the wheel, they set off through the bush, steering and manoeuvring between the trees.

They came presently to an open space—a long grassy sward with low bushes dotted about on it. It was more than five hundred yards long, but there were trees at each end. It would be possible to make an airstrip there. "Clear off some of these bushes," Joe said, "and fell some of those trees. I've seen them use a lot worse places than this."

An axe and a spade were part of the equipment of the utility; they had tools enough. Their labor was quite inadequate for the work.

"We'll have to get the boys up from Midhurst," he said. "Everyone that's there. And get a message down to Willstown about the aeroplane."

She said, "I'll ride down with Billy to the homestead, Joe. Then he can bring the boys back, and I'll go on to Willstown."

He stared at her. "You can't ride that far."

"How far is it?"

"Forty miles, to Willstown."

"I can get to Midhurst, anyway," she said. "If I can't go on I'll send Moonshine in with a note to Sergeant Haines. He's the best man to tell, isn't he?"

"That's right. If you do this, there's to be no riding alone. If you go on from Midhurst to town, you've got to take Moonshine or one of the other boys with you. I won't have you trying to cross them creeks alone, on a horse."

She touched his arm. "All right, Joe. I'll take someone with me." She paused. "We could get on the radio from Willstown," she said. "We could get some people over from Windermere to help you then, couldn't we?"

"That's right," he said. "It would be better if we had a radio at Midhurst." He paused. "There's one thing that they'll all want to know," he said, "and that's where this place is. We're about six miles west-south-west of the new bore. Can you remember that?"

"I've got that, Joe," she said. "Six miles west-south-west of the new bore." She paused. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'll make camp here." He looked around. "I'll pitch the tent over the back of the utility," he said. "We don't want to shift him again if we can help it, not until we get a stretcher. After that I'll start and fell some of those trees for the approach."

It was about half past ten when they put her up on Joe's horse Robin. Robin was a much bigger horse than she had ridden before, and she was rather afraid of him.

She started off with Billy at a slow trot through the trees, and so began a feat of endurance which she was to look back upon with awe for years to come. She found the horse docile, responsive, and energetic; he had a very easy gait when trotting.

At the same time, the bald fact remained that she had only been on a horse six times before, and never for more than an hour and a half at a time.

They came to Midhurst homestead at about half past two. By that time she had a raging thirst, and she was getting very tired. Moonshine and one or two of the other boys ran out and took her bridle and helped her down from Robin; she could not manage the stretch from the stirrup to the ground.

She said, "Billy, tell Moonshine to saddle up and come with me to Willstown. I'm going to have a cup of tea and some tucker, and then we'll start. You take all the boys back to Mr. Harman. That okay?"

He said, "Yes, Missy." It struck her that if she was tired he must be exhausted; he had been in the saddle continuously for twenty-three hours. She looked at the seamed black face and said, "Can you make it, Billy? Are you very tired?"

He grinned. "Me not tired, Missy. Go back to Missa Harman with the boys after tucker." He went away shouting, "Polly, Polly. You go longa kitchen, make tea and tucker for missy. You go longa kitchen quick."

Jean sat down wearily upon the chair in the verandah, and in a very short while Polly appeared with a pot of tea and two fried eggs upon a steak that was almost uneatable. She ate the eggs and a corner of the steak and drank six huge cups of tea.

She finished eating and called out for Moonshine and went down into the yard. The black stockriders, saddling their own horses and making up the bundles for the pack horses in the rain put her up into the saddle and she was off again for Willstown with Moonshine by her side.

The short rest had stiffened her, and it needed all her courage to face the twenty miles that lay ahead. Every muscle in her body was stretched and aching. Her legs ceased to function much to hold her in the saddle, but the big horns above and below her thighs came in to play and held her in place.

They crossed the creeks, now too deep for a car, and rode on. They were following the car track, and the going was good. She rode the last ten miles in a daze, walking and trotting wearily; for the last five miles the black stockrider rode close by her side to try to catch her if she fell.

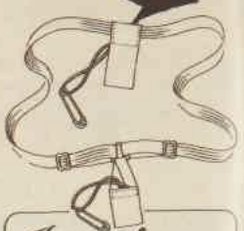
But she didn't fall. She rode into Willstown in the darkness at about seven o'clock, a very tired girl on a very tired horse. She rode past the hotel and past the ice-cream parlor with its lights streaming out into the street, and came to a stand outside Sergeant Haines' police station and house. She had been about eight hours in the saddle.

Moonshine dismounted and held Robin's head. She summoned a last effort and got her right leg back over the saddle, and slithered down on to the ground. She could not stand at first without holding on to something, and she held on to Robin's saddle. Then Sergeant Haines was there, and Jean was telling him her story.

Half an hour later, by the sergeant's strict order, Jean was bathed and in a hospital bed with penicillin ointment on various parts of her anatomy, feeling like a very small child. Back in his office, Sergeant Haines sat down before his transmitter.

Please turn to page 46

IT'S NEW



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All women need the comfort of a Kotex Belt. And now, those who prefer a belt with a tab and safety pins can enjoy the supreme comfort of a Wonderform Belt. This strong, light Belt is adjustable to size. PRICE 2/6

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More Women buy KOTEX BELTS than all other brands

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The Deodorant you can trust

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Air-conditioned look for summer

CHOOSE beauty and sun creams carefully in the summer. Even if you tan easily, you must still follow the rules to maintain a pretty complexion all the year round.

THERE are many ways to invest yourself with a fresh, air-conditioned look during the heat and humidity of summer months. Some of these grooming ideas may rate inclusion in your basic beauty programme.

It's good initial strategy to house-clean your beauty kit early in the season, to tidy up your dressing-table, to get rid of bottles of dried-up nail polish, worn out lipsticks, and tattered rouge boxes.

For now you will need to stock up with a few slightly different beauty preparations and cosmetic colors to blend with duskier skin tones.

First check your creams and your skin-cleansing habits.

Remember that two applications of cleansing cream followed by the use of a good super-fatted soap and warm water and at least two rinsings in tepid, clear water constitute minimum night cleansing.

Some of us will have jars of cream that are suitable for all-year use, but in a general way it is wise to turn to a richer emollient cream for pre-bedtime use during the hot weather.

Such creams should be smooth, rich, and liquify at skin temperature to do their job well.

Be a miser about the use of these special lubricating skin creams; the cost comes high because of the ingredients used in preparing them. When the face and neck have received attention, use the cream left on the hands to massage into your elbows, then use what's left of that on your hands.

By using up what otherwise would be wiped off on facecloths and tissues, you can encourage soft elbows and smooth hands.

The habit of setting aside an hour a day, two or three times a week, to cover the face and neck with a thin film of non-medicated baby oil is a most rewarding one.

The oil has a bland base which is just as soothing to adult skin as it is to small fry.

As a simple sunburn preventive, oil is not always the complete answer to how-to-be-happy-though-sun-tanned. You need to be pretty sure of your own capactiy for sun-soaking before venturing out in a serious way in a coating of oil.

If you have a fine, dry, sensitive, or not-so-young skin, if sunshine peppers you with freckles, get your tan out of a jar or bottle. Even if you acquire a cafe-au-lait tint without special effort, it is usually safer to use a barrier cream for protection.

Make-up is the second step in promoting air-conditioned grooming.

If you have been in the habit of using cake make-up, forgo it during summer and use instead a cream or a tinted liquid make-up,

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

because these have oil and lanolin bases, which offer daytime lubrication.

It is unwise to go without foundation on the skin altogether. Dust particles lodge in the pores and only misery can result from that.

Oil or cream based preparations afford that slight protection against dust, wind, sun, and water that maintains compatibility, and you will find that powder clings to an oil base far longer.

A further advantage is that such a base absorbs perspiration on the face. When tiny beads of perspiration push their way through on the upper lip and chin, you can dab them off gently with tissue or handkerchief and the oil base remains intact for re-powdering.

This season many fine complexions will wear a make-up keyed to an orange-red lipstick. It's a color combination that is most flattering to a sun-tanned skin, for it will be found that powder and foundation are rather more ochre than pink in toning.

Light summer foods, of course, play quite an important part in cool comfort. Delicious green salads, raw and cooked vegetables, fruits, and broiled meats are easily digested foods that encourage the blood circulation and prevent the heavy feeling after eating that is so unpleasant.

Languid droopiness is the discouraging response of ordinary hair to damp heat and is a bugbear of summer grooming. Unless a permanent is new and springy or the hair is naturally curly special tricks have to be employed during muggy weather to put life into locks with a will to be straight.

One good aid for keeping curls in line is a mild wave-set lotion used as a spray after the hair-do is set. Efficient wave-set lotion adds body to the hair and makes it hold shape better without making it sticky to touch.

The drill is to spray on a little of the lotion and allow it to dry. Then brush the hair vigorously for soft and manageable results.

When accidents happen—
DON'T RISK INFECTION

Remember — there's safety in Solyptol!

You can make certain that your son's cuts and scratches never get infected. Bathe them in a solution of Solyptol, the powerful, safe antiseptic. Keep a bottle in your home, and be ready for any emergency.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Solyptol antiseptic

IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE

step into spring . . . with Gaynor

This very smart linen court in natural toning and the snappy two tone buckskin are Gaynor style leaders for Spring.

Gaynor AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOES

G528.12.

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5 o'clock cottons by LEROY

You'll look so Smart . . feel so Cool

. . . in these richly-draping fabrics which give *cottons* a new and important role as high-fashion frocking. Colourful as jewels, cool as spring water, "5 o'clock cottons" by Leroy are a *must* in your summer wardrobe.

● These two Leroy models offer a foretaste of summer fashions with their emphasis on eye-arresting necklines, huge pockets and full skirts.

Leroy
THAT LOVELY LINE

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Dinner date

FIVE little hats that will woo their way into feminine hearts for the spring and summer dinner date are presented here. For the lass who has to dress-up the "good little black dress," which has done double duty before a typewriter all day, to the busy housewife who dashes off to escape household chores, they are ideal morale raisers.

● Soft chrysanthemum petals frame the white satin crown and matching gloves of Barthet's after-five hat and gloves ensemble.

● Close-fitting turban of black velvet by Jeanette Colombier, with slashing bow of its own material, covers up the coiffure.

● Jeanette Colombier, of Paris, fashions this hat of dull black satin with a saucy black bow, which gives an air of gaiety.

● Black felt and straw, framing the face, trimmed with violet braiding and veiled with streamers of spotted black veiling by Barthet.

● Beware, girls, of making a date with a darts player when wearing this Barthet model with darts of black-and-white feathers.

Your Perfume is the magnet of your personality—

There is one perfume created expressly to accent all that is you! Choose that perfume with the skilled aid of your perfumer. Wear it and none other as your perfume and also in the harmonising Coty range of make-up and beauty aids. Then will your very own perfume become The Supreme Signature of your personality ... a magnetism to ignite the flame of life ... to create an elation of senses display stirred!

Muse

who wears Muse shares the secrets of the goddesses! 30/- 84/- and 187/-

Muguet des Bois

(LILY OF THE VALLEY)

for the doll, slender, shy. Cool as a summer's evening. Wistful, innocent as Lily of the Valley from which it is made! 7/6 to 84/-

The "Purser"

—longed-for, exquisite, gilded phial for your perfume, designed as a piece of personal jewellery for your handbag or purse —15/6.

L'Aimant

—"the Magnet"—for the woman who loves parties, dancing—the perfect guest, full of life and gaiety! 7/6 to 84/-

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Skin Fragrance

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● Alwynn, one of the new names in the world of Paris designers, created this attractive strapless linen-side-draped frock for warm summer evenings by the sea.

● Balmain's smart coat-frock of mauve linen with spotted trim has big side pockets and a wide diagonal wrapover. It is belted firmly over a slim-fitting matching bathing suit.

● Three-piece beach ensemble, above, can be worn over a black lastex bathing suit. The top, which has side buttoning, is easily slipped off. With the short skirt it is a playsuit and looks more becoming out of the water than brief bathing suits. With the longer skirt it is a street frock, and worn with a black jersey pullover and flat black Grecian sandals is very chic.

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Paris Notes

● Patou uses a vivid emerald-green felt saddle-stitched in white for a three-quarter coat, worn over smart white workmanlike overalls.

● Beach resort dress in fine sea-island cotton, draped beautifully, with svelte black jersey bolero, which could also be worn with the Desses skirt on the right.

● Desses knots a large bow of spotted tangerine through a black bathing suit, left and below. A full skirt and out-size sombrero beach hat complete outfit.

BEACH WEAR becomes more important and sophistication is the keynote of the Paris-designed seaside clothes sketched here.

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Mrs Allan A. Ryan

Lovely New York Socialite, says:

"Pond's Cold Cream seems to have a special way of making my face feel clean, very soft, and brings up good color in my cheeks. I find it a really delightful beauty routine."

Give your skin that *Glow of Beauty*

"Blush-cleanse" to-night!

1. **Rouse** your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
2. **Blush-rinse.** Cream again with snowy soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
3. **Tingle** your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

The lovely result ! Your face looks softer, fresher, rose-tinted, alive ! So every night— this complete "blush-cleansing". Every morning — for a bright-awake look — a once over "blush-cleansing" with your Pond's.

POND'S COLD CREAM

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Indigestion

LIFE'S A FLOP—

A "sour stomach" caused by acid indigestion can make even a good-natured man feel a bit savage! When *your* stomach is upset, get relief fast by sucking two Digestif Rennies tablets, one after the other. The five ingredients in Rennies neutralise the excess stomach acid in seconds. The uncomfortable bloated feeling goes—you feel human again! Pleasant-tasting Rennies are easy to take—anywhere, anytime.

1/3 and 4/- packet

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—individually wrapped—easy to carry

DR.29.10

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 40

So began a steady round of transmission, by means of which news of what had happened was eventually passed to everyone concerned in the district. Among the calls, one went out to Cairns to the manager of an airline company. He telephoned his reserve pilot, Captain Jimmie Cope.

Mr. Cope said, "I hope it's better in the morning than it was to-day. We'd never get over the Tableland to-day. Better say take off at six, I suppose. I'll be along at the hangar then."

He got to the aerodrome at dawn. His plane was one of the best aircraft ever built for ambulance work in the outback.

Willstown lay about four hundred miles to the west-north-west; the first seventy miles of this course lay over the Atherton Tableland, with mountains up to three thousand five hundred feet in height. With no radio navigational aids he would have to fly visually all the way, scraping along between the clouds and the tree tops as best he could.

He said a sour word or two to the control officer and took off down the runway with an ambulance orderly on board. It was a bad, hazardous trip, but, stopping only at Cooktown to refuel, he came down at Willstown before eleven o'clock. He taxied in to where the truck was standing waiting for him; he was strained and tired. It was still raining.

He held a little conference with Sergeant Haines and Sister Douglas and Al Burns beside the truck. "I'll have a crack at flying him back here," he said. "If it's no better this afternoon he'll have to spend the night in hospital here. I can't fly him to Cairns in this weather. It'll probably be better by to-morrow."

They gave him a freehand pencil map which the sergeant had prepared for him, showing him the creeks and Midhurst homestead, and the new bore, and the probable position of the airstrip, and he took off again. That was at about eleven o'clock.

Following this map, he found the place without much difficulty.

He came in as slowly as he dared over the trees, missing them by no more than five feet. Over the cut trees he throttled back and stuffed her down towards the grass, hoping it was smooth. He could . . . he couldn't . . . he could never stop her in time.

With wheels no more than two feet from the ground he jammed the throttles forward, held her level for a moment, and climbed away.

He turned to the orderly behind him as he circled low under the clouds, keeping the airstrip in sight. "Got a pencil and paper? Write this." He thought for a moment.

"'Sorry I can't make it. Strip must be about a hundred yards longer, or a hundred and fifty if you can manage it. I will come back at four o'clock this afternoon.'" They put this in a message bag with colored streamers flying from it, and flew over and dropped in on the middle of the strip.

Back at the Willstown airfield he told them what had happened. "They've not had time to make it long enough," the sergeant said. "You'll find it'll be all right this afternoon." He drove the pilot in to the hotel, and Al Burns took him to the bar, but the pilot would drink nothing but lemonade till the difficult flying of the afternoon was over.

He lunched at the hotel, and at four o'clock he was back over the airstrip at the top end of Midhurst; the rain had stopped, and he was able to approaerh at about eight hundred feet.

He circled once and had a good look; they had made the strip much longer, and he would have no difficulty now. He came in and touched down at the near end; the plane bounced on the uneven ground and landed again, and rolled bumping and swaying to a standstill.

He stopped the engines and got out; they took a stretcher from the cabin and the orderly began the business of getting Don Curtis on to the stretcher and into the cabin.

In hospital that afternoon Jean Paget showed Rose Sawyer the more accessible of her wounds — great, chafed raw places six inches long. "Honorable scars," Rose said. "I'd never want to get up on a horse again if it'd done that to me."

"It's going to be some time before I can," said Jean.

Presently Rose said, "Tell me, Jean. Do you think there'd be any work up here for a contractor?"

Jean stared at her. "What sort of a contractor?"

"Making roads and things like that. Buildings, too."

"Is this Billy Wakeling, from Alice?"

Rose nodded. "You know, his father's a contractor in Newcastle—he's got graders and bulldozers and steam shovels and all sorts of things like that. He started Billy off in Alice after the war because he said Alice was expanding, and expanding places meant work for contractors. But Billy says he's fed up with Alice."

She added artlessly, "He's coming up here for a visit as soon as the wet's over."

"He won't get any roads or buildings to contract for here," Jean observed. "There's nobody to pay for them. I know what does want doing, though. Joe Harman wants some little dams built up on Midhurst. I don't know if that's in his line."

"I should think it might be," Rose said slowly.

"Can he get hold of a bulldozer?"

"His old man's got about forty down at Newcastle," Rose said. "I should think he could spare one for Billy."

Jean asked, "Could you scoop out a hole for a swimming pool with a bulldozer?"

"I should think so. Yes, I'm sure you could. Why, do you want a swimming pool?"

Jean stared at the white painted wall. "It was just an idea. A nice, big pool just by the bore, with diving boards and everything. Have a lawn of grass by it, where people could lie and sun-bathe if they want to. An old man taking the cash at the gate, a bob a bathe . . ."

Rose stared at her. "You've got it all worked out. Are you thinking of doing that, Jean?"

Jean thought for a minute, then said, "I don't know. It would be fun to have it, and I believe it'd pay like anything. Ask Billy to get hold of plans and things, and tell us what it would cost."

"I'll ask him. Anything else?"

Jean stretched in her bed. "A nice hairdressing saloon and beauty parlor," she said, "with a pretty French brunette in it who really knew her stuff. That's what I want, sometimes. But I don't think that's in Billy's line."

"It had better not be," said Rose.

Jean got up next day and left the hospital, and walked awkwardly to the workshop. In the afternoon, Joe rode in to the town with Pete Fletcher. He stabled his horse and came to find Jean at the ice-cream parlor.

He found her in her bedroom. He tapped on the door and she came out to him. "We can't talk here, Joe. I'll never hear the last of it if you come in. Let's go and have an ice-cream in the parlor."

It was borne in on her that this was literally the only place in Willstown where young men and young women could meet reputably to talk.

They talked together for a long time over a sundae, and she told him all about Rose Sawyer and Billy Wakeling and the bulldozer. He listened to that with special interest.

"It'd make a lot of difference in Willstown if we had a joker with a bulldozer," he said.

She told him of her plan for the swimming pool.

They discussed it for some time, and came to the conclusion that it could never pay upon the basis of a town with a hundred and fifty people.

"It's just a question of how fast this town is going to grow," he said. "A swimming pool is just another thing to make it grow. There's not a town in the whole Gulf country that's got a pool."

"The ice-cream parlor's paying, definitely," Jean said. "If we can keep up the quality, I feel we're home on that one. I'd like to try the swimming pool next, I think, if I can get the money for it out of Noel Strachan."

He smiled, in curious wonder. "What comes after the swimming pool?"

She stared out at the wet, miry expanse of earth that was the street. "They'll get their hair wet in the swimming pool, so we'll have to have a beauty parlor," she said. "I think that's the next thing. And after that an open-air cinema. And after that, a battery of home laundries for the wet wash, and after that a decent dress shop."

She turned to him. "Don't laugh, Joe. I know it sounds crackers, but just look at the results. I start an ice-cream parlor and put Rose in it, and young Wakeling comes after her with a bulldozer, so you get your dams built."

"You're a bit ahead of the game," he said. "They aren't built yet."

"They will be soon."

He glanced around the ice-cream parlor. "If everything you want to do works out like this," he said slowly, "you'll have a town as good as Alice Springs in no time."

"That's what I want to have," she said. "A town like Alice."

All that happened nearly three years ago.

Please turn to page 59

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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. . . . . no other nylons are quite the same.

Waltz Dream . . . wonderful to wear right round-the-clock . . . . . 13/6 pair
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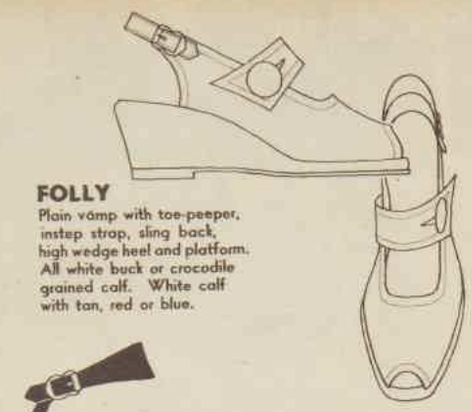
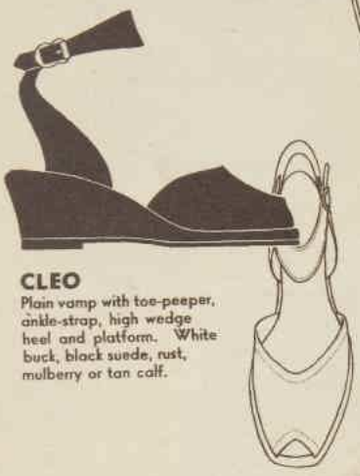


FOLLY
Plain vamp with toe-peeper, instep strap, sling back, high wedge heel and platform. All white buck or crocodile grained calf. White calf with tan, red or blue.



CLEO
Plain vamp with toe-peeper, ankle-strap, high wedge heel and platform. White buck, black suede, rust, mulberry or tan calf.

FROLIC
Three strip cross vamp with a high wedge cross-over ankle strap. High wedge heel and platform, in white buck or black suede.

NAOMI
Cross strap vamp with double instep straps—open back high wedge heel and platform. All white calf or white calf and multi colours.

"hi-larks"

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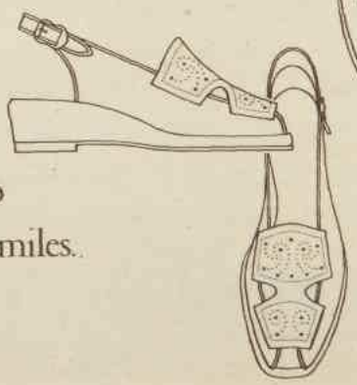
We made sure of that in selecting the leather.
They're latticed, they're strapped, cut high
or cut low, In the finest of calfs and of bucks
that we know. We've all the Spring colors
in all the Spring styles. Prices so
keen we beat others by miles.

PAIGE
Double buckle vamp with toe-peeper, sling back, high wedge heel and platform. White buck, tan, dahlia, rust, mulberry or lido, blue calf.



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As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Caution is advised in all matters that deal with contracts, law, partnerships, marriage, and heart affairs, especially from October 11. Avoid misunderstandings and estrangements.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be careful of muddles, confusion, and loss through unscrupulous people or carelessness on your own part from Wednesday. Don't make sudden changes, for there is some uplift approaching towards Sunday.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Go gently with romantic attachments this week, and try to avoid extravagance or risky ventures until after the week-end. New interests are apt to collapse or prove disappointing.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): October 11 to 15 can be an upsetting week if you act on impulse or decide on sudden change. Relatives, home, housing, or domestic affairs seem your chief problem. However, solutions are drawing near.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Some novel ideas, discussions, or new contacts could impress you on Wednesday. Active time for those interested in music, art, romance.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): You could gain financially this week, but lose just as easily if you let others run you into needless expense. Watch buying, selling, and financial affairs generally on October 11, 15, and 16.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): An active week for anything that touches your emotional or personal life. However, don't let personal magnetism or impulse sway you too much, especially on October 11 and 15

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): October 11 to 16 can be quite a tricky week. Be very careful of deception and guard anything you value.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): You have some rather difficult days from October 11 if you allow impulse to rule you. Be careful of losses and troubles in love and friendships. Unexpected and peculiar events mark the week.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Career and business projects move swiftly this week. However, keep wide awake. Don't judge everything by appearances. Size up people and events carefully.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Delay important decisions until after the week-end. Your chart is surrounded with many disturbing elements until after October 16. Use caution in speech, writings, travel, contracts, and law.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A week that may force issues Don't borrow or lend, especially round October 11, for your stars tend to loss.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Norman VON NIDA

GOLF CHAMPION *says:*

"It's HORLICKS for me. Extra delicious—and the most nourishing food drink of all."

"Playing championship golf all the year round is a tiring and strenuous life," says Norman Von Nida. "Believe me, I need the nourishment that Horlicks gives. And that extra energy makes a big difference to my game."

Our champion Australian golfer, Norman Von Nida, has always studied his health carefully . . . keeping physically and mentally fit during and between the big tournaments. Von knows the great value of Horlicks. He enjoys that full satisfying flavour . . . and he has proved that Horlicks at night and during the day gives him the *extra* energy he needs every day. "Horlicks is the most nourishing food drink of all," he says.

That full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is *Nature's* flavour . . . that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up . . . to nourish the body and nerves . . . and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But —whatever the reason—everyone *enjoys* Horlicks. Get some today.

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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: And
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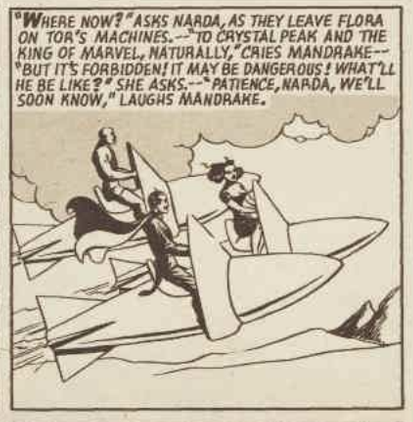

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Graceful sari survives amid Western fashions

● The sari, which Western women admire for its grace but think of as a traditional, unchanging costume, is subject to the same vagaries of fashion as our styles.

Begum Haroon, wife of the Pakistan High Commissioner in Australia, who wears the lovely saris on these pages, says that fortunately such changes are not so frequent as those in the Western world.

A GREEN SARI with a wide embroidered border is suitable for almost any occasion. Begum Haroon's jewellery and the cyclamen evening bag, which is a pouched style in satin encrusted with bright colored stones, are from Pakistan.

BEGUM HAROON, wearing a blue-and-red sari suitable for either day or less formal evening wear, arranges some flowers. Pakistan women are usually fond of arranging flowers. They also wear them in their hair or pinned to a sari. Begum Haroon was a keen gardener at home.

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THE GHARARA is another Pakistan costume Begum Haroon likes to wear in the evening. Skirt-like pyjamas take six yards of material. White evening bag was bought in Australia.

STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL evening sari in pale gold chiffon, with large embroidered flowers scattered over it. The end of the sari can be draped over the head for evening or street wear.

BURGUNDY SHAWL, richly trimmed with silver, is vivid against a white sari, also trimmed with silver. Begum Haroon's bracelet-style watch won first prize for design and workmanship at the International Exhibition at Geneva in 1948. It is of gold with an ornamental section which lifts up to show tiny, round-faced watch.

BEGUM HAROON WEARS TRADITIONAL DRESS

SINCE the partition of India three years ago, many Pakistan women, who had adopted Western dress, have begun to wear the sari again. Begum Haroon does not think Western dress will ever replace the national costume.

A current fashion among smart Pakistan women is the use of color contrast — a grey sari with a green blouse, a white sari with a red or blue blouse.

Elaborate evening saris, hand-embroidered in silver and gold, are not much worn at the moment. Begum Haroon, however, brought several richly embroidered saris with her for the many formal functions she has to attend as the High Commissioner's wife.

Begum Haroon explained that in Pakistan schoolgirls wear tunics the same as Australian children, but after leaving school women adopt the sari.

The only time Begum Haroon wears Western clothes is when she slips on a pair of slacks for her flying lessons.

She has begun to learn flying since her arrival in Australia, and her ambition is to become the first Pakistan woman to qualify as a pilot, and, on her return home, to teach some of her fellow-countrywomen to fly.

As well as flying, Begum Haroon is interested in singing and interior decorating. She hopes to take a course in interior decorating in Australia, because it is not taught in Pakistan.

She has already begun singing lessons. Her voice is mezzo-soprano, and she is more at home with Western music, of which she is very fond, than the classical music of her own country, which is particularly difficult to learn.

By PATRICIA ROLFE, staff reporter

Begum Haroon is very active in women's organisations in Pakistan. She was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Women's National Guard, an organisation which trained women to take over men's places in civil life in times of emergency.

She was also active in the All-Pakistan Women's Association, the president of which was Mrs. Liaquat Ali Khan, the wife of the Prime Minister.

Begum Haroon was married 12 years ago, when she was 15. Her father was from Iraq and her mother from Iran, but she was born at Poona.

Her original Christian name, "Muluuk," was changed after her marriage to "Pasha," meaning Queen, by her mother-in-law. This is a fairly common custom in Pakistan.

The saris which the Begum Haroon wears consist of one piece of cloth, five or six yards long, worn over a blouse. There are hundreds of different ways of draping a sari.

The weaving and dyeing of silks and brocades for saris and their gold and silver hand-embroidery are cottage-industries in Pakistan, and each embroidered sari costs about £200.

Apart from the sari, the most frequent costume is the gharara, which is in three parts. It consists of pyjamas with very wide legs which resemble a full skirt. Over them is worn a kurta, or hip-length fitted blouse, and a dupata, or long scarf, draped over the head and shoulders.

The gharara is worn on ceremonial occasions and dates back to the days of the Mogul emperors. There are six yards of material in each gharara. Originally there were 12.

The simplest dress is the white Punjabi costume, consisting of knee-length tunic and slim-legged pyjamas. Begum Haroon wears it for tennis, and also as an officer of the Women's National Guard.

DAY SARI of red-and-yellow spotted chiffon is worn by Begum Haroon at the piano. The long nails are a luxury she is indulging in Australia, because for her more active life in the Women's National Guard at home they had to be kept short.

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1 AMERICAN Fortress pilot Matt Brennan (Humphrey Bogart) agrees to fly one mission with aircraft designer Carl Troxell (Richard Whorf) to demonstrate defects of B17.

2 MEETING with Red Cross worker Jo Holloway (Eleanor Parker) in London club is their last in years for Matt is suddenly ordered home and official approval for hasty marriage is refused.

3 PARTY given by shrewd manufacturer Leland Willis (Raymond Massey), who plans jet plane deal with Government, brings first break for civilian Matt after bleak period of barn-storming around country.

4 ENCOUNTER with Jo rekindles their affair. Matt is hired as Willis' test pilot and sees Troxell's safety device, the pod, which Troxell is rushing to completion.

CHAIN LIGHTNING...

5 THREESOME receives news that injured Willis must cancel publicity flight. Against wishes of other two, Matt takes over, creates record minus pod.

ONE of the first studios in the field with a film based on the jet-propelled planes that are a spectacular feature of post-war aviation, in "Chain Lightning" Warners recount the hazardous adventures of intrepid pilots who test the supersonic speedsters on experimental flights.

The film plot is based on unscrupulous plans of an aircraft manufacturer to secure a Government order for planes, then shortly afterwards off-load a whole new consignment on the strength of a secret safety device.

Produced by Anthony Veiller, much of the suspense and excitement of the film is derived from the magnificent photography of Ernest Haller and special effects achieved by a group of experts headed by William McGann.

Included in the supporting cast are James Brown, Roy Roberts, and Fay Baker.

6 TOLD later of Troxell's death in pod test flight, Matt feels Jo blames him.

7 ORDERED to land JA-3 after last routine test-flight, Matt ignores calls of Willis and Air Force observer. They suddenly realise he is flying a jet equipped with the pod, and intends to test it against orders to prove worthiness.

8 DESCENT of pod to testing ground at terrific speed is safely accomplished. The pod is revealed a success, and grateful Jo rushes to meet Matt.

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ENGLAND'S Jean Simmons, wearing a soft green gown and streaked hair-do, was the focus of all eyes at the opening of the 11th International Film Festival in Venice. With her is producer Gabriel Pascal.

Film festival in beautiful Venice

From BILL STRUTTON, in Venice

Camera bulbs are flashing like summer lightning in Venice, where the eleventh International Film Festival is being held with a premiere every night for three weeks.

Every night limousines slide up to the floodlit steps of the Palazzo del Cinema through avenues of the flags of all the nations represented at the festival.

THE cars scatter on the steps film stars, directors, producers, writers, critics, and the bejewelled high society of Europe.

These brilliant first nights are set like satellite diamonds round the most dazzling jewel in Europe — Venice at night, afire with light under a full moon.

It is not only a festival harvest of the world's best films. It is a fashion parade of some of the most beautiful women on the Continent wearing priceless heirloom jewellery.

It is a feast for the fans who line the highway along the Lido — the fashionable outlying island strip of the lagoon on which Venice is built — and peer into the cars as the celebrities swish by.

The predominating color at every premiere has been white. The men in white jackets, the women in filmy, flowing gowns of white, draping their skirts on their sun-tanned arms as they pick their way up the steps.

The Lido beach by day is Italy's richest playground, and there's a film star smothered in sunlight, admiration, and sun-tan lotion on every square yard of shoreline.

The festival opened with a gala showing of Walt Disney's Cinderella. — the first section of 75 miles of festival film.

Inside the streamlined auditorium of the Palazzo del Cinema the focus of all eyes and all the flashlights was on a little English girl—Jean Simmons.

Society was standing in its seats to turn round and look up at her. Amid the predominance of white, Jean looked the freshest of all in green satin, her short curly hair newly touched with a sophisticated tuft of white, and as smilingly composed as royalty.

Next to her, beaming upon her as if he were her father, sat tubby producer Gabriel Pascal, the man who discovered Jean for his ill-starred "Caesar and Cleopatra," and to whom she is under contract—if he can ever get another film backer.

Pascal wants to star Jean in "Androcles and the Lion."

Jean Simmons flew in carrying a baby in a basket. The Italian Press goggled and swarmed around her as she came down the steps from the airliner.

"Whose? Oh, my sister Edna's," she said, then tried her guide-book Italian, "E di mia sorella, eh? I'm only her auntie!"

There was laughter and clapping of hands and buzzing of movie cameras.

And now they have given her their reward in headlines. It is for gaiety and charm and endless patient posing for them. Every paper kiosk in the narrow Venetian streets is plastered with journalistic gallantries like: "The Most Adorable Girl In The Festival," "The Most Admired," "The Pin-Up Star of 1950."

FRENCH director Rene Clair, whose latest film is the sensational "The Beauty of the Devil," based on the story of Faust, talks to journalists in a lounge of the Excelsior Hotel on the Venice Lido.

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ITALIAN director Roberto Rossellini and wife Ingrid Bergman on the terrace of their hotel, The Grand. The hotel overlooks the Grand Canal, and is next door to Gritti's, where Princess Margaret stayed on her Italian holiday last year.

Last year it was the petite, baby-faced, 17-year-old star from France, Cecile Aubry. This year it is Jean Simmons, now turned 21.

The company of stars may not be so numerous this year—there are many more Latins than English or American—but it's none the less distinguished.

There are Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Maria Montez, Valli, Jean Pierre Aumont, Annabella, Jacqueline Plessis, the new Italian find Lucia Bose, and Ty Power's elegant wife Linda Christian.

And there are Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini.

Though Ingrid Bergman has been in Italy nearly 18 months now, this is her first trip to Venice. With her talent for being herself, she is like a young girl on holiday.

The Rossellinis arrived in the ducal suite of the Venice Grand Hotel from Fiuggi, where they have left their baby Roberto with Rossellini's mother.

Ingrid, her hair showing sun-bleached and parted in the middle from under a bandana, received journalists who arrived in an armada of motor-boats and gondolas; she submitted to batteries of photographers, turning this way and that, just as they wished, for two hours.

As usual, she spoke little, but smiled a lot—a non-committal but charming Bergman smile.

Italy has taken Ingrid Bergman to its heart. She has developed a technique for avoiding the curious stares that follow her everywhere, and keeps her eyes demurely glued to the ground.

Roberto Rossellini said: "Like all Scandinavians, she just adores the Mediterranean sun."

Ingrid has made such progress with her Italian that she herself will speak the Italian language version of "Stromboli."

"It's a tricky job," Rossellini told me. "I made the film entirely in English. Now we take the sound-track away, and Ingrid will have to talk Italian dialogue on to a fresh soundtrack, timing it exactly to her English lip-movements on the screen."

If their appearance in Venice marks another personal triumph for Ingrid Bergman and Rossellini, it also marks a professional anti-climax.

Neither "Stromboli"—the film they made together on a small volcanic island south-east of Italy last year while the world waited for news of their divorces—nor "Franceso, Giullare di Dio," a film based on the work of St. Francis of Assisi, are of anything approaching the calibre of Rossellini's great postwar triumphs—"Open City," "Paisa," and "The Miracle."

Rossellini, weighty, thin-haired, and in his shirt sleeves, waited about alone and chain-smoking in the stifling afternoon heat of the Palazzo del Cinema for the public's verdict on his St. Francis film. At the end a thin clapping came through the massive mahogany doors. These opened, and one of the first out was Ingrid.

She came up to Rossellini with a shy smile and kissed him. He put his arm around her, and together they walked through a sudden onrush of fans down the steps.

That night, as a gesture of defiance to Hollywood, Rossellini showed his own original version of "Stromboli." He told the assembled world's film journalists here that Hollywood spoiled his film by cutting large essential lumps out of it, by inserting a narrator's voice, and by committing an allegedly incredible number of contract violations.

Grimmest entertainment listed comes from traditionally glamorous Hollywood, and not from Rome and Paris, which have, till now, been feeding the world with its fill of macabre postwar messages.

Hollywood's gloomy donation (apart from the color and delight of Disney's "Cinderella," and a Joan Fontaine-Joseph Cotten vehicle "September Affair") includes "Panic In the Streets," "Asphalt Jungle," "Caged," and "All the King's Men."

The first title speaks for itself. The second, brilliantly done, pads Nemesis-like after a bunch of crooks till each meets his own sombre end. "Caged" is a powerful but unedifying piece about women in gaol. "All the King's Men," for all its being an Oscar winner, could not be described as pretty with its theme of political corruption.

The real fun comes from Britain, the only place, said he—chewing happily through his fifth Venetian course—where there's any real rationing left.

There's Ivor Novello's glamor-musical, "The Dancing Years"; Ealing's "Passport To Pimlico," a gay satire on rationing, controls, restrictions; "Seven Days To Noon," an excitingly wacky tale of a scientist who turns Guy Fawkes and wants to blow up Parliament; and "State Secret," which, with Doug Fairbanks, jun., and Glynis Johns, contrives to treat life lightly in a police State.

This and the festival are gay enough. Every night there is a premiere, and almost every night a brilliant party. The gondolas, hung with Chinese lanterns, are plying men in tuxedos and women in furs between the palaces to sounds of music as various as the minuet, the samba, the waltz, and boop-a-doop. It floats across the water, shimmering from landing stages ablaze with light.

FESTIVAL VISITORS Robert Taylor and wife Barbara Stanwyck travel the Grand Canal of Venice in a gondola. The Taylors made a quick trip from Rome, where Bob is busy making "Quo Vadis."

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A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 46

I CANNOT deny that in that time her letters have been a great interest to me, perhaps the greatest interest in my rather barren life. I think that after the affair of Mr. Curtis and the poddy dodging she became more closely integrated into the life of the Gulf country than she had been before, because even before her marriage there was a subtle change in her letters.

She ceased to write as an English woman living in a strange, hard, foreign land; she gradually began to write about the people as if she was one of them, about the place as if it was her place.

She married Joe Harman in April, after the mustering, as she had promised him. They were married by a travelling Church of England priest, one of the Bush Brothers, who had been, queerly enough, a curate at St. John's in Kingston-on-Thames, not ten miles from where I used to live in Wimbledon.

There was, of course, no church in Willstown at that time, though one is to be built next year; they were married in the Shire Hall, and all the countryside came to the wedding. They had their honeymoon, or part of it, on Green Island, and I suppose she took her sarong with her, though she did not tell me that.

In the first two years of her married life she made considerable inroads into her capital. She was very good about it; she always started off one thing and got it trading smoothly before starting on another, after the first effort when she started both the ice-cream parlor and the workshop together.

But all the same, she asked me for three or four thousands pounds every six months or so till, by the time her second son was born — the one that she called Noel after me—she had had over eighteen thousand pounds for her various local businesses.

I began to worry sometimes about the chances of a slump or some unknown disaster in Australia, which would extinguish the thirty per cent. of her inheritance that we had let her have. Too many eggs seemed to be going into one basket, and her investments, laudable though they might be, could hardly be classed as trustee stocks.

The climax came in February when she wrote me a long letter from the hospital at Willstown, soon after she had given birth to Noel. She asked me if I would be one of his godfathers, and, of course, that pleased me very much. Wakeling was to be the second godfather.

She went on in the same letter to discuss affairs at Midhurst. She told me that Mrs. Spears, the owner, was getting very old, and she wanted to realise a part of the considerable capital that she had locked up in Midhurst. "She asked if we could buy a half-share in the station," she said. "She would give us an option to buy the other half at a valuation at the time of her death, whenever that might be."

And, of course, she wanted me to release more of her money for this.

I thought the whole matter over very carefully, discussing it with my partner. Then I wrote, first telling her that I thought it possible to release another ten thousand to her.

Then I came to the main point of my letter. "No doubt you have a solicitor that you can trust, but if it would assist you I would very gladly come out and visit you in Queensland for a few weeks and see this matter put into satisfactory order.

"It is many years since I left England, and I have regretted that; I cannot expect to have many more years left in which to travel and to see the world. I would like to take a long holiday and travel a little before I get too feeble, and if I could help you in this matter of the lease I should be only too glad to come and do so."

The answer came in a night letter telegram about ten days later. She urged me to come to them, and suggested that I should come out by air about the end of April, since their winter was approaching then and the weather would be just like an English summer.

My doctor, after some preliminary protest, agreed to my making the trip. I arranged for Lester, my partner, to take over my work.

I left London one Monday morning, and travelled through to Sydney on the same airliner, arriving late on Wednesday night. We stopped for an hour or so at Cairo and Karachi and Calcutta and Singapore and Darwin. I must say the aeroplane was very comfortable and the stewardess was most kind and attentive; it was fatiguing, of course, sleeping two nights in a reclining chair, and I was glad when it was over.

I stayed two nights in Sydney to rest, and took a little drive around in a hired car during the afternoon.

Next day I took the aeroplane to Cairns. It was a lovely flight, especially along the coast of Queensland, after Brisbane. The last part, between Cairns and Townsville, must be one of the most beautiful coastlines in the world.

We landed at Cairns in the evening, and here I had a great surprise, because Joe Harman met me at the aerodrome.

"I got one or two little bits of things to order and to see to," he said. "My solicitor, Ben Hope, he's here in Cairns, too. I thought that over the week-end you might like to hear the general set-up of Midhurst, 'n have a talk with him."

He took me in a car to the hotel, a rambling building with a huge bar that seemed to be the focal point.

"Jean was very sorry she couldn't come and meet you," he said. "We could have parked Joe with someone, but with the baby, she's a bit tied. She's going to drive in to Willstown and meet us on Monday."

"How is she?" I asked.

"She's fine," he said. "She's looking prettier than ever."

We settled down after tea on the verandah outside my bedroom, and began discussing the business of Midhurst. He had brought with him copies of the accounts for the station for the past three years, neatly typed and very easily intelligible.

I commented upon their form, and he said, "I'm not much of a hand at this sort of thing. Jean did these before she went into the hospital. She does most of the accounts for me. I tell her what I want to do out on the station, and she tells me how much money I've got left to spend. She's got the schooling for the two of us."

Nevertheless, I found him quite a shrewd man, very well able to appreciate the somewhat intricate points that came up about the lease and his capital improvements. We talked for a couple of hours that night about his station and about the various businesses that Jean had started in the town.

They all seemed to be flourishing and were undoubtedly largely responsible for the remarkable expansion of Willstown.

We had a conference next morning with Mr. Hope, the solicitor, in his office, then spent the afternoon in driving around Cairns to see the sights; it seemed to me to be a pleasant little tropical town, beautifully situated. On Sunday we drove up on to the Atherton Tableland, high rolling downs farmed somewhat on the English style.

On Monday morning we flew to Willstown, where Jean was waiting to meet us. She had driven there in her utility, her own car that she had bought for running in and out of town to see to her businesses. She was more mature now than I had remembered her; she had grown into a very lovely woman.

She said, "Oh, Noel, it is nice to see you. Are you very tired?"

"I'm not tired," I said. "Three or four years older, perhaps. You're looking very well."

"I am well," she said. "Disgustingly well. Noel, it was good of you to offer to come out like this."

I knew the sort of scenery that I should see upon the way to Midhurst from many readings of her letters, and it was just as I had expected it to be.

The homestead was very much as I had expected it to be, too, but there was a garden now in front of it, bright with flowers.

They would not let me walk that day, but put me in a long chair in the verandah with a cool drink, and I sat watching all the work of the station as it went on in the yard below. It was fascinating to sit there and watch it all, the white stockriders and the black stockriders, the cattle, the dogs, and the horses, and a half-grown wallaby lolloping about with puppies teasing it by playing with its tail.

I could have sat there indefinitely watching it all, and watching the grace of Jean moving round the house attending to her children. I did sit there for three days.

She took me in to town one morning and showed me everything that she had done. She took me to the workshop first, then to the beauty parlor. It had four private little booths, and a glass counter and display case full of women's things; it was all very clean and nice.

Please turn to page 74

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SECOND LONG INSTALMENT OF THIS FASCINATING NOVEL

WHITE Witch Doctor

by

LOUISE A. STINETORF

ON the death of her elderly parents, ELLEN, their one unmarried daughter, decided to realise her life's ambition by undertaking missionary work in Africa.

She has numerous relatives in missionary service, so is surprised to meet strong opposition to her project. This comes first from married members of her own family, who had hoped to acquire her help in their own homes, then from the Mission Board, who declare that, at thirty-eight, she is "too old" to adapt herself to this new life, and in any case has no qualifications.

Undaunted, Ellen trains as a nurse and eventually reaches the mission settlement on the Tani, a tributary of the Congo, where she is to be stationed.

She has many and varied experiences, from time to time, again encountering unexpected hostility from DR. EARLY, in charge of the station, and his wife.

A highlight in her experience is a visit to the station of elderly DR. MARY, forceful, unorthodox, and loved in the entire district.

Ellen continues her narrative:—

I HAD Dr. Mary with me for more than two weeks. Technically, I suppose, she was the guest of the head of the mission, and she spent a part of each evening in the Early home, but her days were mine. And in those days I saw an Africa that had remained hidden to me until then.

"When I learn Hausa well enough so that I can go on itinerary intelligently, I'll find the cases that don't come to me now, won't I?" I said, as I wove palm-leaf splints for an arm with a month-old compound fracture which Dr. Mary was dressing.

"Then you'll learn surgery!"

The words were a challenge, and I was quick to deny pretension to qualifications I did not have.

"So, you think you're only a nurse! Is that an excuse? or a defence?" Reputation gave Dr. Mary "a tongue," but she had never spoken so sharply to me before. "Well, let me tell you, Ellen, in Africa, this far from any white man's town, you're whatever the occasion demands—or you're nothing at all!"

I knew there was no use arguing with this strong-willed woman; still I couldn't help asking, "Don't you think it would be criminal of me to pick up a knife and begin dicing away on a patient?"

"That would depend on the personal attitude with which you—sliced," she answered. "How much studying are you doing, Ellen? None? I thought so. All young missionaries are like that—and most of the old missionaries too. But you, dear girl, unfortunately chose the one profession where more real technical knowledge will be demanded of you than in any other. Subscribe to some medical journals, get some books; better still—better still—"

Dr. Mary's voice almost died away, and she looked off into the jungle for a full minute before she completed her sentence —"come back to N'zem with me. I'll teach you everything I know, and I've got books."

"If only I might," I whispered, and I too stared off at the blank green wall of jungle while my fingers idled among the palm fronds.

"You're always welcome," she said. "More than welcome."

Perhaps I might have gone to N'zem right then if she had not amazed me with details of her work. It was not the twenty outstation clinics she often held on a week of itinerary, not the bouts of "magic" with hostile witch doctors, not the precious hours and days lost searching for some plague-ridden village that had apparently disappered into the jungle.

It was not the horror of having to deal with unbelievable human agony with one's stock of opiates completely exhausted—it was none of these things that deterred me. It was my fear of finding myself unable to adapt to a different civilisation.

Please turn to page 62

I worked hard, proud to find the number of my patients increasing steadily.

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FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

DURING the Festival season, from May to September 1951, Britain will be at home to the world. Here, briefly, is the official programme.

EXHIBITIONS

LONDON (*May—September*)
South Bank Exhibition
Festival Gardens, Battersea Park
Exhibition of Science, South Kensington
Exhibition of Architecture, Poplar
1951 Exhibition of Books, Victoria and Albert Museum

GLASGOW (*May 28th—August 28th*)
Exhibition of Industrial Power

BELFAST (*June 1—August 31*)
Farm and Factory Exhibition

FESTIVALS OF THE ARTS

Aldeburgh	*June 9–17*
Bath Assembly	*May 20—June 2*
Belfast	*May—June*
Bournemouth	*June 3–17*
Brighton (Regency Festival)	*July 16—August 25*
Cambridge	*July 30—August 18*
Canterbury	*July 18—August 10*
Cheltenham (British Contemporary Music)	*July 2–15*
Edinburgh (International Festival of Music and Drama)	*Aug. 19—Sept. 8*
Liverpool (Music and the Arts)	*July 22—Aug. 12*
Llangollen (International Eisteddfodd)	*July 3–8*
Llanrwst (Royal National Eisteddfodd)	*August 6–11*
Norwich	*June 18–30*
Oxford	*July 2–16*
St. David's Cathedral (Music and Worship)	*July 16–13*
Stratford-on-Avon (Shakespeare Festival)	*Apl.—Oct.*
Swansea (Music)	*September 16–29*
Worcester (Three Choirs Festival)	*September 3–7*
York	*June 2–16*

There will also be a Special Festival Season of the Arts during May and June in LONDON

Included in the programme are special events in:—

SCOTLAND
Edinburgh:
Gathering of the Clans and Pipe March
Exhibition of 18th Century Books
Exhibition of Scottish Architecture and Traditional Crafts
Glasgow:
Exhibition of Contemporary Books

WALES
Cardiff
Exhibition of Contemporary Painting
St. Fagan's Folk Festival
Dolhendre, Merionedh:
Welsh Hillside Farm Scheme

NORTHERN IRELAND
Belfast:
Royal Agricultural Show, Combined Services Tattoo, Ulster Tourist Trophy Race (Motor cycling)

In addition, there will be carnivals, pageants and sporting events in many parts of the country.

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White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 61

I DIDN'T know what else to say to Dr. Mary now other than a weak, "I—I could be a help to you, couldn't I?"

"Help?" There was genuine surprise in my companion's voice. "H'm! Yes. But— What are you going to do, Ellen, when—if a doctor should be sent out? The Board is always looking for doctors, you know, and when they find one, Tani is the logical place for him to come. That'll be wonderful for the mission, but—"

She shrugged, then went on, "You and I aren't the kind of women who can be happy at a lifetime of tying bandages, swabbing out throats, taking temperatures, and running errands for some man. Better come to N'zem with me."

"What would the Earlys say?" I countered.

Several times during the next minute Dr. Mary opened her lips as though to speak and then closed them again without uttering a syllable. I was left to draw my own conclusions, and to decide for myself.

Basically I don't believe I'm a coward, but I stayed on at Tani. Nor did Dr. Mary again bring up the matter of my going to N'zem with her until the day she left. Then, almost the last thing before she got into her dugout, she turned to me before everyone.

"Come to N'zem any time you like, Ellen," she said lightly. "You'll always be welcome there."

I worked hard at Tani, proud to find the number of my patients increasing steadily. I had anywhere from ten to fifty dispensary patients a day, the smallest group always on Mondays, and the number growing until on Sundays my hospital was mobbed. Dr. Early always tried to send them away, but they wouldn't go until evening.

I was under the strictest injunction to "remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy," and I am reasonably sure that I was watched so that any infringement of this cardinal prohibition would be detected instantly.

"Disease, accidents, and human frailty don't know anything about a six-day week," I protested on more than one occasion.

My reasoning was honest and, I thought, rather clever, but Dr. Early knew all the answers. They boiled down to two main points: I had no right to set a bad example for my African brothers, and, "Are you sure, Sister Ellen, really sure that you were called to the mission field?"

Consequently my largest number of patients waited in vain each Sunday until late afternoon and then, help not forthcoming, melted away into the jungle. Only a handful of the hardiest, or the most helpless, camped overnight or made the long trek back again on Monday.

Though I felt that I had made progress and sowed confidence each week, my seventh-day behaviour was unaccountable to all except those well acquainted with mission life. For six days I was kindliness personified, and then, for no apparent reason, I sat in my dukas and sulked while the unfortunate suffered outside my door.

What report of me these people took back to their villages is anyone's guess, because the village African, like the socially diplomatic of civilised nations, will tell a superior only what he thinks one wants to hear. They were discouraged, and by the time a little confidence had been reborn, my day of rest had come around again.

"My dear, Sunday is for worshipping the Lord," Mrs. Early told me primly when I complained.

I believed then, as I still do, that no one but a neurotic can spend ten, twelve, or sixteen hours in uninterrupted devotions. I went to church in the morning, but the rest of the day became, by social compulsion, that sort of vacuum which the devil so loves to fill with mischief.

I took to letter writing until it became a Sabbath mania. Each Sunday afternoon I wrote detailed accounts of the Africa I was coming to know.

At first I wrote of my patients—what they looked like, what they wore, the household gear they brought with them when they visited my hospital, their ailments, how they responded to treatment. After I had exhausted the subject of the sick, I turned to recounting the personal anecdotes my co-workers frequently shared at tea-time.

I don't think I consciously embroidered these tales, but I did try to supply the deficiences of personal modesty. Perhaps I fabricated just a little. And my excuse is—if an excuse is in order—that I began to feel that those of whom I wrote should be as human and lovable to my readers as they were to me.

More than one person wrote back to me, "I have shown your letters to so many people, and we think you ought to write a book about your experiences."

Finally a letter arrived from the executive secretary of the Mission Board at home. She had seen some of my letters and she wanted "stories," as she called them, like that for publication in the church school papers.

"None of us knew, or even suspected, that you had this ability to get down on paper the poignant aspects of human relationships," she stated bluntly. "If you can weave these incidents about personalities together and spin them out into little tales, it will be a real contribution to mission work, perhaps as great as your medical service."

She added a little warning: "I'm sure you understand our position in the matter, but of course we cannot promise publication until we see what you are able to turn out."

ALTHOUGH I laughed at the time I'm not sure that she wasn't right. The challenge of missionary work — to say nothing of its romance—is known to only a very few people, because, as a profession, we are pretty inarticulate.

The only people who write about missionaries seem unable, or even afraid, to make their heroes or heroines anything but bigoted or overly pious nincompoops. As a result, missionaries have become comedy material for the literary world.

Little of this was in my mind, however, when I received our secretary's letter. My reactions were just like those of anyone asked to embark upon a totally unfamiliar field of work. But I would try!

Mornings and evenings, as well as Sundays, I sat up in bed and scratched my scalp sore trying to think up a "story." Finally I got something down on paper. I wasn't particularly proud of it, but it was a more or less coherent narrative of our part of Africa and it was about a real flesh-and-blood man.

I never saw that man. Other people had told me about him — a word here, a joke there, a bit of description from some place else.

When it was finished, I prepared a fresh copy and wrote out the title with a flourish: "Onege's False Teeth." But the by-line stumped me. Should I put down, "By the staff of the Tani Mission Station, a hundred native parishioners, and a half dozen chance visitors"?

In the end, I omitted a by-line as I copied down the tale of an old black reprobate who did everything in the world he could to harass the missionaries near his village, but whose son eventually became a Christian.

Please turn to page 63

It isn't Baby's broth that makes your saucepan a mess...

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White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 62

THE whole story centred around the tribal custom of chipping away the teeth, then carving others to take their place.

These were sometimes amazing creations. Carved of wood or ivory, according to the wealth of the young man, they represented his accomplishments—a lion killed, or an elephant, or a leopard.

The climax of my story came when Onege's son carved, as his most precious substitute tooth, an exquisite ivory cross.

As I have said, it wasn't much of a story, and full of imperfections in the telling, but I sent it off and then forgot about it.

Several months later we were waiting for mail. Word had come to us via the drums that one of the two boats carried a sack of mail for the Tani Mission. Dr. Early sent a couple of boys down the Tani River to meet the boat, and in due time they returned.

That evening the entire staff was invited to the Early home "for coffee." It was understood that invitations to dinner, except on State occasions, were out; family budgets did not permit much hospitality.

Accordingly, we gave the Earlys plenty of time to finish their meal before we appeared; then, like good children, we stood around and drank coffee, because our mail, which Mrs. Early had sorted into separate heaps that afternoon, occupied the chairs and divan.

Mail day was like Christmas. All afternoon we worked from a sense of duty, as patiently eager as a cat watching a refrigerator—and almost as well-bred about it. But no one denied that this puerile supervision by the Earlys of our only contact with home was a strain.

I saw Sister Susanne's hands tremble until she dared not lift her coffee cup for fear of spilling its contents, and I felt little better myself.

When every cup was empty, Mrs. Early, with a dramatic sweep of her arms, gave us permission to pick up our mail. We literally pounced upon it.

Then with our mail in our arms, we edged toward the door, assuring our hostess that her coffee was delicious, that it was wonderful of her to have us over, and "Good-night," "Good-night!"

I had one foot on the step when Mrs. Early laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"Lemuel would appreciate it so much if you could give him just a minute," she murmured.

"Of course," I answered, with what grace I could. I knew that the Earlys had read their own mail that afternoon, and I felt irritated that mine must be further postponed for one of their interminable minutes.

I was not going to sit down until I realised that the atmosphere of the room had suddenly changed from one of gay hospitality to constraint. I sank into a chair with a sigh, my mail huddled in my lap, and waited for the blow to fall.

Dr. Early picked up an issue of our denominational magazine, opened the pages to a bookmarker, and held the periodical out at me. As I took it, my eyes fell instantly on some American artist's conception of a particularly hideous African tribesman.

I looked up wonderingly. I had seen many such pictures—what did one more matter? And what did I have to do with it?

But Dr. Early was pointing a mandatory finger at the accompanying article, and I read:

"Onege's False Teeth
A Story
by Ellen Burton."

I was conscious of neither pride nor embarrassment — only overwhelming amazement.

"Why— Why—" I was merely articulating a nervous reaction, but Mrs. Early caught me up with, "That is just what Lemuel and I asked each other, 'Why?'"

I suppose I answered her, but I now have only a confused memory of accusations, sternly condemnatory from Dr. Early, timorously querulous from his wife. But what had I done that was wrong? I had merely tried my best to fill a request from the home office.

"Read it!" Dr. Early thundered.

FREE NOVEL NEXT WEEK

IN our next issue we give you a free novel, "Chains Of Love," by Henry St. John Cooper. Heroine of the story is a girl who takes on stage dancing as a diversion when her fiance jilts her. Her talent proves extraordinary. She has a sensational rise to stardom. A subtle intrigue interwoven with this theme makes absorbing reading right through to the surprise ending of this romance.

Obediently I picked up our little magazine and read the story through to the last word. And the dialogue, as someone had edited it, was really not bad.

As I read, I forgot where I was until I laid the magazine down and looked up into the stony faces of this good man and good woman of whom I so often seemed to run afoul.

"What do you think of it?" Dr. Early asked.

I misunderstood my superior often, but sometimes I knew exactly what was in his mind. And now, I was morally certain he didn't care a rotten coconut for my opinion of the little story which bore my byline. Unreasoning anger surged up within me.

"I like it," I answered. "I liked Onege when all of you told me about him. That's why I wrote about him in my letters to people in the United States, and made up a story about him—when I was asked to."

Dr. and Mrs. Early looked at each other. Then one sighed and the other shook his head.

"I think more stories like it should be published," I went on, my anger continuing to rise. "Folks in the United States ough. to know something of our work other than—than just figures. These people, our people, the ones we work with, are human beings before they are statistics. I'm going to write about others here, people as irritating and as lovable as old Onege."

Then I stood up and my mail spilled all over the floor. Mrs. Early and I went down on our knees to collect it, bumping our heads together more than once.

Dr. Early stamped out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Still on her knees, his wife piled the last bundle of mail in my arms and then helped me to my feet. It was then that I saw tears running down her face.

"My dear! O my dear!" she sobbed. "Lemuel writes the reports for the mission. He always has, and—and it's about the only way he has of keeping his name before the folks at home. He's very careful to mention every one of you in the reports.

"Now this—this story—it gives the impression that you did this work—all alone. If there hadn't been a school in Christian surroundings—for you—for the missionary who did it—to send Onege's son to—"

SUDDENLY Mrs. Early threw her arms around me and kissed me good night, and then ran through the door her husband had just slammed. And as I trudged back to my hut, I wondered bitterly if perhaps it would not have been better for me to be content to serve as my sister's handmaiden in Indiana.

There I could certainly have eased very real burdens; here, try as I would, I seemed able only to add to them.

Back in my hut, I re-read my story about Onege, and, in spite of Mrs. Early's tears, I determined to try another one. I might not find anyone half so charming to write about, but there were countless characters of whom both missionaries and mission boys and girls had told me.

I picked up the magazine again and began turning the pages, reading a paragraph here and there. Then I gasped and re-read:

"The Mission Board is very happy to announce the appointment of Dr. Charles Clyde to work in the Belgian Territory. Dr. Clyde is a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School . . . interned at the McGill University Hospital in Montreal . . . wife a graduate nurse with several years' hospital experience and special training in obstetrics. . . . Both speak fluent French . . . splendidly prepared young people. . . . They will leave in a few weeks to organise and head up the medical work at our Tani Station, where at present there is only a nurse."

I had known that for several years the Board had been looking for just such a couple. And when I had been sent to Tani, there had been no thought in anyone's mind, least of all mine, that I either could or should head the medical work for a thriving mission centre.

Please turn to page 64

You'll love these thrilling dresses, ADORE the way they fit you

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Size	9	13	14	14½	16	16½	17	18	18½
Bust	30	32½	33½	33½	35	35½	34½	36	37
Waist	24	26	26½	28	27½	30	29	30	32
Seat	33	35	36	37	38½	38½	37½	40	40½
Length	44	46	46	46	47	46	46	49	47

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White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 63

YET those three modest huts on the edge of the compound had become mine after that peculiar property sense which is born of personal mental and physical labor. With ochre dug from a tribal "paint pit," I had whitewashed the walls inside and out; with my own money I had paid for the best material and best workmen to thatch each hut. With my own hands I had tacked up a muslin fly.

I had directed a primitive carpenter in the building of tables, benches, shelves, even a desk. The medical unit of the mission compound was mine. How could I subordinate myself to some stranger? What would I do if I couldn't? Where—

Dr. Mary, that wise and knowing old woman, had said, "You'll always be welcome at N'zem."

Suddenly I knew what I should do.

I think I was more cheerful the next day than at any time since I had come to Africa. I took more time dressing, and I hummed a tune that was not a hymn!

I dawdled over my breakfast, telling my companions to leave whenever they liked. But we were punctilious about the small courtesies at Tani, and although everyone was sitting on the edge of her chair before I scraped up the last spoonful of porridge, no one arose until I too pushed back from the table.

"What has come over Sister Ellen?" I could read the silent query on their faces. And, "In all my four terms of service, I have never been late to class before," one murmured to another as I picked up a banana to carry to the hospital for midmorning lunch.

There was no one in sight when I started for my hospital; the entire mission was at work as I strolled along, as Kipling's elephant returned aforetime, if not without a care in the world, certainly with the rebellious intention of not troubling myself unduly.

The school unit, like my hospital, was a cluster of huts, each teacher presiding in one of them. My path lay so close to Sister Susanne's hut that I could have put out my fingers and brushed the wall.

As I strolled by, there was a little buzz, a pleasant, homey, comfortable sound, and I stopped to enjoy it for a moment. Prayers obviously were over, and Sister Susanne was explaining in Hausa: "We are late this morning, children, so I shall have to tell you a shorter story than usual."

She told the story—a highly moral little tale of a small boy who fell a prey to a lion through disobeying his mother. I stood listening, smiling to myself as the recital went on. It was only at the end of it that realisation hit me with all the force of a physical blow.

Sister Susanne had told the story in Hausa and I had understood every word without a translator. I could go anywhere now without upsetting the routine of the mission. I could go on itinerary to our neighboring villages. I could go to N'zem without being a burden to Dr. Mary.

All that day I looked at each patient who passed before me and wondered how I would feel toward him and how I would treat any or all if they were my people — just mine and God's—and did not belong also to others "older, wiser, and more experienced," who figuratively at least peered over my shoulder and criticised each dose of medicine I doled out.

That morning I dismissed my linguister. "Never again!" I promised myself as I shooed him out of sight.

I was so exhilarated by the new independence that I did not hear the big drums when they began booming through the jungle like a monstrous heartbeat. But I noticed at last that my patients were listening, listening, and watching me curiously.

"What is it?" I demanded of the pickinin for whom I had just lanced an abscess behind the left ear.

"The drums say that the big white witch doctor is dead," he answered.

I was stunned. True, Dr. Mary had told me that she was seventy-three, but she had been in good health only a few months ago, and there seemed to be something eternal about the woman, like the jungle in which she lived.

The drums stopped, and for a few seconds the air about me was curiously empty of depth. I stared wordlessly at my handful of patients and they stared back at me. Was it a new sense of respect I saw in their eyes?

Then I realised that now I had become the big white witch doctor, for in Africa a witch passes on his bag of tricks as estate in exactly the same way an Indiana farmer passes on his acres.

The drums began again, this time so close that we felt rather than heard them. It was the mission drums speaking across the miles of jungle.

I knew that in the next village men were listening, and that when our drummer should stop, one among them would take up his sticks and repeat the message exactly, beat for beat, and that this would continue in still more distant villages until the ones for whom the drums were speaking should hear with their own ears.

As soon as there was a slight lull, I opened my mouth to ask what our message had been and to whom; but the drums boomed out again, and, like my patients, I waited silently. Then it was all over, and an old man spoke up.

"The drums spoke with two voices," he began.

So there were two different messages.

"With the first voice they told the people of N'zem to go back into the big white witch doctor's dukas and to take care of her. The-Round-Little - Man - Who - Talks - Often-to-Muungu"—in other words, Dr. Early, the one who prays often in public—"assured them that her spirit is not evil and that, even should she die, no harm would come to them from her naked spirit. Then he threatened them with the vengeance of the white men with guns"—the civil administrators—"if they let her suffer from neglect.

"The second voice spoke to the people of the big white witch doctor's own home village, wherever their kraals may stand." That is, a telegram was being relayed to Leopoldville for transmission to the United States. "It said that her years are too many, and that the unseen ones of the jungle now beckon to her spirit."

I knew that the old man had translated the messages of the drums exactly; still, if it were true that Dr. Mary was dead, what he had said did not make too much sense. I smiled grimly; only a few short hours ago I had been so certain that now I understood. But I had forgotten that the children of the Dark Continent have so many voices.

Hurriedly I did what I could to relieve those of my patients who were suffering and sent all of them away. Then I almost ran to the Early home.

When I got there, preparations for a long safari were already well under way. At least fifty boys were squatting on the grass before the living-room dukas; there were porters with bundles of food, cooking utensils, tent, and camping supplies; twelve men were grouped around Dr. Early's tipoye.

Please turn to page 65

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White Witch Doctor

SEEING three sets of carriers for this combination hammock-sedan chair, I knew that Dr. Early meant to travel fast.

Inside the dukas I tried to ask questions, but no one had time to stop and explain all that was going on. I turned to a luggage roll Mrs. Early always kept packed for emergency trips, and helped her check over her husband's kit: a change of nightshirts, soap, first-aid kit—everything was in perfect order.

Finally we saw Dr. Early and his retinue of mission boys, at least half of them only one generation or less removed from cannibalism, row across the river and trot off into the jungle on a long trek that would have tried the stamina of a young fellow in the prime of life.

Then Mrs. Early explained to me: "We don't know just how bad Dr. Mary is. Oh, I know the message said she was dead, but that just means they expect her to die. And when they say it of a person—particularly one of their own people—that person usually does die. But Mary may be alive when Lemuel gets there; she's not young any more, but she's strong."

"If Dr. Mary is as sick as the natives think she is, why didn't I go instead of Dr. Early?" I asked.

"Why-y-y-y-y! Lemuel is the head of the mission; it's his duty to go."

"But if she's alive, can he treat her? or take care of her?" I protested.

The familiar frustrated, yet stubborn, look crept into Mrs. Early's eyes and her voice was hard as she countered, "If Sister Mary is dead, could you give her Christian burial?"

I stared at this good woman, wishing that I had the gift of words—words that would not arouse anger but would compel people to listen and win them to my way of thinking. I felt forlornly that, no matter what I said, this good woman would immediately take issue with it.

Surely she believed, as I did, that one Dr. Mary alive was worth a hundred, or a thousand, Dr. Marys with six feet of jungle mould and a little wooden cross above her head.

"What—will the—Board say?" I managed to get out.

It was capitulation to the mores of mission life. Mrs. Early recognised it, and I watched the lines of her face soften as she went on.

"They'll tell Lemuel to send her home. They always do when he mentions her age in a monthly or quarterly report. This time, now that she is really sick, I—hope they say to drag her out of there by the hair of her head if necessary. It's—it's indecent, her working away off up there all by herself."

"Not—indecent!"

"Well, why doesn't she go home to her people and behave as an old woman ought to!"

It wasn't a question, but I tried to answer nevertheless.

"Maybe she feels that this is home, and that she is among her people."

"Nonsense!"

A reply came from the Mission Board that afternoon. It might take us from six weeks to three months to get our mail, but we were never more than an hour from the nearest cable office.

Down in Leopoldville the cable operator, using a mission code book, translated the crazy alphabet that had come over the wires into words that the jungle telegraph in turn boomed to us through the reaches of primeval forest.

"Send Mary Evans Home."

"Drag her out of N'zem by the hair of her head," I murmured sarcastically when Mrs. Early transferred the message to old T'oomi, our mission drummer.

"Yes, bwana," he murmured to each of us in turn, and flung his head upward to signify that he understood perfectly.

A month later Dr. Early and Dr. Mary were back at Tani. Dr. Mary was scarcely more than skin and bones, and I suppose for the first time in her life she really looked her years, but her eyes were clear and she was almost spry. She was with us for a little better than a week, waiting until boat connections were available at Leopoldville.

During those days she went with me to my hospital every day, and sat or lay in a palm fibre hammock and gave sage, and on occasion even gay, advice while I ministered to my patients.

It was a trivial thing to have irked me, I know, but once I asked her point-blank, "What do you think about medical work on Sunday?"

"Ellen, there were doctors before there were Christians, and down through the Christian Era doctors have continued to take the original pagan oath of service. I have never felt there was any incongruity in this. You came from a farm, and you understand why it is that a farmer must work on the Sabbath—six-day cows haven't been invented, and livestock don't lose their appetite one day a week."

She flashed me her quick smile. "Disease strikes regardless of the calendar. I took my medical oath seriously, and when suffering humanity needs my services, I give them — and I'm none the worse Christian for it."

Another time we were discussing her recent illness.

"It was blackwater fever, Ellen," she said. "Women seldom get it, but I did. It was my own fault; I was careless. I had run out of quinine and I knew I was rotten with malaria. I'll tell you what you must do, Ellen. When you go—well, when the time comes that you're in some outstation, quite on your own—you must take a case of champagne along.

"It's the only thing I know of that will pull you through a bad bout of blackwater. I left some at N'zem, but not enough; you'll need more—wherever you finally locate."

BEFORE I could ask the question, Dr. Mary went on, "What would Lemuel say? And all the other 'Lemuels' on the Board? Dear Ellen, sooner or later they snoop into every niche and locked recess of your soul, but you can—and you should!—keep their prying denominational fingers out of your medical kit. And a specific, whether or not it comes by the case, is medicine.

"Have a trader bring it in for you. There's a fine fellow, John—L'loni we called him in N'zem—who comes through about once a year. Address your bank in Leopoldville and they'll find him for you."

A week after Dr. Mary left Tani, she boarded a coastwise steamer. Two days after that, she was dead. They buried her at sea, near a bay where slavers used to throw their chained live freight overboard when capture by an English man-of-war seemed imminent. It was fitting, I like to think of her sleeping there among her people.

. . . . . .

During my residence at Tani, I was to see mission boy after mission boy enticed away from us by some white hunter's promise of all the fresh meat he could eat and the luxury of a spoonful of salt to lap up from the palm of his hand each evening when the day's work was done.

We could have had "salt Christians" without number if we had had the money to buy guns, a game licence, and a few sacks of salt.

I watched this sort of thing for many months and then, taking my courage in my hands, I sat down and wrote Monsieur l'Administrateur a letter in my almost nonexistent French. I did my poor best to explain the need of our mission

Continued from page 64

people for meat and the harm the lack of it did our work.

I told him that the necessary licence and equipment were within my financial reach, but that aside from a little rabbit, squirrel, and quail hunting with my brother in Indiana, I knew nothing about guns or game. Was there anyone who could teach me the things I should know?"

Then, fearful lest I should change my mind, I sent the letter off immediately—by two boys, as the post still travels over a large part of the interior of Africa. The letter carrier proper bore a cleft stick in which the letter was inserted in such a way that the address was clearly visible. The second man was honor guard to the first.

Neither man could read; letter carriers seldom can. But they are guided by "the jungle grapevine," and they travel as directly as geography will permit until they are near the addressee. Then they stop every white man they meet, show him the letter, and ask if he is "the one for whom the paper will talk."

If he is not, he passes on any information he may have concerning the whereabouts of the addressee.

Such a system may seem incredibly cumbersome, but our postmen were back in less than two weeks with a reply from Monsieur l'Administrateur. It was a rather cryptic letter.

Did not missionaries enjoy a short rest period each season? he asked. He and Madame would be delighted if I would spend my next vacation with them. If that fell within such and such a date, they would be at L'tere, near an outstation of our mission.

I know it is believed by governing boards in the United States that missionaries do take vacation or rest periods regularly. Those who teach "have the summer"; the medical and evangelistic workers "move about—new faces, new localities, you know."

Conditions are somewhat better now, but then, almost three decades ago, the only thing approximating a vacation that any member of our station had enjoyed for some time was a two-day "policy conference," attended by the "older" workers—that is, those who were at least in their second six-year term of service.

Obviously, I could not take a vacation without some very good reason.

Still, how could I refuse Monsieur l'Administrateur's invitation? There was nothing to do except go to Dr. Early and made a clean breast of the whole affair. I was embarrassed, but he surprised me.

"You have to go," he told me calmly. "An invitation from the king's representative is almost as much of a command performance as one from His Majesty himself." Then he peered at me speculatively. "So you're going to be our 'white hunter' now, eh? I used to hunt as a boy, in Kansas. Jack rabbits, now and then a coyote, and, once in a great while, a wolf. I was a pretty good shot, too."

Perhaps it was the boyish grin of pleasure that spread over his face at the memory that loosened my tongue. "Dr. Early, couldn't I—I'd really love to—"

"Buy me a licence? And gun?" he interrupted.

"Yes. It would give me so much pleasure to share what I have."

He leaned forward slightly, an outspread hand on each knee, and for a long minute he seemed to be inspecting each finger with scrupulous care. Then he surprised me again by chuckling aloud.

"Bwana n'du tembo! Remember, I called you that first. That, or something very similar, will be your name in the native kraals when you return with a gun over your shoulder. Bwana n'du tembo, Little Sister of the Elephants."

Please turn to page 66

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[Is that *'someone'* **you?**]

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NEW PERSIL GIVES EXTRA CLEANNESS—*EXTRA GENTLY*

P.35.WW142

White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 65

As had happened before, Dr. Early further surprised me by adding gently, "Don't mind any of us. We don't blame you for the privileges you enjoy, not really, in our hearts."

So it happened that I, the newcomer on the staff, the one who least needed it, took a vacation. Twenty-one mission boys left their gardens and workbenches to row me down the Tani to the small Government post where Monsieur and his many-petticoated wifels safari of inspection was camped.

I spent almost a full month with Madame and Monsieur, and it was one of the most delightful vacations of my entire life. I learned a good deal of French, and more about our Hausa natives than my months at the mission had taught me.

Monsieur had me sit beside him hour after hour as he held court; he asked my advice on how he might secure more wholehearted co-operation from his black and white underlings; he complained pleasantly, but sincerely nevertheless, of the disadvantages of his position.

"It's hard to get the truth from anyone," he grumbled. "Everyone is trying to make a good impression on me—or make me suspect the worst of the next fellow."

Madame showed me how to make onion soup and to stuff a fowl with the mushrooms that went to waste about us all the time. She taught me to spin, using a curious instrument that looked like an overgrown top with spines; she prattled of her home on the north slopes of the Pyrenees.

But best of all was Jacques.

Jacques was neither French nor Hausa, but there was much of Africa and a little of Gascony in his veins. He was a mountain of a man, tattooed and scarred "beautifully," any African would have said.

"He has the slave marks of a dozen West African tribes on his face and chest," Monsieur l'Administrateur told me once. "And he has worn chains on his wrists and ankles."

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"That he has served time in Cayenne or in some other prison camp."

"Aren't you afraid to have him about?" the query burst out in spite of me.

"Afraid?" Monsieur laughed, but there was no merriment in the tone. "Is Africa a land for cowards?"

The answer was so obvious that it did not need words. Still I asked, "Do you think it's quite safe for me to go out hunting with such a person?"

Monsieur looked at me in astonishment. Then he guffawed until the flimsy walls of the Government camp hut shook. "How many of the men who rowed you down the Tani had pointed teeth? Or no teeth at all above, in front?"

"Why, only a few of them really had teeth," I answered. "There were—" Quickly I counted in my mind. "Eight of them had pointed teeth left in front. The rest may have had filed teeth once, but they are rotted away now."

"You know what the filed teeth mean?"

"Yes. That the men came from villages that once were cannibal." Suddenly I peered at him doubtfully. "I suppose that the trappings of cannibalism linger on after the practice itself is uprooted from a village?"

Monsieur took his time about answering me. But the impact of his words could not have been blunter. "There was not a man in your boat who could not estimate to the fraction of an ounce the amount of good, lean, red meat on your bones."

"Oh, no!" I might have said more, but Monsieur did not give me time.

"Why do you suppose Madame and I have made the trip up here and settled down prepared to stay as long as necessary?"

"Your periodic tours of inspection—" I broke off momentarily because he seemed on the point of laughing at me again. "You must judge disputes that have been taken out of the hands of native elders, and cases that involve white men—"

"I could finish with these petty disputes in a day or two," Monsieur interrupted. "But an outbreak of cannibalism is a different matter. It used to be a simple village custom, but since it has been prohibited by law, it hides itself in the deepest jungle and cloaks itself in sorcery. Its devotees are more frightened of their witch doctors than they are of the severest punishment I can administer. Ferreting out the guilty men is no easy task; nor can it be accomplished in impatient haste."

I remembered that Monsieur sat under the canopy of palm leaves day after day and listened while a small jury of local chieftains tried to make sense out of the interminable orations of people setting forth their grievances.

Monsieur had told me about some of the trials, all argued with gusto, all deadly serious to the principals, all of a slightly comic nature to the Occidental mind.

Breaking into my thoughts, Monsieur asked, "Have you heard, Ma'amselle, that a lion, once having tasted human flesh, never ceases to be a maneater thereafter?"

"Why, that's common knowledge," I answered.

"Is it?" he demanded.

"They say so." I felt defensive.

"Did you know that 'they' also say that a man who has acquired a taste for human flesh doesn't give up the habit easily?"

I FELT the skin on the back of my neck begin to prickle. But Monsieur was laughing. "I didn't mean to scare you to death. Cannibalism is pretty well stamped out, but now and then there are sporadic outbreaks of cannibalistic cults."

"And that is why you are here? Now?" I gasped. "You suspect an outbreak of cannibalism?"

Monsieur nodded. "'Suspect' is hardly the word. I feel reasonably sure, but I must have proof. That is why I sit day after day, listening to the trials of petty thieves."

"But the cannibal? How do you find him if everyone is too afraid of him to report him?" I asked.

"Fear seldom prevents boasting. Sometimes it even promotes the habit. It was the boasting around a dozen campfires that brought me up here prepared to stay until I get the guilty man—or men. How? I have among my safari boys a half dozen trained detectives. They listen. They egg a man on to talk more than is wise.

"When he hesitates, they match tall tale with tall tale. Then, when such a boy pours my wine, or lays out my clothes, or comes to me for his daily ration of posho, he drops a name in my ear—as I measure out the corn meal."

"Then you have the guilty person arrested?" I asked.

"Oh, no, Ma'amselle! At home, among white men, we say one must fight fire with fire. Here my magic must be bigger and stronger than that of the local witch doctor. I wait until I am absolutely certain of my facts; and then one day, right in the middle of the hottest part of debate over some woman, I begin to sniff; then I rise and point an accusing finger at the culprit or culprits.

"Thus 'smelled out,' they never deny their guilt; so my soldiers bind them and drag them off. Shortly thereafter, I leave the native grand jury under the direction of a sub-officer and continue my tour of inspection or go back to headquarters."

"Then you try them?" I asked.

"Try them?" Monsieur was amused at my words. "Ma'amselle, here I am the judge of the last court of appeal. My investigators have listened to the witnesses, including the men themselves. I am careful not to act hastily and therefore make no mistakes.

"When confronted with such powers of 'smelling out' as I possess, the culprit gives up. When I point my finger at him, he knows, and his people know, that I am passing sentence."

Suddenly Monsieur threw back his head and laughed. "Now Jacques. Does he seem so bad after all? In many ways he is the best servant I ever had. Put your mind at rest, Ma'amselle; I would not give him to you if I did not consider him the best. There are many natives who could track and locate game for you, but Jacques understands the animal's mind."

In a little over three weeks' time Jacques taught me how to take any type of shoulder firearm apart, clean it perfectly, adjust it, and even make minor repairs. He impressed upon me that a dirty or a faulty gun is worse than no gun at all.

Then I stood with him for hours at a time, in all kinds of light and shadow, learning how to shoot at both stationary and moving targets. I never reached his perfection, of course. I have seen him bend over a tall sapling, tie a clod of dirt to its tip with a length of rawhide, and then walk away.

At fifty paces he would shout to the boy holding the tip of the sapling to let go. Then he would whirl about and with one shot burst the clod into a thousand fragments as it sped through the air.

I said "with one shot," and Jaques explained laconically one day: "You start with a full clip of ammunition, yes—four or five shots. But simba does not know or care when he charges."

"But I'm not going to hunt lions, Jacques," I protested. "I only want to be able to bring down meat for the mission folk and for my porters when I am on safari. Guinea fowl, bustards, and a buck now and then."

Please turn to page 67

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White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 66

JACQUES only grinned at me. "If you hunt at all," he said, "you will go where simba hunts, mama, for man and simba eat the same meat. And what will you do if simba argues a kill with you?"

"If simba wants whatever I kill, I will walk away and let him have it," I said finally.

Every tooth in Jacques' head gleamed as he grinned, but he pressed on. "But suppose the king of the beasts refuses to be put off with a fat buck or a zebra? And he is not the only one with whom you may have to deal. What will you do when tembo flings his trumpet into the air and screams that you must not shoot in his domain?"

I felt fear in the pit of my stomach, and wondered if after all I were not being silly about guns and hunting. What would I do if I met an elephant and it were not disposed to turn and slip noiselessly into the jungle? Or if I met a rhinoceros on the open plain, where the only possible protection from its mad charge might be an anthill or a wisp of thornbush?

Worst of all, what if I disturbed a herd of buffalo, that most dangerous and wily of animals, and found myself being stalked by a wary old bull which could double on its tracks so skilfully that not even the keenest-eyed tracker could detect the ruse?

Neither tembo nor simba fears the buffalo, any native will tell you, but both respect it and make no attempt to interfere either with a herd or with individuals.

The upshot of the matter was that I embarked upon a highly intensive study of the anatomy and the psychology of the bigger animals, the beasts of prey, and those with reputations for bad tempers. Jacques did not use these learned terms in his instruction, of course, but he was thorough nevertheless.

He drew diagrams in the sand to illustrate the thickness of tembo's skull and the futility of trying to stop an avalanche of flesh by pouring bullets into its frontal armor plate. He told me that he had seen simba charge twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, and on one occasion two hundred feet with a bullet through his heart.

Why should I kill a rhinoceros? Only the vultures and jackals would eat its flesh. No, nick it at the base of its frontal horn with a bullet and this antediluvian relic would turn and thunder off to nurse its sore nose in solitude.

My vacation sped by. When Monsieur had finally smelled out his cannibal, and the mission shimbeck had been summoned via the jungle grapevine to carry me back to Tani, I was suddenly frightened. Would Monsieur not lend me Jacques for just a little while? six weeks? or a month? There were so many things I still needed to learn.

"Non, non, non, Ma'amselle, it would never do. Jacques, he is—he is not—" Monsieur broke off to look at me sharply.

"There goes the cat up the aerial again!"

"Jacques isn't Christian?" I supplied for him. "We have boys at the mission who are not Christians, Monsieur. Of course, we hope they will become Christians. Jacques is very amenable, and perhaps if you told him—"

"If I told him to behave himself, he would," Monsieur took up the thread. "And after all, there is so little I know about the man, why—he might even be able to sing hymns with you."

There was more raillery, but in the end I got Jacques — "Jackie," I promptly christened him — "for keeps." I suppose he had his faults, but I don't remember what they were. I do remember that he was more than a good and faithful servant; he was a true friend.

As a missionary, I made a strange spectacle returning to Tani, armed with a personal servant who looked like a pirate; with a general game licence, a special permit for big game, a shotgun, two rifles, one heavy and one light; and with as much dread for what I had mapped out as one small woman can conveniently carry in her heart.

The morning after my return I shot a lesser bustard—the African wild turkey—and perhaps a hundred guinea fowl. The latter live in such immense flocks in the Congo jungles that all I had to do to bring down a dozen or so was merely flush the birds, point my shotgun in their general direction, and pull the trigger.

That night guinea fowl simmered in every cooking pot in the native compound, while all the whites contributed delicacies from their precious hordes and dined on bustard with the Earlys.

Even Dr. Early donned an apron and whipped up his specialty—the pulp of green coconut, whose kernel is still in the milky stage, mashed smooth and beaten to a creamy consistency. It was better than either custard or ice cream.

There were jokes at my expense, of course, some of which were undoubtedly barbed, but for the most part it was a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Certainly there was no comparison between our fat, juicy wild fowl and the stringy, undersized chickens we ordinarily bought from native women.

"We ought to do this oftener," someone at the dinner table said, but in that tone of regret which implies that too much carefree camaraderie might be demoralising.

"I do wish—I feel silly to say it—but, really, I do wish—"

Mrs. Early broke off in confusion, blushing at her temerity. "I do wish that Ellen would shoot us a—a—hippopotamus. There now!"

A shout of laughter followed her words, but everyone turned to me.

"Well, you've got all this expensive equipment—why not put it to good use?" It was Dr. Early speaking. I thought they were spoofing me and I tried to laugh it off, but it was no use.

"Why not?" was in every pair of eyes and on most lips.

I turned to Mrs. Early, and for the first time I believe I understood how very timid the woman really was. She was not now "standing up" for her husband, and apparently it was impossible for her to put forth the same effort for herself. As I looked at her, her eyes filled and the lines of her mouth sagged.

"Why, of course, I'll try to shoot you a hippo. Jacques didn't take me out after any of them while I was—while I was in training." I tried to make a joke of my vacation trip.

"So I don't know how successful I'll be. After all, a hippo seems awfully big to be killed by anything as tiny as a bullet, but—. What in the world do you want a hippopotamus for?"

"The fat! It renders down like lard. Like real Kansas farm lard. I can sift and sift and sift the native flour and get it as fine as I can and make some pies, and oh! lots of things for Lemuel—and all of you—"

She babbled on. Pies, tarts, doughnuts, cakes. I had never seen her so animated. She was really a pretty woman, a good and thoughtful wife, a wise and loving mother. It was a new and likeable Mrs. Early I was seeing for the first time. I vowed that I would get her a hippopotamus if I had to wade in, chase it ashore, and club it to death.

Please turn to page 69

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At last I'm free to look after my little family—thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.

A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.

Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.

Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment.

Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family.

Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, if you suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or headaches

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year. Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

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M87

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Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 67

AFTER we left the table, Dr. Early put on his hat and went to the native quarters to make arrangements for the hippo hunt.

The next morning I learned that the prospect of meat was infinitely more engaging to my patients than bandages and pills.

There was no one waiting for me except two pickinins, who were playing hooky from school with the intention of going along on the hunt written all over their small faces, and a superannuated mission boy, who in his senility had become a bone of contention in more than one mission staff meeting.

He had to be kept away from worship meetings, for he was as apt as not to rise in the middle of a sermon and demand palm wine or banana beer.

"How can one pay homage to Mungu, the great and fearful overgod of the jungle, if one does not pour libations into Mother Earth and one's own thirsty gullet?" he would shout, until a scandalised brother on either side picked him up by the elbows and carried him out.

He usually visited my clinic once or twice a week, complaining of some trifling ill.

I gave each urchin a light spank and ordered them to return to Sister Susanne, and sent the whimpering old man summarily away. His wails followed me as I went back to my dukas to change into rough clothing and to get my biggest gun.

The hunting party consisted of Dr. Early who, in spite of his conscience, took a morning off and went along purely for sport; myself; Jackie, of course; and about twenty porters.

"They are to carry the meat," Dr. Early explained, as I eyed the small army.

"They—and you—have more faith in my marksmanship that I have myself," I assured him.

He hesitated a moment and then turned appealing eyes full upon me. "Sister Ellen, we've just got to get a hippopotamus," he said.

I agreed that we must if we could, and silently I prayed that we might.

We walked about five miles cross-country, over trails perceptible to native eyes but invisible to mine. At that time I wasn't used to trekking and my legs were on the point of giving out when we reached a sharp bend in the Tani, where the river was in the process of cutting a new channel and leaving the old bed to become an oxbow lake.

"Aren't there any hippos nearer the mission?" I demanded between puffs more than once, and the answer was always the same.

"Yes, mama," a dozen voices assured me promptly, "but we are taking you to the best place."

"Why is one place better than another?" I panted a little later. "After all a hippo is a—just a hippo."

"But mama, meat that the hands cannot reach is no comfort to the belly," a chorus replied quite logically, although I was too winded to ask just what they meant.

But I was not too tired to grumble. "Are you sure there are hippos where you are taking us?"

"Oh, yes, mama."

The barely literate showed off their knowledge by counting for me. "There are a hundred, hundred, hundred, mama," in crescendo voices. The frankly unlearned held up both hands, fingers extended, and fluttered their wrists to indicate that, at the end of our trail, hippopotamuses were as numerous as the leaves on an old silk-cotton tree.

Then we pushed through a curtain of lianas and came out on the banks of what looked like a beautiful bayou, and for a full minute all I could do was stare. I tried to count them and finally gave up.

Surely there were "a hundred, hundred, hundred!" of the huge monsters in the water before me. Some that were standing in the shallows moved leisurely into deep water; those on the far bank merely turned gargantuan heads in our direction, and some yawned prodigiously.

In the middle of the stream, everywhere I looked, noses as broad and blunt as washtubs pointed at me, and protuberant eyes, which looked like blinking warts, stared.

"Shoot, mama."

"Shoot!"

"Shoot now!"

"Much meat!"

"Good meat!"

"Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!"

The porters' words buzzed in my ears, like a gnats' chorus, and I contemplated the great horde helplessly. Which one should I shoot? And where should I aim? Jackie had explained at great length about elephants, but I couldn't remember that he had so much as whispered a word about hippos.

"In the eye, mama," a voice came over my shoulder. "The socket goes clear through to the brain." Jackie too again calling me mama! I remember only my pleasure in this evidence of respect in my gun-bearer's words.

Perhaps I was too inexperienced, or just plain stupid, to realise that an eye is an awfully small target. I tried to estimate the distance, adjusted my sights, and lifted the heavy gun. It shook in my hands like a young bamboo in the wind.

"Steady, Ellen," I heard Dr. Early whisper under his breath.

JACKIE solved my problem. Before I knew what he was about, he had slid in front of me on all fours, making himself a gun rest.

I went down on one knee and aimed with painstaking care; then, trying to remember everything I had learned about guns, pressed the trigger firmly.

There is nothing in the world quite like the complete absence of sound for a few seconds following a gunshot, or the extreme confusion of noises that accompany the rebirth of sound.

A moment of stagnation—then the porters shouted, Dr. Early grunted, birds in the trees above us screamed, squawked, and flapped their wings, and there was an undertone of countless scurrying footsteps through the leaves and vines at our feet.

Out on the river before us there were big and little splashes, followed by big and little ripples, widening until they died in the rotting sedge at our feet. Then absolutely nothing.

I looked at Dr. Early. "I thought I hit it." I was distinctly surprised, maybe even a little petulant.

"I thought you did too." There was as much confusion in his tone as there was on his face.

But the porters lifted their voices in a joyful chorus.

"Meat!"

"Meat!"

"Chop chop."

"Chop chop chop!"

Then my gunbearer rolled back on to his haunches from his knees, and clapped his hands together softly. In a second every other boy surrounding us was gazing at me with big, black, softly rapturous eyes and gently clapping his hands.

"They are honoring you as a mighty hunter of hippopotamuses," Dr. Early exclaimed in amazement.

"It would be more to the point if I'd aimed better," I said bitterly, and stared at the placid water as though it had done me an injury.

Please turn to page 70

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White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 69

As I gazed, a pair of wide-set eyes and then nostrils broke the surface. Then another and another until it seemed that again there were "a hundred, hundred, hundred" hippos all staring solemnly at me.

"Well, I can try again," I said doggedly, and at my words the porters sucked their teeth rapturously. Jackie rocked forward on to all fours again, and once more I sighted across his broad back.

Within the next hour I emptied five clips of ammunition into that herd of hippopotamuses and not a single animal squealed or roared or kicked or writhed in mortal agony, or turned over on to its side, or floated on the top of the water.

Finally I refused to make a fool of myself any longer and turned my face toward home. Dr. Early trudged along behind me while the porters, some in front and some trailing us, broke into an unaccountable song of fulsome praise detailing my prowess as a huntress.

After exhausting that theme, and since a woman's sole function in a native village is to work and bear children, they switched to such details of my probable ability as a mother as would ordinarily have made me blush and certainly would have called forth a sharp rebuke from Dr. Early. Now, however, we merely stalked along in silent misery.

When we reached the edge of the mission clearing, I turned to my companion.

"I'm sorry," I said, "just as sorry as can be. I did the best I could."

"I know," he answered. "And—I'm sorry too." His tone implied that for some obscure reason he was as much to blame for my failure as I myself.

Mrs. Early came to meet us, her face aglow with the happiness of a dreaming homemaker. Looking at her and listening to her as she babbled along took physical strength as well as courage.

Finally I could stand it no longer, and blurted out the whole miserable truth, while her husband stirred the grass with a restless toe like an embarrassed schoolboy. To our amazement, she laughed merrily.

"Oh, you two," she chided gently. "I'm not taken in by your little joke. Lemuel is going to have fresh coconut pie to-morrow — all of you are, in fact. And then—doughnuts!" She clicked her tongue at us as though we were babies she was tempting with a titbit, and I wanted to cry.

I didn't eat lunch that day. I wasn't hungry. Instead I walked over to the hospital so that I could be alone with my wretched sense of failure. But the senile old greybeard was waiting for me.

"You are a woman," he exclaimed in amazement. "You really are female." Then he clucked like an old rooster scolding his hens.

"Of course I'm a woman," I retorted. "Don't be so silly."

"In my day," he went on in a tone of wonder, "a woman was nothing but a pair of hands and stupid as a hen. And now they tell me that you have killed these many of the great

"I can't decide if he's a mink or a mouse?"

river pigs." He held up eight fingers.

"A pair of hands! A mere pair of hands!"

I left him muttering to himself and went into my dispensary, pulling the door shut behind me.

"Eight hippos! Eight! And I would have been satisfied with one, and that a small one!" I moaned wordlessly.

About ten o'clock that evening, an hour after I had gone to bed in an attempt to get away from myself as much as anyone else, I was awakened by an uproar in the compound. Someone — it sounded like Dr. Early but it couldn't be—was trying to yodel outside my sleeping dukas.

Then two fists began hammering upon my door and so vigorously that the thatch over my head rustled and I could hear it shedding fine particles down on the muslin fly.

"Come out! Wake up and come on up to the mission house, Ellen. They're bringing in the first of the meat!"

I sprang off my cot and flung open the door. There was my boss behaving like a young buck at a village dance.

"Have you gone crazy?" I demanded sternly.

He seized me by the shoulders and swung me around three or four times before he replied: "By heaven, Ellen, they say there are seven dead hippos piled up on a sandbar about two miles below that bend in the river where we were this morning! They say you killed eight, but that maybe one was swung out into midstream by some eddy and has gone on past."

"Stick out your tongue," I commanded. "Are you feverish?"

"I've not taken leave of my senses, and I'm not sick. I'm telling you the truth. The boys are bringing in the meat. Come and see for yourself!"

I slipped into my moccasins and a kimono, and for the next few hours sat on the Earlys' steps, receiving such homage and viewing such quantities of raw, dripping meat as I hope never to have to encounter again.

During the next few days tribesmen from the surrounding jungle gathered by the hundreds, and so huge is one of these river pigs that there was meat for all.

The following weeks were simply wonderful. Invitations came by the dozens for me to visit this village or that, many of them formerly cold, if not hostile, to mission work. Some definitely specified that I was not to come with my Bible and medical kit, but with my gun, if you please.

In desperation I asked Dr. Early what I should do, and he told me to accept as many of the invitations as possible. And by way of persuasion, he told me the story of another missionary whose activities bore fruit in a roundabout way.

She had loved the beauty of Africa from the first day she had stepped ashore at Tani, and before a week had passed she was uprooting jungle vines and shrubs and planting them around her personal dukas.

"We warned her," Dr. Early said, "that the shrubs would make an excellent hiding place for snakes and centipedes and scorpions, that the vines on her roof would hasten the rotting of the thatch, and then when it and the mud walls had to be renewed, her work would have to be destroyed. She replied that we had blinded ourselves to the beauty all about us.

"Well, Mother Nature is a wonderful teacher. We let her have her way, and I must say that in a matter of weeks her dukas became one of the prettiest sights I ever looked at. Here and there she had stuck orchid bulbs which blossomed into all colors of the rainbow. Above where she sat to sew on an afternoon was an almost unbelievable green flower with frilled petals and dark-brown polka dots down its throat.

"One day she was sitting there and two strange, stark-naked little pickinins came along. They sat down on her step and began to jabber. It was wonderful language practice for her. They never mentioned the flowers, and she was so intent on language and eventually saving their souls that she hadn't any thought for the orchids above her head either.

"Next day the urchins came back with their father, and only then she learned that what had fascinated them was an enormous spider in one of the orchids which the father killed for its eggs—a rare delicacy! She felt deflated, but as a result of the incident the children became converts."

Having told the story and drawn its analogy, Dr. Early continued his advice.

"Visit all the villages you can. Take your guns—if you can afford the ammunition. Jesus made his Galilean disciples fishers of men; that was only a local pattern, and it will bear variation to fit geography. After all, hungry men listen with their stomachs; you fill their stomachs, and then they'll listen with their minds and hearts."

So in the next few months I went on itinerary and learned to trek over all sorts of terrain. I learned to judge the temper of a village even before I entered it—friendly, curious, or hostile. I came to recognise the signs of something untoward in the air—a vague, intangible something which invariably went underground at my approach.

I accustomed myself to variations in dialect, lisps, grunts, and guttural clicks. I could tell, from the flowers among the vegetables in the native gardens, which villages had known the services of a missionary even in the remote past. I learned to take care of myself, alone with a handful of black men, in the depths of the jungle or on the sun-baked veld.

And I wrote Monsieur l'Administrateur a long letter telling him exactly what had happened on my first hippo hunt. There was no limit on hippos at that time; still I knew jungle gossip being what it is, that twenty-four hours had probably not passed after the first shot was fired before he knew everything, and I didn't want him to take me for a gun-crazy fool.

Please turn to page 71

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White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 70

MONSIEUR, as always, was the perfect gentleman. He was lavish in his praise of my marksmanship. Then he went on to say that he was granting me permission to shoot as many rogue elephants as devastated the shambas, as the native gardens are called, of my parishioners.

I knew that in such a case one tusk belonged to me as a bounty and the other to the Belgian Government. And at that time the value of a good tusk equalled a missionary's yearly salary.

Truly all things must work for good, however false a front circumstance draws over them at first appearance. For no sooner had my feeling of self-sufficiency returned and my sense of independence reasserted itself than word came that Dr. Charles Clyde and his nurse wife were on their way to Tani.

There was no suggestion in the letter from the Board that I should move on to a new field, but I knew that the time had come. Consequently I was not surprised when Dr. Early asked me if I would like to take Dr. Mary's place at N'zem.

"Of course I'll go," I answered. "But I can't take her place. No one ever could."

"No," he agreed. "But then, no one ever takes another person's place, not really. We just make a place for ourselves, and sometimes it's easier where others have been before us."

"When shall I go?" I asked.

"Whenever you like. Before or after Dr. Charles comes—it doesn't make much difference either way."

I waited for the new doctor. It seemed only right to divide up instruments and other equipment with him if he should be short of supplies. And, besides, I wanted to see the newcomers too.

It was fortunate that I did wait, for in that way I met John—L'loni, as we always called him, since most West Coast natives find "J" a difficult letter to enunciate. He was the trader Dr. Mary had told me about, and arrangements were made for me to travel to N'zem with him.

When Dr. Charles came, I laughed at his mountainous luggage, forgetting that I had been guilty of exactly the same thing. Among other odds and ends, he brought a galvanised iron bath tub, which we all looked at with wondering eyes, hoping desperately that sometime, somehow, we should be invited to bathe in it.

Just to sit down in that tub and feel soft, warm, perhaps even perfumed, water lapping about our tummies suddenly seemed the most enticing experience imaginable.

We never knew that luxury, however. Only a few days after Dr. Charles set up the tub in his bathing dukas—with a most ingenious arrangement of plumbing contrived from joints of bamboo—his wife found a snake coiled up in the bottom of it one morning, and in her efforts to kill it with a club she knocked apart every seam in the tub.

Madame Doctor — as Monsieur l'Administrateur first called her and then we all took it up—was a beautiful woman, tall, slender, with big brown eyes and long copper-colored hair. Not only was she an excellent nurse, with specialised training in obstetrics; she was something of a linguist too, and took to Hausa like a honey bird to a bee tree.

Dr. Charles brought an operating table with him, and as I helped him wheel it into the largest hut I was suddenly and overwhelmingly embarrassed at the size of my hospital huts and the poverty of my appointments. Dr. Charles, however, made me feel that I had done wonders in less than two years' time.

I really had, but he couldn't know that; it was nothing but innate grace of personality on his part. He told me he was sorry I was leaving and I found myself wishing that Dr. Early and I had not been so definite in our arrangements about N'zem.

When John, or L'loni, reached Tani, I was packed and ready to leave with him. He and his bearers knew the way to N'zem perfectly; they had been welcomed in every intervening village numberless times. He would carry responsibility for me and my porters on this trip and vouch for me to the headman in N'zem.

I had felt silly at the thought of travel in a tipoye, and had told Dr. Early quite definitely that I did not want one. The idea of a grown woman lolling in a hammock chair carried by four men—nonsense! But L'loni insisted that I have not only a tipoye, but a bush car as well.

A bush car is an adult's tricycle, with a chair for a seat. It is light, fairly speedy—for the Dark Continent, that is—narrow enough for the game trails which usually serve as paths, and sturdy enough to take the stones and branches and other debris underfoot as no bicycle could.

In the years ahead, bush car and tipoye pro-ed invaluable as savers of time and energy, but together they set me back almost a year's salary. Small wonder most missionaries trek on their own two feet!

The first day in the topoye my helplessly dangling feet annoyed me. That evening I complained, and the next morning L'loni fixed a bamboo footrest that was a great comfort. L'loni was like that; not a ladies' man, but thoughtful as one's own brother. I asked him if he had a wife, and he gave me that quick, startled look of a bachelor at a leap-year party.

I SAID hastily, "I'm not a designing female. It's just that I think you'd make some woman an awfully good husband."

"Why have you never married?" L'loni countered.

"Oh, I was too busy helping to bring -p my brothers and sisters, I guess."

"Now, spiritually at least, you're going to wash and comb the heathen?" he queried lightly.

I ignored the gentle mockery.

"I guess I came to Africa because I'm one of those people who has to work for others," I defended myself. "Back in the United States there's nothing I could do that a thousand others can't do, perhaps better than I. Here the need is so great that a thousand workers are only a drop in the bucket."

He didn't needle me about my profession, but I know he felt slightly contemptuous of the men, and women too, in mission stations. It came out in little ways, like the time we were discussing native polygamy.

"A tribeswoman, if she is a first wife, from the day of her marriage begins insisting that her husband take a second wife. Not only is a sister wife company, but she halves the labor of the kraal. If the man is too poor to buy a second woman, his wife will work like a dog to earn her sister wife for him. You white missionaries would be amazed to know how often you're pitied."

He grinned engagingly. "You, for instance. As long as you're in Africa your black neighbors will wonder why your parents couldn't dispose of you to some man. Their gossip will centre around two possibilities: either as a girl you displayed such temper that no man thought he could beat you into submission or you have some hidden disease or deformity."

L'loni's stock in trade as a travelling merchant was composed almost entirely of Africa's greatest necessity: salt. No ten-cent-store trash. No liquor. When I questioned him about this, he parried with, "You don't approve of the travelling saloons, do you?"

He traded his salt for groundnuts, kola nuts, ivory, and strips of the cloth which the men of the villages weave, using their big toes as weights and loom. All this in turn he sold to the Government agents on the coast. He made a good profit; even I could see that.

"How much?" I demanded one day, when he had just concluded a bargain with a village chief.

He answered without a second's hesitation, "Around eight hundred per cent."

For a moment he looked embarrassed and then added: "But after all, you see I like old M'fooloo. He and I have been friends for a long time. He used to be a gun-bearer of mine before his father died and he was called back to his village to become chief."

"Eight hundred per cent!" I gasped.

"I normally aim at somewhere between twelve and sixteen hundred," he went on casually.

"You robber!" I burst out.

"How many times have you edged up toward a sermon on polygamy?" he accused, his eyes twinkling. "I'm a more effective missionary than you are. I just take the old boys' merchandise and they haven't anything left with which to buy more women."

"L'loni, you're quibbling. You're—you're making a mockery of religion," I chided.

The mirth died out of his eyes and he gave me a long and searching glance before he leaned over and laid a hand on my arm.

"Listen, Ellen," he began. "I grew up in a good home. Family prayers, Sunday school, I was confirmed, and all that. Until I came to Africa I was just an ordinary Christian. Gave a little to the Church — not enough, but a little.

"Twice in my life I have felt the need of spiritual guidance from another human being. Each time I went to preachers to whom I felt I had a right to go. Both men listened to me; I'll say at least that much for them. One had nothing to give; he was learned, but not intelligent—and spiritually poverty-stricken.

"The other? I don't know; he was just evasive and—and platitudinous. I think that financially and socially he felt insecure and it irritated him. Ordinarily he covered it up with an exaggerated camaraderie, but it was always there, just underneath the skin. And when someone who had all the things he lacked asked help of him, it broke through."

Please turn to page 72

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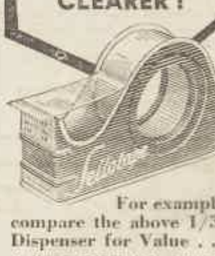

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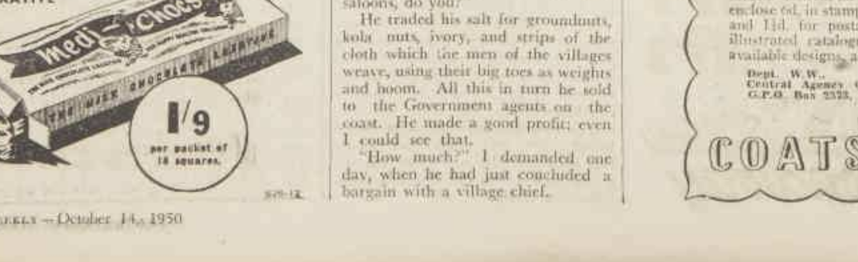

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THIS young gentleman is Richard French of Largs Bay, S.A. Richard's idea of a quiet day at home involves scaling the highest available fences and contriving ways and means to climb the roof of the woodshed, a feat which he mastered recently to mark his second birthday. Richard's mother regards his adventurous spirit with some concern but says, "He's wonderfully healthy and inexhaustibly energetic. He has Vegemite every day and loves it. I do feel Vegemite has been largely responsible for his health." Vegemite is the yeast extract that's nearly three times richer in Vitamin B_1 than other similar extracts. It's more economical, tastier too, and it contains **no starch.**

VO2A

White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 71

L'LONI shrugged. "Most laymen have experiences like these, and it embitters a lot of them and drives them away from the Church. I felt some of that too. I was young and I had still to learn—Well, the Hausas have an old proverb that puts it in a nutshell: 'You can take your troubles to others, but you can't leave them there.'"

We both laughed shortly and for no reason, the way people do when they are embarrassed by life in general.

Under L'loni's guidance, I saw another Africa which up until that time had been hidden from me. Any newcomer to the Dark Continent is amazed at the size and profusion of the flowers which are rare and costly in the florists' shops at home—or completely unknown there.

L'loni showed me lilies eighteen inches to two feet across, lobelias twenty feet high, tree-sized heather, and other giants too numerous to mention, and he called my attention to other extremes—blossoms so tiny that in the distance they merely looked like colored dust beside the path or a fungus growth on the bark of the trees.

He showed me plants that thrust greyish-green spars through the leaf mould and burst into bloom as I sat and looked at them.

"Butterflies!" I exclaimed. "I never saw so many. Why do they settle on just those little grey trees?"

"I don't know," L'loni answered. "A couple of scientists came out here a few years ago just to study butterflies, and even they couldn't tell why the butterflies choose this particular kind of tree for a roost. At first they thought the butterfly drank the sap, but they couldn't find any scars on the bark of the tree, and the tree is never injured unless a small limb cracks or breaks off entirely from the weight."

"Broken down by butterflies," I laughed. I've seen such trees many times since and I never cease to wonder about them.

We had a stretch of about fifty miles of grassland to cover before reaching N'zem, and in the last village before starting across it, we picked up a boy with a purely African profession—a dew drier, Y'Ro by name.

I had never heard of such an occupation, but then I had never seen the great grasslands before. I had supposed that crossing these would be the simplest and perhaps pleasantest part of our journey. It turned out to be the most difficult, and utterly monotonous.

For four days of steady slogging along, we forced our way through elephant grass which towered from six to ten feet above our heads, and the growth was as rank as that of any canebrake. We followed a combination human path and game trail, and on more than one occasion I was desperately certain we had lost it as we passed through a green tunnel no wider than a man's breadth.

AT night we simply wrapped ourselves in our blankets and lay down where he had been standing—and I, at least, prayed that no elephant or rhinoceros would blunder along upon us. No hot water, no fire, no cooked food.

"Thank heaven the grass is still green and growing," L'loni told me once. "When it is dry, fires spring up and very few of the creatures caught on the game trails escape."

"It must be terrible," I ventured. "And no way of fighting it."

"Fighting it!" my companion laughed. "The natives set the fires. If this forest of dead giant grass weren't removed, the new shoots springing up would be lost. As it is, they burn it, and the whole plain lies scorched and black until the first rain. Then, within a week, this is the prettiest meadow in the world, with game crowding each other, shoulder to shoulder."

"When will the rains come?" I asked.

"Oh, two and a half to three months." L'loni shot a quick glance at me. "We're in no danger—of fire. I wouldn't have taken this short cut had we been."

Mornings we arose with the false dawn; crossing these grasslands was the only place we hurried. Even so, we travelled the last day without water. Thirst is always difficult to endure; those last few hours, tramping along steadily through absolutely still air, were torture.

But in one way there was water, too much for the first hour or two of trekking; that is why the men themselves hired Y'Ro. In the early dawn the elephant grass was wet with dew, which showered off at the slightest touch, drenching and chilling whatever passed along the trail.

It was Y'Ro's job to go ahead of the porters, and to fling out his arms and feet, beating and kicking every stalk of grass so there would be little or none of the icy dew left to fall on the porters. The child himself was drenched in ten seconds, and for the next hour and a half he endured that icy shower bath. I protested to L'loni that it was cruelty, and torture, to a child.

L'loni laughed at me. "Don't let Y'Ro hear you call him a child. He's been through the tribal initiation rites, and he and his people look upon him as a man now. Anyway, he took the job so he could earn enough money to buy his first wife."

"Heavens!" I gasped. "How old is he? He doesn't look a day over twelve."

L'loni shrugged. What tribesman knows his age? Or thinks such a detail important?

"There are boys in his village younger than he who already have women in their kraals. But they are sons of men of substance. Y'Ro has to earn the purchase price of his first woman himself. His first wife will be an old woman, the discard from some rich man's herd. She in turn will earn him a second wife—that is, if he ever gets the first wife." And again L'loni laughed.

Poor Y'Ro! The porters paid him well, and he was a good workman, but he was an inveterate gambler. Each evening the porters paid him for that day's services, and nightly, before he wrapped himself in the blanket that L'loni lent him for the trip, he produced a set of monkey's knuckles and proceeded to lose every sou back to his erstwhile employers.

I tried to take the child to task, but he merely grinned at me.

"He's an idiot," I exclaimed impatiently.

"He doesn't understand what you're saying," L'loni answered.

"He's not deaf," I protested, "and my Hausa—it may not be perfect, but it's passed before."

"He doesn't speak Hausa," L'loni explained.

"What!"

As I stared at my companion, I remembered that for days he had been using pidgin English, and that I too was picking up the polyglot tongue. And at the same time I had continued to feel uncomfortable about my Hausa; I had been told that it was the lingua franca of the native population of the West Coast.

"You're well beyond coastal territory now," L'loni remarked as though reading my mind.

"What language do they speak at N'zem?"

"Luobolanga."

I thought of the months at Tani when I had tried to diagnose and treat patients intelligently in spite of the drawback of an interpreter. Now again I had no tongue, no ears.

"You'll get along," L'loni assured me. "I'll get you a teacher. Learning the language will slow you up a little, but in the end you may make more haste by a little less speed in the beginning."

I laughed, but I had no illusions about the brutally difficult labor ahead of me.

The last night before we reached N'zem, L'loni asked me to marry him.

To be continued

Beach wear from Paris

PARIS, determined to swing popular favor from the skimpy, home-made French swimsuit, has launched a new set of beach fashions for summer.

Bathing costumes range from tight-fitting, long-legged confections to strapless, one-piece models in jersey.

But the garments that bear the stamp of real Paris imagination are the sunsuits and sports clothes that you wear to and from the beach.

They have adapted pirates' clothes into eye-catching corsair trousers, and modified the short coats of Robin Hood's men.

You'll see two pages of these and other beach fashions in full color in A.M. for October, now on sale. A.M. is the magazine that has something for everybody. Get your copy today. Price is 1/-.

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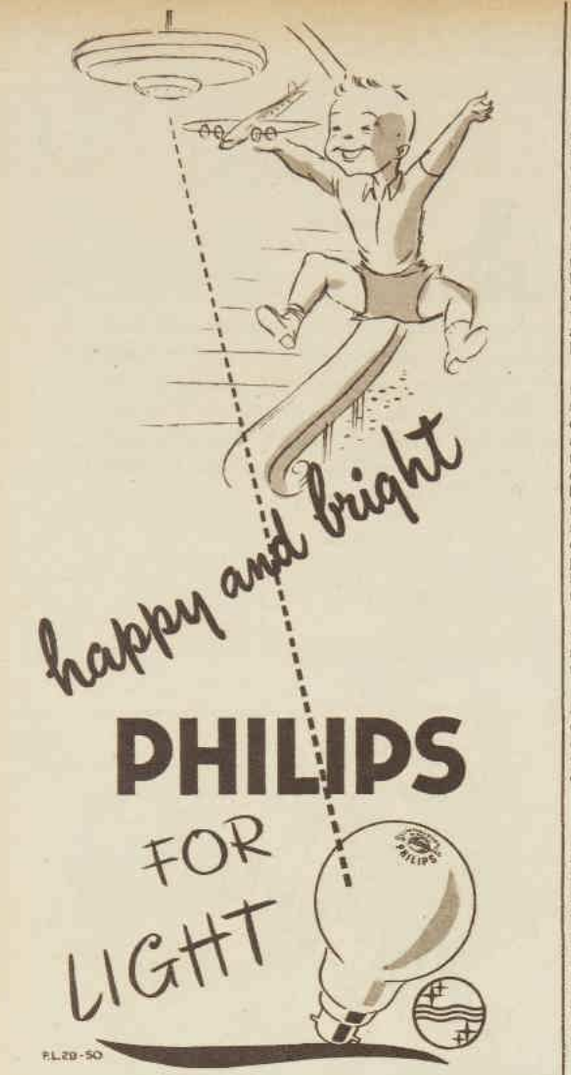

A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 59

NEXT came a little shop with a battery of four home laundries; then the greengrocer's shop, which sold seeds and garden implements as well as fruit and vegetables; and after that the dress shop.

This was quite big place, with counters and dummys clothed in summer frocks, and I was interested to see a small, secluded part served by a middle-aged woman where the elderly could buy the clothes they were accustomed to, black skirts and flannel petticoats, and coarse kitchen aprons.

She took me across the road and showed me the cinema and the swimming pool. It was quite a hot day, and by that time I had had about enough, so she took me to the ice-cream parlor and we had a cool drink there. She had some business to attend to, and she left me there for half an hour, and I sat watching the people as they came into the parlor, or as they passed on the sidewalk. There were far more women than men. All of them seemed to be pretty.

Jean came back presently, and sat with me in the parlor. "What comes next?" I asked. "Is there any end to this?"

She laughed and touched my hand. "No end," she said. "I keep on badgering you for more money, don't I? As a matter of fact, I think I can start the next one out of the profits."

"What's that one going to be?"

"A self - serve grocer's shop," she replied. "A really good grocer's shop selling good, varied food as cheap as we can possibly get it. And then, as soon as I can start it, we must have a household store."

The following week I flew down to Brisbane with Joe Harman, picking up his solicitor in Cairns. We had a conference with the Land Administration Board, and I was also in communication with the solicitors for Mrs. Spears over the option agreement for the final purchase of Midhurst; all this kept me busy in Brisbane for nearly a fortnight.

I went back to Willstown with Joe and stayed another week with them, not because there was any reason why I should do so, but for an old man's sentiment. I sat on the verandah with Jean, talking at length, studying her drawing of the layout of the self-service grocery.

I asked her once if she would be coming back to England for a holiday. She hesitated, and then said gently, "Not for a bit, Noel. Joe and I want to take a holiday next year, but we've been planning to go to America."

Jean touched me very much one evening by suggesting that I stay out there and make my home with them.

"You've nothing to go back to England for, Noel," she said. "You're practically retired now. Why not give up Chancery Lane, give up London, and stay here with us? You know we'd love to have you."

It was impossible, of course; the old have their place and the young have theirs.

"That's very kind of you," I said. "I wish I could. But I've got sons and grandchildren, you know. Harry will be coming home next year, and we're all hoping that he'll get a shore appointment. He's due for a term of duty at the Admiralty, I think."

She said, "I'm sorry, for our sake. Joe and I talked this over, and we hoped we'd be able to get you to stay with us for a long time. Make your home here with us."

I said quietly, "That was a very kind thought, Jean, but I must go back."

They drove me to the aeroplane, of course, to see me off. Leave-takings are stupid things and best forgotten about as quickly as possible. I cannot even remember what she said, and it is not important, anyway.

I can only remember a great thankfulness that the plane on that service didn't carry a stewardess so that nobody could see my face as we circled after taking off to get on course, and I saw the new buildings and bright roofs of that Gulf town for the last time.

It is winter now, and it is nearly three months since I have been able to get out to the office or the club. My daughter-in-law Eve, Martin's wife, has been organising me; it was she who insisted that I should engage this nurse to sleep in the flat. They wanted me to go into some sort of nursing home; but I won't do that.

I have spent the winter writing down this story; I suppose because an old man loves to dwell upon the past, and this is my own form of the foible. And, having finished it, it seems to me that I have been mixed up in things far greater than I realised at the time.

It is no small matter to assist in the birth of a new city, and as I sit here looking out into the London mists, I sometimes wonder just what it is that Jean has done; if any of us realise, even yet, the importance of her achievement.

I wrote to her the other day and told her a queer thought that came into my head. Her money came originally from the goldfields of Halls Creek, in Western Australia, where James Macfadden made it in the last years of the last century.

I suppose Halls Creek is derelict now, and I think it is fitting that the gold that has been taken from those places should come back to them again in capital to make them prosperous.

When I thought of that, it seemed to me that I had done the right thing with her money and that James Macfadden would have approved, although I had run contrary to the strict intentions of his son's will. After all, it was James who made the money and took it away to England from a place like Willstown. I think he would have liked it when his great-niece took it back again.

I suppose it is because I have lived rather a restricted life myself that I have found so much enjoyment in remembering what I have learned in these last years about brave people and strange scenes.

I have sat here day after day this winter, sleeping a good deal in my chair, hardly knowing if I was in London or the Gulf country, dreaming of the blazing sunshine, of poddy dodging and black stockriders, of Cairns and of Green Island. Of a girl that I met forty years too late, and of her life in that small town that I shall never see again, that holds so much of my affection.

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The Innocent Daredevils

Continued from page 9

AFTER collecting some stones I tried to draw him off by throwing them at him, but it didn't do any good. Not even the time I hit him, which perhaps I shouldn't have.

Finally Charlie had to say, "I think you'd better get Old Man Jones." I know that hurt him, because Charlie likes to get out of things without any help from anyone. But it was a sensible idea, so I went around the paddock and up to the barn the long way, but I couldn't find Old Man Jones anywhere. His car was gone, too, and there was just no telling when he'd be getting home again.

When I got back with my information the situation was about the same as before. Except that Charlie and Sis had got tired of doing nothing, and were busy dropping apples again. They were having a contest to see which would be the first one to stick an apple on one of the bull's horns. They weren't having any luck, but in that sort of game it doesn't matter much about results because you get them either way.

I told them the news, and added, "Now what?"

Sis suggested that I should go down to the far end of the paddock and kick up a row, trying to make the bull go down there and investigate me. Which I did, but it didn't work. I hollered and yelled and climbed on the fence and made faces and threw things, and for a while the bull looked interested. But he seemed to know where his bread was really buttered, and finally he lay down a little way from the tree. So I went back to talk things over some more.

Finally we all had to agree that there was no solution except to have me go home and get Dad. Under the circumstances that were prevailing at the house, it was not what any of us most wanted to do, but sometimes in this life you have to do things that are hardly even second best. So I went.

Dad and Mum were sitting very peacefully on the verandah, but they got unpeaceful as soon as I told them the good news. Then we were all three of us in the car and whirling down the road to Old Man Jones' driveway. I realised that perhaps Mum could use a little cheering up, so I told her there was nothing to worry about.

"Oh, nothing whatever," she said, even if her tone was odd.

"That's right," I said. "The bull can't get at them while they're up that tree. Besides, he's probably tame, Old Man Jones says."

"You don't suppose that Sis might be scared to death?" Mum asked, still with some of that iron in her voice.

"What's there to be scared of?" I said. "She's having a good time dropping apples on his head."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Mum, and then we swung into Jones' road and went speeding down to the edge of the paddock and stopped by the gate.

The middle of the paddock was just about the way I had last seen it. That big old bull was still lying there, chewing things over and pretty much in charge of affairs. And Charlie and Sis were still enjoying themselves, except I think they had run out of apples. They waved to us.

"The poor kids," Mum said.

"Get out of the car," Dad said, without any "please." "Open the gate," he went on to me, "and shut it after me. But be ready to open it quick when I get back."

So I did, and he went bouncing over the paddock. I was wondering what it would be like when Dad's irresistible force met the bull's immovable object, but nothing really happened at all. The bull just got out of there and watched things unhappily from a little distance off, and Dad loaded the kids in, and bounced away. The bull didn't even follow the car to the gate, which was an item that I had been wondering about slightly.

So we simply had a family reunion and drove back home. It was all very tame and disappointing, which is also my present opinion about the bull.

That is, it was tame and disappointing to me. Apparently it wasn't to Mum. She held Sis on her lap all the way home, in spite of the fact that there was plenty of room for all of us in the car without that cuddling business. She kept asking Sis questions, too, about her state of mind while she was up the tree with the bull wandering around below, but of course it turned out that Sis had been having a good time and would like to do it over again.

Nobody asked me how I felt. And I was the one who got left out of the fun and had to do all the work. All too often that is the way things go in this world.

WHEN lunch was over, Dad had a word with Charlie and me. He took us out on the front lawn and said, "Look. Let it penetrate your minds that your mother isn't strong yet. Now I haven't the remotest idea what you have in your heads for this afternoon, and just possibly you don't either. But I would urge you not to kill your sister, and preferably not even kill yourselves."

"Yes, Dad," said Charlie and I.

Dad has a queer way of talking lots of times, but Charlie and I know the language. Dad was telling us that if we knew what was good for us we would keep ourselves out of a mess for the rest of the day at least.

In fact, when the three of us got our heads together a little later on, it was our opinion that we had already messed up the holidays, in spite of our best efforts. We would not have been surprised if Mum had taken off to the seashore alone the very next morning.

We moped around near the house until it began to be clear that this kind of behaviour might bother Dad and Mum. Then we went out back, and Charlie and I actually turned the rope for a while, so Sis could jump. But that didn't really interest even Sis, so we stopped that and wandered off before things got so bad that somebody might think about us cutting the grass.

We took the rope with us, in case we might need it, and we went off to the old abandoned quarry. It's about a mile from home, but sometimes we go there when things are slow.

I remember a time when I nearly fell down the steep wall where it's a hundred feet straight up and down; we were climbing it, and, luckily, Charlie reached out his hand to me from where he had made the top. Lots of the old rusted machinery is still lying around in the quarry, and there's one little car on some rails that looks more promising than it actually is, because the wheels are so rusted they won't turn.

Please turn to page 77

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The Innocent Daredevils

Continued from page 76

WELL, we came out at the top of the quarry and sat down on the edge with our legs dangling over, wondering whether we hadn't wasted our time walking there, because, as I said, the place looks full of more possibilities than it actually is. Finally we went down and played around in the fallen rocks, but that wore out after a while. And then, unfortunately, we remembered that we had brought the rope.

I say "unfortunately" now, looking back. At the time, it seemed like a stroke of genius. Because we had never been mountain climbing before, and we knew that mountain climbers always use a rope.

The unfortunate part began about an hour after we had first become mountain climbers, with Charlie tied to the front of the rope, Sis in the middle, and me at the end. We had been scrabbling around all over that quarry, and we had discovered why climbers use ropes. They're very handy things to keep you from falling down steep places.

Well, there was one place we just couldn't reach. That was a little ledge halfway up the tallest part of the cliff. Or halfway down. It depends on how you look at it, and we looked at it both ways. We also tried it both ways, but we didn't have any luck.

"I hate to have that ledge beat me," Charlie said finally.

"Maybe we can get it next year, when we're bigger," I said. I dabbed some blood off my shin, where I had slipped that time I had learned how handy a rope is.

"We're going to get there this year," Charlie said. "This afternoon, in fact."

"Probably we're going to fly?" I asked him.

That was a mistake, because if he'd been let alone Charlie might have forgotten the idea. But not after I had opened my big mouth.

"No, we're not going to fly," he explained, and I knew from his eyes that we were in for it. "We're going to be lowered down to that ledge. That is, you and Sis are going to lower me."

"Then I probably lower Sis," I said. "But who lowers me?"

He thought about that one for a while. Then he said, "Look. If we can get one down there, then it stands to reason we could get all of us there if we took turns long enough. So there isn't much sense going to all that bother. You two lower me, and that counts for all of us."

"I'm lighter," I pointed out. "It would be better to lower me."

"And I'm the lightest yet," Sis said.

So we argued that one for a while, until finally we had to draw straws, and Sis won. So we tied the rope under Sis' arms and fixed the other end of it around a tree and let her go. It was no trouble at all, and we landed her smack in the middle of the ledge. Then the unfortunate thing really happened.

Charlie and I were lying there on the rocks on our stomachs with our heads over the edge, looking perhaps a bit jealously at where Sis was enjoying herself down below, when the rope went hissing over the edge of the cliff like a snake in a considerable hurry.

For a while, neither Charlie nor I said anything. For that matter, neither did Sis. She just sat there on the ledge, dangling the loose rope from her hands as if she was fishing, and then she said, "That was very nice."

Which broke the silence, so that Charlie and I began to go to work on each other.

"Why didn't you watch what you were doing?" he said to me.

"This was your idea," I reminded him. "So, naturally, I thought you had hold of the rope."

We kept on with that sort of thing for a while, but it certainly didn't get Sis off the ledge. She said it wasn't a very big ledge, and that she had used up all its possibilities, and that she was getting uncomfortable. So we tried to think of ways to get her down or up, but every one of the ways involved a trip home.

For a ladder, I mean. Or for another rope, or—the way we finally decided on—for a piece of string to lower to Sis, so she could tie the end of her rope to it, and we would pull that up, and then we would go to work on her.

"And you are going after the string," I told Charlie, quick before he could get the words out.

Naturally, we argued that for a while, and Charlie didn't have a leg to stand on. But Charlie doesn't need a leg to stand on when he is arguing, so Sis finally had to holler up to us.

"Draw straws!" she shouted. "I don't want to stay here all night! I don't even want to stay here much longer!"

So we drew straws, and I was the unlucky one. Quite often, as I may have said before, that is the way things go.

I ran most of the way, and I busted into the tool-house for the long piece of garden string we keep there, and in the tool-house I ran right into Dad and Mum. They were looking at an old lawn chair that Dad for a long time had been talking about fixing.

"If I jump six of your checkers, can I still be your steady girl-friend?"

"Well," said Dad, looking down at the cut on my leg. "I see that you've been having a good time."

"Yes, Dad," I said.

But I must have said it in the wrong tone of voice, or maybe I fidgeted, or maybe Dad just happened to ask me one of those lucky questions that parents do at times. Anyway, for some reason he said, "And where are your little running mates?"

"Oh, down there," I said, waving my hand in a vague sort of way. I looked over at the ball of garden string and did some strong hoping.

But there are times when parents are pretty sharp. Perhaps it is just because they have learned to go around being suspicious. In any case, Dad put the finger on me.

"Charlie and Sis," he said. "Where are they?"

"Down at the quarry," I had to say as I examined the floor.

So in a few minutes they got it out of me, and it wasn't long before we were in the car again, tearing down the road with the big extension ladder tied to the running boards. Dad was really making the car go, and Mum was leaning forward in the seat to help him.

"She's all right," I finally said. "She's probably having a good time."

But I wasn't able to start a conversation, and so I had to let it go at that.

Dad whipped the car into the old driveway at the opening of the quarry and ran it up through the broken boulders as far as it would go. Then he stopped it quick, jumped out and looked up the cliff.

Sis waved down to him from where she was perched on her ledge and up at the top I saw Charlie duck back out of sight. Then Dad took the ladder off the car, and Mum got out to look at Sis. I was thinking that Sis looked awfully small way up there, and I guess that Mum did too.

"She's so little," she kind of whispered. She stood by the car a second or two with her hands held tight together in front of her, and then she started running over to the cliff.

Dad got the ladder up faster than I would have thought was possible, and it just reached—it is the forty-foot variety. Then he scrambled up the thing very quickly for a person his age, and he rescued Sis very neatly.

Mum was waiting at the bottom when they got there. She put out her arms and picked Sis off the ladder.

"Hello," said Sis.

"Hello," Mum said, and held Sis very tightly.

Then the three of us walked back to the car, leaving Dad to wrestle with the ladder.

When we got there, Charlie was just coming up the old driveway, having made his way down from the top of the quarry. He did not look happy.

"Well, I guess that ends it," he said.

"Ends what?" Mum asked.

"Ends any ideas about a family holiday," Charlie said. "Well, you can't say we didn't try."

"Would you mind translating?" Mum asked him.

So Charlie did, because parents quite often do not understand. "About the holidays," he said patiently. "You know. First you go off alone for two weeks, and then Dad does. But we never go."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," Mum said, who very clearly didn't.

"What you said this morning," Charlie explained, more patiently still. "About us kids not letting you get any rest, so you were going away alone."

"But we tried," I put in. "We tried like the dickens not to be any trouble to-day. But somehow or other——"

Then Mum seemed to understand, and she smiled. Only it was a funny smile, with water in her eyes, which is a curious combination. "Charlie," she said, and the word made a curious sound, "do you think we would ever do anything like that?"

Charlie and Sis and I looked at her, each of us obviously trying to work out this latest inconsistency of parents.

"Get into the car," Mum said, because Dad was coming up with the ladder. "And let's not hear any more of that silly talk. Do you think I'd let you out of my sight for two whole weeks? Why, I'd be on pins and needles all the time. The suspense of wondering what you were up to would kill me."

So we got into the car, with me thinking that this business of having things foul up on you unexpectedly sometimes works two ways, one of the ways being good. And I guess that Charlie could hardly believe it either, because he asked, "You mean we're going to take our holidays together, the way we always have?"

It sounded as though he wanted to get things finally straight.

"Of course we are," Mum told him. "How else would the five of us do anything but family style?"

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Mother gained independence for herself and son

By KAY MELAUN, staff reporter

This is the story of a mother who was aware of the dangers of robbing her only child of independence by attaching him too strongly to herself.

She set out to make him stand on his own feet when they were very small indeed, and schooled herself to be as unpossessive as is possible to the mother of an only boy.

PROTECTIVENESS of a mother for her only son is admirable when he is as young as this. Unhappiness results if she carries the attitude into his maturity.

WHEN she was 40, this mother turned the training on herself by tackling a career to make herself independent. This was to ensure that her son would never have to feel duty-bound, financially and psychologically, to repay her devotion and self-sacrifice.

We have called her Mrs. Katherine Spode. It is not her real name. She is so well known to-day that in giving the story of her plan for "two-way independence" she asked that her identity be hidden to save embarrassment.

Mrs. Spode acknowledged that no two mothers have the same ideas on how to bring up a child. She put forward her own view, admitting that it is not necessarily the right one in all cases. Many mothers will find her methods astonishing. Some will feel they are not practical.

We present them as a most interesting example of a mother's wholehearted effort to do the best for her child according to her own theories.

Mrs. Spode's son is now in his mid-twenties. After he was born, when she learned he would be her only child, she determined not to be a doting mother.

"The day John was seven I decided he wasn't a baby any longer but a little man who should be turned over to his father," she said.

"I don't mean that I made any dramatic announcement to that effect. It was a silent decision.

"John never knew he was being surrendered. That would have ruined it. He would have thought he was being abandoned. On the other hand, my husband would have thought me mad.

"I was apprehensive because he seemed such a very little chap. But I clung to the conviction that children have the two qualities of dignity and confidence, if only their parents — especially their mothers—will let them.

"Their dignity is shattered if they are over-protected. Their confidence never develops unless they are really trusted.

"I forced myself to let my protectiveness stop short of fuss. I trusted him with such things as letting him get his own hat and remembering to take a clean hankie every morning to school.

"I didn't trail after him clucking: 'Now, darling, you will take your hat, won't you? You won't forget your hankie.'

"Similarly as he grew older I didn't remind him of his coaching lesson or any other appointments. He was told the days and the times, and if he missed them he had to do his own explaining and take the consequences himself.

"Then John had to learn to handle money. He could spend his allowance as he liked—and no questions asked. When he got into difficulties it was his father's job to thrash the matter out with him.

"Some parents make their children account for their pocket money, believing that they can guide them into sensible spending. They may be right.

"But my belief was that once John had his money, it was his own to experiment with. I can't tell you exactly how much money he earns now. He's over 21 and it's no business of mine what his salary is."

Mrs. Spode explained that by "turning her son over to his father" she meant simply that in a father-mother-son relationship, she feels father and son "hang together" in shared male interests.

"A woman who gets jealous and butts in when her son turns to his father on some questions sets up a triangle in the home. And that's the finish!

"Why grudge them their essentially masculine interests?" she asked. "Why feel hurt or think you're being left out? Why not enjoy the harmony between them?"

Mrs. Spode said she took a job when John was growing up, partly for economic reasons, partly because she didn't want him to suffer the financial and moral obligations children feel towards parents who have made sacrifices to give them a good education and training.

"Children know they fill a place in the home no one else can, and that when they leave, they leave a big gap.

"Most of them will travel or leave home sooner or later, whether they fight against the natural inclination to do so or not.

"They will find their own way in the world more happily—and will come home more readily — if they feel that their parents are adequate people capable of standing up to the loss and replacing them with other interests."

Mrs. Spode's husband died towards the end of the war. He left little money.

"John had nearly finished school," she said. "I was faced with the problem of becoming a 'poor old mother' hobbling him for life, especially when the time came for him to marry and set up his own home.

"I put aside most of what I had for John's education. With the rest I trained myself for a job.

"This means that I am independent of my son and he of me.

"He needn't feel any economic or moral obligation to stay home and comfort me.

"If he does stay, that will mean so much more happiness in my life. But if he wants to go, he is free to do so, knowing that I have my own resources.

"I may have made many mistakes in rearing my one boy. But at least I have avoided the near-crime of being a possessive mother."

THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK . . .

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

DO babies have to cry? That's a question for which the late Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich has provided some interesting answers. Worried by the amount of crying he noticed in hospital nurseries, he experimented with more nursing care and found that crying could be cut by 50 per cent.

As most parents know, babies cry for good and sufficient reasons. Hunger, thirst, the prick of a pin, wetness, heat or cold are the most common. In the past doctors sometimes advised parents to let children cry for fear they might become spoiled. But that theory is pretty well extinct to-day. As Dr. Aldrich pointed out, adult patients only have to ring a bell and immediately they receive a nurse's attention. Crying is the baby's method of ringing.

Later Dr. Aldrich extended his studies to homes and found that more attention from parents cut amount of crying. Mothers who co-operated in the study were urged to adjust the feeding schedule to the child, not the child to the feeding schedule.

"I'm not cross—I'm hungry!"

He suggested, too, that even when there appeared no cause for the infant's crying that it was a good idea to pick the child up and soothe him.

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Illustrated: Shredded Maxam cheese over cooked cauliflower with white sauce, hard boiled eggs, Maxam slices, radishes, gherkins and parsley.

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Illustrated: Cheese, bacon and tomato sandwich, toasted, with toasted cheese on top. Plus salad trimmings.

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SHORTCAKE Treats

★ ★ ★ By OUR COOKERY EXPERTS ★ ★ ★

SWEET and savory shortcakes, fast becoming as popular in Australia as they are in America, are simple to make and provide a very welcome change in the menu.

For savory shortcakes, use a rich, unsweetened scone dough. This is made with an increased amount of shortening, usually 3oz. shortening to each ½lb. flour. A beaten egg is also added.

The same rich scone dough, with the addition of sugar (2 tablespoons to each ½lb. flour), is frequently used as the basis of sweet shortcakes, particularly when these are made individual serving size like the strawberry shortcakes illustrated on this page.

Waffles (for sweet or savory recipes), economical butter cakes, or sponges (for sweet types only) are sometimes labelled shortcakes. They are, under some circumstances, an acceptable and convenient substitute, but rich scone dough, sweetened or unsweetened, is the genuine shortcake mixture.

Shortcakes are served hot or cold, depending on the type of filling or flavoring. For example, peach meringue shortcake may be served as illustrated, with a layer of whipped cream covering the peach filling; or the shortcake may be assembled without the cream, and returned to a very moderate oven to reheat, and set and brown meringue on top.

Remember, all spoon measurements are level.

SHORTCAKES, sweet or savory, are satisfying dishes to include in menus for guest luncheons, buffet dinners, or cocktail parties. When you feel like pampering the family serve either of the sweet shortcakes illustrated, peach meringue or strawberry. The savory cocktail shortcake (top right) may be served piping hot (then without the cream cheese, of course) for week-end teas.

PEACH MERINGUE SHORTCAKE

Half cup shortening, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2-3rds cup milk, 4 extra level tablespoons sugar, butter, peaches, chopped walnuts.

Cream shortening and sugar with vanilla. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and baking powder alternately with milk. Bake in 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) for 25 minutes. Split, spread lower half with butter, and cover with sliced peaches. Make a meringue of egg-whites and extra sugar. Pile roughly on top of shortcake, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Return to very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Decorate with sliced peaches, place on other half of shortcake. Serve with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES

Two cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 3oz. shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, butter, strawberries, sweetened whipped cream.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Press or roll to ½in. thickness. Cut into 3in. rounds with floured cutter. Place on greased tray in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Split and butter each one. Fill and top with sugared halved strawberries and cream.

SAVORY COCKTAIL SHORTCAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons shortening, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise or white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 finely chopped shallot or ½ teaspoon grated onion, bacon rashers, 2 tomatoes, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 extra dessertspoon butter, pinch mustard, 1 teaspoon chopped chives, 3 tablespoons milk, cream cheese, parsley, cocktail onions, and radish roses.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a dough with beaten egg and milk. Press into greased loaf-tin, 8in. x 4in. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, split with sharp knife, making three slices. Mash hard-boiled eggs, mix with mayonnaise, butter, salt, pepper, and chopped shallot. Spread on bottom layer, place second layer on top. Cover second layer with sautéed bacon and sliced, skinned tomatoes. Stir cheese, butter, mustard, chives, and milk over very low heat until thick. Spoon over tomatoes. Place top layer on, coat with softened cream cheese. Garnish with parsley, cocktail onions, and radish roses.

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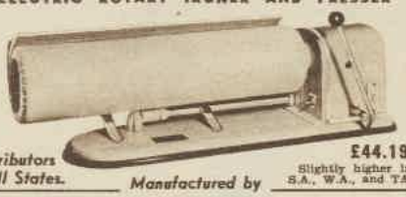

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APRICOT DE LUXE is a luscious dessert, simple to prepare and so good to eat. Serve with whipped sweetened cream, custard, or ice-cream. Recipe wins first prize of £5 this week.

Rich apricot dessert wins prize of £5

● A tempting dessert to add interest to warm weather menus wins this week's main prize of £5. Once the family have tried apricot de luxe they will list it with their most popular sweets.

CONSOLATION prizes this week are awarded to rabbit brawn and coffee cream napoleons. Each one of these recipes is interesting, slightly unusual, and rich in flavor.

Have you entered your favorite recipe in this popular contest? Each week handsome cash prizes are awarded to recipes sent in by enterprising readers. Attach your full name and address (including State) to each recipe, and write on one side of the paper only, in ink. Your entry may win you a prize!

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

APRICOT DE LUXE

Four ounces butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 7 whole cooked or tinned apricots, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 teaspoons butter, 3 dessertspoons brandy.

Cream butter with half the sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and baking powder. Fill into well-greased 8in. oven-proof dish or shallow cake-tin. Halve apricots, remove stones, press halves into mixture, cut side up. Place portion of butter and brandy in each apricot half. Mix orange rind with remaining sugar and sprinkle over top of pudding. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with whipped sweetened cream or substitute.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. J. Errey, 796 North Road, Ormond, S.E.15, Vic.

RABBIT BRAWN

One rabbit, 2 onions, ½ small turnip, 1 blade mace, 1 clove, 3 peppercorns, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 or 4 bacon rinds, 2 rashers fat bacon, ¼ pint tomato juice, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Wash rabbit, remove tail joint, soak half hour in salted water. Cut into joints, cover with tepid water. Add peeled onions, peeled and diced turnip, mace, peppercorns, salt, chopped bacon, and rinds. Cover and simmer gently until rabbit is tender, 1¼ to 1½ hours. Remove rabbit joints, onions, and bacon rinds. Cut meat from bones and mince; chop onions. Return bones to pan, add tomato juice, and boil 20 minutes, or until liquid is reduced to about half. Strain liquor (there should be approximately ½ pint) and mix with gelatine softened in cold water. Chopped bacon and turnip pieces may be mixed in if desired. Place half rabbit meat and onion in bottom of wetted mould, cover with a layer of sliced hard-boiled egg, then add remainder of meat and onion. Gently pour in rabbit stock and chill until set. Unmould and serve with lettuce and other salad ingredients.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Suthers, McLean Street, North Ipswich, Qld.

COFFEE CREAM NAPOLEONS

Three eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch of salt, 1 dessertspoon butter or other shortening, 2 tablespoons boiling water, ¼lb. puff pastry (bought or home made), ½ pint whipped cream or ¾ cup fluffy mock cream, coffee-flavored warm icing, chopped nuts to decorate.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly. Gradually add sugar and beat until mixture stands in peaks. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Melt butter in boiling water, add coffee essence; fold into mixture alternately with sifted flour and salt. Fill into well-greased lamington or Swiss roll tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425 deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Divide pastry into 2 portions, roll each one to a thin sheet, same size and shape as tin in which sponge was cooked. Place on inverted tin, bake in hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric) approximately 10 minutes, until crisp and lightly browned. Allow to become cold. Place one layer of pastry on greaseproof paper, spread with whipped cream. Place cold sponge on top, spread with balance of cream. Cover with balance of pastry. Prepare warm icing, flavor with coffee essence, spread over top. Top with chopped walnuts. When icing is set cut into finger lengths with sharp knife.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Tester, Colombatti Rail, via Kempsey, N.S.W.

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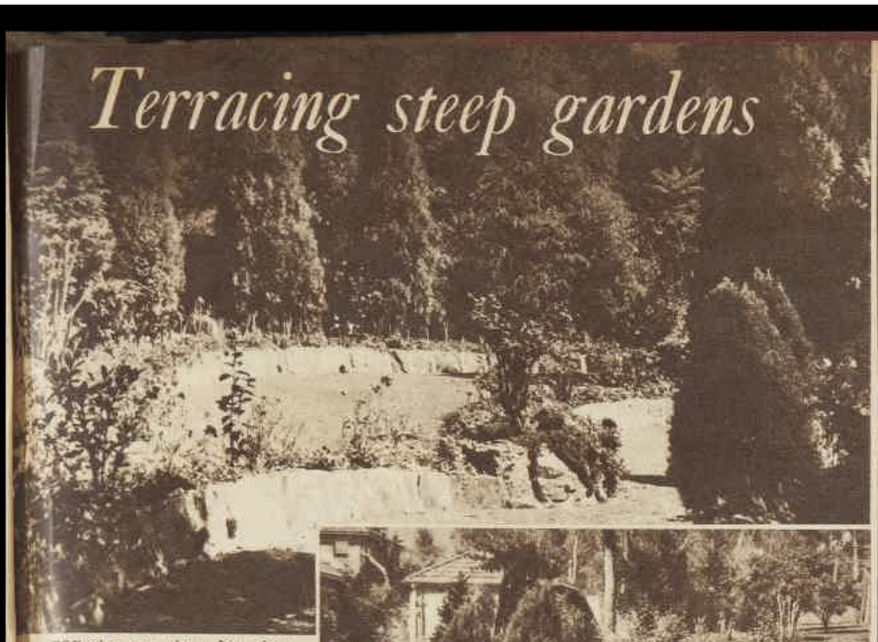
Terracing steep gardens



TOP of a once steep slope showing how the grade has been stepped down and lawns planted.

ANOTHER view of the same garden, showing three steps of the terraced area.

● Heavy rains occur at times in all parts of the Commonwealth causing erosion and either loss of soil or a rapid depletion of its fertility.

PEOPLE whose land slopes steeply are learning the lesson that they must terrace their gardens or lose them.

A break in grade adds interest to what might otherwise be a monotonous space. But the problem is how to terrace without incurring heavy expense.

First a plan is necessary—not only a ground plan, but a plan of elevation and profile that shows the grade of existing slope, and sets out clearly what the finished job should look like.

This is usually done by a landscape gardener or architect. But if the owner is a handy man he can take his own measurements and do most of the work himself.

The nature of the land has to be studied carefully, and allowance made for the probability of rocks, floaters, buried outcrops of rocks, tree stumps, big roots, and other obstacles that may cost a lot to remove.

After drawing up the plan and getting the grade, the gardener should estimate the number of steps or ramps necessary to reduce the slope to useful proportions. Next, the slope is cut and filled into level spaces large enough for planting with flowers, shrubs, trees, and vegetables.

Room must also be left for utilities such as drying space, footpaths, lawns, bush-house, glasshouse, and garage.

Each item must be allowed for when drawing up the plan and later when excavating the ground.

To do the work properly the jobbing gardener or laborer should be given a clear idea of what is going to be done with the land later.

All the good topsoil should be removed if the land is very steep and has to be stepped several times. The topsoil should be placed at the lower end of the garden, and the terracing started at the top, using the material thrown out for filling in the steps, ramps or grades.

When excavation is completed the topsoil should be placed to a depth of 10 inches where lawns and flower beds are to be laid out.

Each of the steps must later be faced with rock or flags as retaining walls. They should be built strongly and must be reinforced with concrete because they may have to carry a lot of weight, particularly when the soil becomes saturated.

Retaining walls can also be decorative, particularly when you grow trailing and creeping plants in them.

Terraces are often extended across the whole garden scheme if the land slopes steeply as in the pictures published on this page. In this instance the land slopes about 10 or 12 feet from back to front. It has been skilfully terraced into wide lawn-draped strips.

The face of each step has been flagged and concreted. At the foot of each face is a narrow flagged drain. These small flags are set deep into the turf and serve a double purpose. They take away the surplus water that percolates through drainage vents in the flagged retaining walls, and they keep grass from invading walls.

At the edge of each strip a flower bed about 3ft. wide has been left. The beds are planted in season with annuals, biennials, perennials, bulbs, and carry many fine shrubs throughout the year.

At the back cypresses, deodars, fruit trees, and well-established shrubberies thrive in narrow beds. The lawns are kept trimmed. Room is also left in some of the beds for herbs and a few choice vegetables.

The question of what to plant on the edges of terraced beds, particularly if they are narrow, is important. Anything with wide-spreading roots should be avoided. Only small trees with roots that go almost straight should be used. The same applies to shrubs.

Most of the conifers are suitable, particularly pines, junipers, cypresses, and retinisporas, but fig and sturdy gums which have wandering root habits should be avoided. They may not only knock down the retaining walls but appear above the surface and thus interfere with lawns and flowers. Dwarf shrubs are suitable, also most perennials and all annuals and biennials.

Full use has been made in this garden of natural features such as outcrops of rocks, large boulders, native trees and shrubs. The garden can be maintained easily and cheaply as a result of its economical planning and simplicity of design.

Teaching baby to speak well

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

As speech is our chief means of adjustment to others as we go through life, it is the duty of parents to see that their children are taught early to speak easily and fluently.

IN the child's environment certain things are necessary—consistent and adequate discipline, a good model of speech for the child to imitate, and insistence that the child uses speech instead of signs and cries when he wants things.

The stuttering child is usually sensitive, needs a quiet and happy environment. Parents should not discuss the disability within the child's hearing, and must be patient when he tries to talk.

Expert advice should be sought if the trouble continues for too long or is getting more marked.

A leaflet explaining about speech and speech defects can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your request.

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OLD prints grouped on wall in main bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ritchie's home, left.

DRAPED curtains and chintz-covered accessories are seen in another glimpse of main bedroom, at right.

Home on harbor-front

● Terraced gardens and flagged paths lead to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ritchie at Northbridge, Sydney, which has a water frontage to Sailor Bay, commanding attractive views of harbor reaches from the living-room windows.

THE house is set in a sunny, wind-protected position on an arm of the bay, and color and sunlight have been used effectively in planning the furnishings.

On the way to the house a small path digresses to the rumpus-room. Utilising the space under the double garage, this delightful room is ideal for entertaining.

Floor, built-in bar, and bookshelves are of polished cypress, with surrounding woodwork and floor rugs in mushroom tones. Walls are of hewn stone.

The main path leads on to a tiled porch entrance of plain, pleasing design, and opens into the vestibule and reception rooms. Sitting-room and dining-room adjoin and cover the width of the house. In turn they adjoin the sun-room and breakfast nook, which then give access to the semi-circular sun balcony with its white sun-deck furniture and brilliant red sun-proof cushions.

Floors downstairs are covered with green carpet with a small black-and-white motif. Woodwork and walls on this level are soft cream, with cream wallpaper with an embossed leaf.

An air of spaciousness, light, and maximum freedom of outlook is obtained with glass panelling set in partial walls which separate sun-room and sitting-room, and is repeated between breakfast nook and dining-room, allowing a clear view of the bay from the inner rooms.

Upstairs, the main bedroom is softly feminine, with mushroom-pink curtains, pastel-toned chintz coverings, and cream furniture. Unusual touches to the room are the chintz-frilled mirror-frame, a wall grouping over the bed of colored plates from an 18th century fashion book, and a Victorian wall mirror above a small lough-boy. A determined dash of color is seen in the modern lampshades that stand on either side of bed.

In the hallway, an Italian-styled gilt-framed mirror, flanked by two colorful Dutch prints above a small cedar table, reflects the staircase leading to the bed-

MRS. RITCHIE in a corner of bar in rumpus-room. Lovely mural of peach blossom by Russell Roberts is highlighted at night by small offside spotlight.

STRIPED coral-chartreuse curtains and rattan blinds in rumpus-room. Modern Swedish furniture of natural-colored wood with cinnamon canvas plaited coverings.

SPACIOUS dining-room with Brazilian rosewood table and chairs, right. Miniatures are grouped above sideboard.

SITTING-ROOM, showing a long corner window and wide fireplace, below.

ANOTHER section of the rumpus-room, showing gay pottery figures and other colorful pieces which Mrs. Ritchie has collected.

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SUN-DECK overlooking bay, above tree-tops, is ideal setting for outdoor dining and commands wide views.

GLASS - PANELLED wall separates sitting-room and sun-room. The breakfast nook and dining-room are treated in similar manner, giving spacious effect.

rooms. Colorful wall groupings, at which Mrs. Ritchie excels, are placed on first and top landing levels.

The lounge-room, on the left, with water-green drapes and cream marquisette curtains, conveys an air of tranquillity. Lounge is upholstered in cream, with a small floral design, while chairs are in old rose with a large floral pattern.

Small crystal lamps, a period miniature, and exquisite Dresden pieces on mantelpiece draw attention to the attractive wide fireplace, with its pastel-toned tapestry, fireside stool, and screen.

A Victorian crystal chandelier in the dining-room is the only direct lighting on the ground floor, and shines down on a round Brazilian rosewood table, with chairs upholstered in rose to match those in the lounge-room.

Above the sideboard in this room hangs a Victorian mirror with a candle-holder, and here again Victorian tone-colored miniatures have been arranged.

ITALIAN-STYLE mirror, left, and Dutch prints over cedar table in the vestibule.

STAIRCASE leading to bedrooms has graduated plaque groupings and small wall bracket for china.

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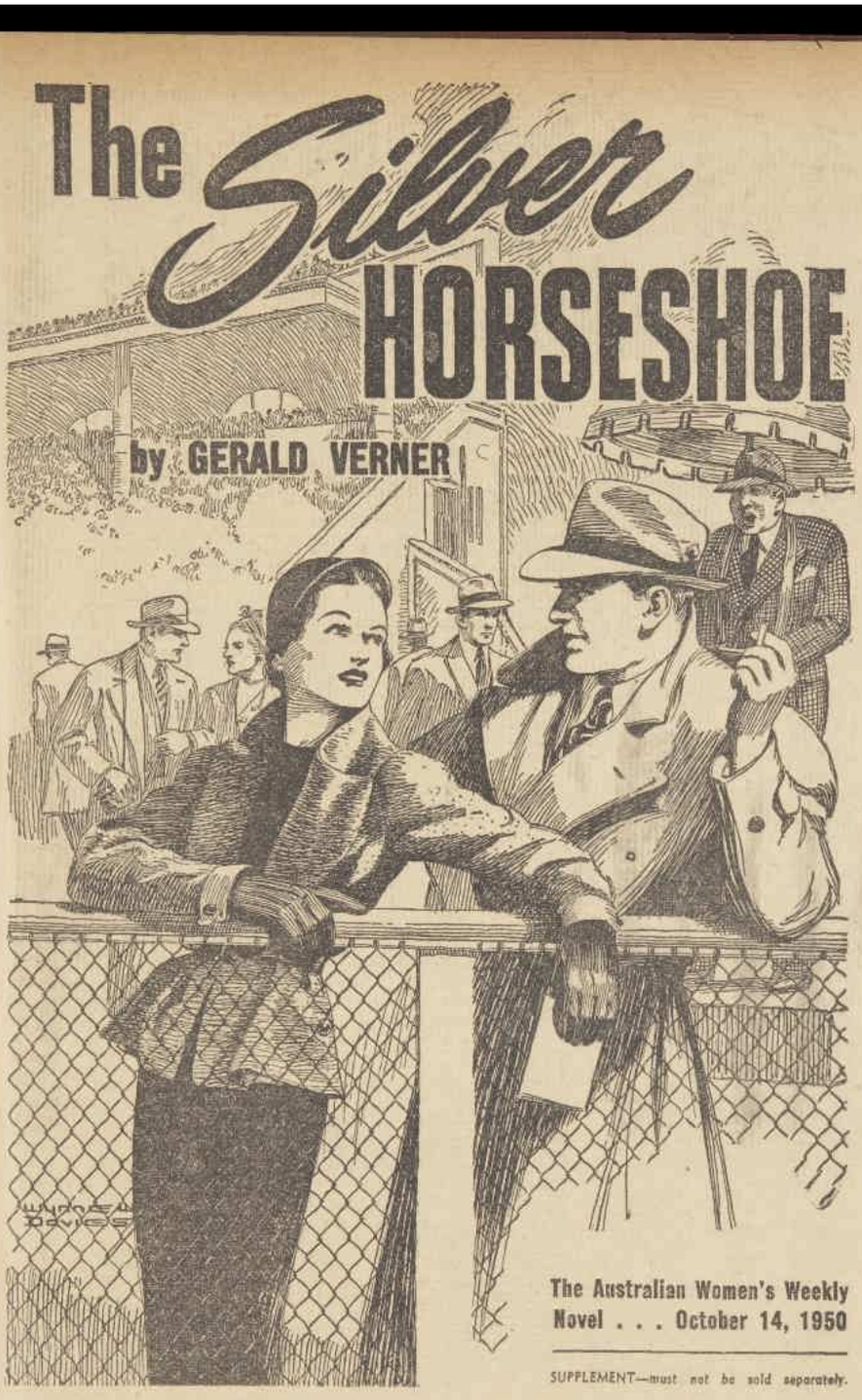
The Silver HORSESHOE

by GERALD VERNER



The Australian Women's Weekly
Novel . . . October 14, 1950

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 14, 1950

The Silver Horseshoe

By GERALD VERNER

IT was a letter that gave the first hint of the menace. It came to the pleasant breakfast table of John Arbinger one fine spring morning. It was a roneoed blank, certain portions of which had been filled in with pen and ink, and it brought a frown to the genial face of the bookmaker as he read it:

"There are certain isolated gangs in this country who are acquiring large incomes by the intimidation of bookmakers. We guarantee you immunity from their depredations in exchange for the sum of five thousand pounds, which represents a year's subscription to our society.

"This money, in notes of one pound denomination, should be ready for our messenger who will call for it at midnight on May 10th. You are advised in your own interest to comply with this request, since failure to do so will inevitably result in your death.

"Any attempt to communicate with the police will be treated as a breach of faith and punished accordingly."

There was no signature, but stamped in the lower right-hand corner was the impression of a tiny horseshoe in silver.

Mr. Arbinger sniffed contemptuously as he tossed the letter across the table to his daughter.

"Rubbish!" he grunted. "What do these people take me for—a mug?"

Marjorie Arbinger studied the letter with obvious concern.

"What are you going to do about this?" she asked.

"Do?" He spoke with difficulty, for his mouth was full of toast. "Why, nothing, of course. I've been threatened before but I am still alive."

He gulped down the remainder of his coffee and stood up.

"Don't you worry yourself," he said, taking the letter gently from her fingers. "I'll call in to Scotland Yard on my way to the office and they'll soon deal with this nonsense."

But her visible uneasiness was not easily dispelled.

"They warn you against going to the police," she muttered doubtfully.

John Arbinger chuckled.

"Of course they do" he declared.

He kissed her lightly and went out.

During the journey to town he was more occupied with the thoughts of a business appointment that lay before him than with the menacing letter. When he remembered it, he directed his chauffeur to drive him to Scotland Yard.

He was shown into a cheerless waiting-room, and after a short delay conducted up several flights of stone stairs to an equally cheerless office in which sat, behind a broad desk, Superintendent Budd, one of the largest men he had ever seen.

"Sit down, sir," the Superintendent said in a vast, rumbling voice.

After hearing Mr. Arbinger's story, studying the letter, and asking a number of questions, the Superintendent pressed a bell-push, opened a drawer, and taking out a large envelope enclosed the letter in it and licked down the flap.

A messenger came in answer to Mr. Budd's summons and the big man handed him the envelope.

"Take that along to the F.P. department," he said, "and ask 'em to let me have a report as soon as possible. I don't suppose there'll be any results," he added pessimistically when the man had gone. "Our best plan will be to set a trap for this messenger when he calls for the money on Saturday."

"You think he'll come?" asked Arbinger sceptically, and Mr. Budd nodded.

"Somebody'll come," he answered with conviction.

John Arbinger rose.

"It's very kind of you, Superintendent," he said, holding out his hand. "I'll leave it to you, then."

JOHN ARBINGER spent an uneventful day. His morning was occupied with his usual business, and he lunched, as was his habit, at the Sporting Club.

In the evening he changed at his office and went to keep a dinner appointment with Lord Sevenways, and in the interest of the business discussion which ensued completely forgot the Silver Horseshoe letter and the threat which it contained.

He was driven home at half-past ten, a happy and contented man, reaching the big house on the outskirts of Putney Heath just after eleven. His daughter had gone to bed, but Ronson, the butler, was waiting up for him.

"I've put sandwiches and whisky in the study, sir," said that dignified and portly man as he helped his master off with his coat.

Arbinger nodded.

"All right, Ronson," he said. "I shan't require anything more."

The butler wished him good night, and as he turned to go to his pantry heard him enter the study and close the door.

The scream and the crash of breaking glass which followed coincided with a curious noise "like a badly silenced motor-cycle" as he described it after.

Thinking his master had had an accident the alarmed servant hurried to the door of the room and knocked. Receiving no reply he turned the handle and entered, to stand on the threshold staring in horror at what he saw.

There was not a pane of glass left intact in the long french windows which opened into the garden, and the polished top of the desk which stood near them was scored and splintered.

On the floor lay John Arbinger, blood welling from three bullet holes in his once immaculate shirt front.

. . . . . .

Mr. Budd was in bed sleeping peacefully when the urgent call came through, but in spite of this handicap he was on the scene of the tragedy within two hours of the first alarm being given.

The Divisional-Inspector and his men had already made a preliminary investigation when he arrived, but nothing had been disturbed.

"They meant to make sure," grunted Mr. Budd, eyeing the damage sleepily. "Has the doctor seen him?"

The Inspector nodded.

"Yes," he answered. "He's with the daughter now. She took it badly, poor girl."

"I'm not surprised." The big man's face was stern as he looked down at the sprawling figure on the stained carpet. "Sub-machine guns are nasty things, Bennet."

The Divisional-Inspector agreed.

"I suppose he got on the wrong side of one of these race gangs," he remarked, shaking his head. "Though they don't usually go further than a beating up——"

"This was no ordinary race gang," broke in Mr. Budd. "This is something new, and I don't like it, Bennet. I'd like to see that butler now."

Bennet rang the bell, and after a slight delay the butler answered the summons; a trembling, white-faced man, who clutched desperately at the last remnants of his dignity.

"Now, Ronson," said Mr. Budd kindly, "you've had a bad shock, and I don't suppose you're feeling too good, so I'm not going to worry you more than I can help. But you were the first to make the discovery,

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and I'd like you to tell me just what happened."

Ronson licked his lips and rather disjointedly explained.

The muffled but insistent ringing of a bell coincided with the end of his narrative.

"That's the door bell, sir," said Ronson, looking from one to the other. "Shall I answer it?"

Mr. Budd considered for a moment, and then nodded.

"Yes, but don't admit anyone," he said. "Find out who it is and let me know."

The butler departed and a few minutes later a constable who had been waiting in the hall thrust in his head.

"There's a reporter here wants to see you, sir," he announced. "A man called Ashton, from the 'Morning Mail.'"

"Tell him to go away," Mr. Budd growled irritably. "I don't want to see any reporters!"

A CHEERY voice said. "Now, don't be difficult," and the constable was pushed aside to reveal a freckled face belonging to a young man in a soiled mackintosh. "You don't know how important I am, Budd."

Mr. Budd eyed the newcomer. "You'll know just how important you are," he snarled, "when you find yourself thrown out of here, Ashton. What d'you mean by forcing your way in like this?"

Peter Ashton, completely unabashed, grinned.

"You won't throw me out," he said calmly. "I've got important information."

Something in his tone arrested the order that hovered on the Superintendent's tongue.

"All right, I'll see you in the hall for two minutes." He pushed the reporter out of the room and followed, shutting the door behind him.

"Now," he demanded, "what's this precious information you've got?"

"Arbinger's dead, isn't he?" asked Peter curiously.

"Never mind who's dead," snarled Mr. Budd.

The other shrugged his shoulders, dived his hand into the pocket of his shabby raincoat and produced a crumpled envelope.

"Well, take a look at that," he said, holding it out.

The stout man seized it suspiciously, saw that it was addressed to: "The News Editor of the 'Morning Mail,' Bouverie Street, E.C.4" and extracted the two sheets of paper it contained. One was a duplicate of the letter which John Arbinger had received that morning. The other was typewritten and ran:

"The Society of the Silver Horseshoe beg to inform the 'Morning Mail' that a copy of the enclosed demand was sent to Mr. John Arbinger at his house at Putney this morning. Mr. Arbinger foolishly ignored the warning contained in the last paragraph and communicated with Scotland Yard.

"Mr. Arbinger has suffered the penalty which such breach of faith demands. R.I.P."

In the lower right-hand corner was the stamped impression of a horseshoe in silver.

"Where did you get this?" demanded Mr. Budd sharply.

"It came by hand half-an-hour ago," said Peter. "The night editor thought it was a hoax, but when we tried to phone and couldn't get any reply he sent me along. Is it true? Is Arbinger dead?"

For a moment the stout Superintendent hesitated.

"Yes, he's dead," he answered soberly. "He was dead before this letter was delivered at your office."

. . . . . .

There were lights in odd rooms at Scotland Yard which burned throughout that night, testifying to the diligence of the weary men who had been hastily called from their beds to deal with the inquiry into the murder of John Arbinger.

The morning editions of the "Mail" contained no reference either to the tragedy or to the two letters, for the announcement from the Silver Horseshoe arrived too late for inclusion. The "Morning Mail's" companion paper, however, the "Evening Comet," carried a full account of both the murder and the circumstances which had led to it. On the front page the two letters had been printed.

The paper was brought to Lord Sevenways with his tea, and when he saw the headlines his thin face went pale and he uttered an exclamation.

He was a man of forty-five who looked sixty. His pale straw-colored hair was brushed to conceal the incipent baldness; his thin, lined face was petulant.

He read the account twice, flung the newspaper on the floor, and rising to his feet began to pace the long, book-lined room with nervous strides. The death of John Arbinger was a catastrophe that left him momentarily stunned. He paused by the window, looking out unseeingly.

He was still standing there when his wife came in. Lady Sevenways was fifteen years younger than her husband and still retained the startling beauty which had drawn countless admirers to the stalls when she had graced the Ziegfeld Follies.

Her marriage to the insignificant Lord Sevenways had created something of a sensation in America, for she had met and married him within a month. There were people who said the title must have been the attraction; that the prospect of becoming Lady Sevenways and a member of one of the oldest families in England had dazzled her. Nobody had suggested that she had married him for his money, for the impecunious state of the Sevenways' finances was common knowledge. It never occurred to anyone that she might have married him because she was in love with him, and yet this was the bare truth.

He looked round as he heard her come in, and at sight of his face she came forward quickly, concern in her big, violet eyes.

"What's the matter, Nicky?" she asked anxiously.

"I've had rather a shock, m'dear," he muttered. "That fellow Arbinger, the man I dined with last night, he's been killed, murdered."

"But why are you so upset?" she asked curiously, after a pause. "Was this man—what did you say his name was—a particular friend of yours?"

"Arbinger—no. No—just a business acquaintance, but a good fellow. I betted with him occasionally."

"The bookmaker?"

"Yes—but a gentleman." He was recovering from the first shock of the unexpected news. "Eton and Oxford—it's—it's dreadful. It may mean—that—that I shall have to let Broad Acres go."

"Broad Acres?" Her eyes were wide. "But why?"

"He—Arbinger—was going to help me," Lord Sevenways muttered. "The interest on the mortgage falls due next month and he was going to lend me the money."

"You should have told me," she said reproachfully. "Had you arranged this with—Mr. Arbinger?"

"Yes." He took a cigarette from a box on the table and lit it clumsily. "We fixed it up over dinner—last night. He was sending me the cheque at the end of the week. Now I—I suppose I shall have to make other arrangements."

"Well, don't worry too much, darling. How much is this—the interest, I mean?"

"A pretty big amount," he answered reluctantly. "Six thousand pounds. About five times as much as I've got in the world!"

LADY SEVENWAYS was silent. She knew the struggle her husband had to make ends meet, had known it when she had married him, for he had been very frank concerning his financial position.

"Perhaps something will turn up," she said cheerfully. "I've got an uncle somewhere in Australia—I've told you about him before—I believe he's worth millions of dollars, and when he dies it all comes to me."

"That sort of thing only happens in books, honey." He put up his hand and clasped her fingers affectionately. "And anyway, it would be your money."

"Don't be silly!" she broke in quickly. "It would be our money. I'm as fond of Broad Acres as you are." She kissed him lightly. "You almost made me forget what I came to tell you," she said. "Vera Ellis rang up to ask me if I'd have a drink and a sandwich with her and go on to the new film at the Pavilion."

"Well, run along," Sevenways said indulgently. "It'll do you good."

"I shan't be late," she said as she went out, but her face altered as she ascended the stairs to her room, and retained its thoughtful expression while she changed her clothes. What would her husband say if he knew, she wondered. For Vera Ellis was not even in London and she had no intention of going within a mile of the Pavilion.

. . . . . .

To half a dozen different breakfast tables on the Saturday morning following the killing of John Arbinger came an equal number of letters bearing the symbol of the silver horseshoe. They were identically worded.

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except for the names and the amounts demanded, and the six recipients read them in varying degrees of panic compatible with their temperaments.

Five, after the lesson of the Putney tragedy, decided to follow the instructions meticulously and pay, however painful the process of parting with the money might be.

But the sixth was made of sterner stuff.

Mr. Jacob Bellamy was not easily frightened. He had been a boxer before he had adopted the more lucrative profession of bookmaker, and in spite of the fact that he had run to fat, his muscles were still hard, and he was capable of giving a very good account of himself.

He read the letter without any change of expression on his wooden face, put it carefully away in his wallet, and went on eating his breakfast.

He was a bachelor and lived in an unpretentious house on the outskirts of Wimbledon, a pleasant little place with half an acre of garden in which he spent most of his leisure hours.

On his way up to his office he thought over the demand which had reached him and decided upon the policy he would adopt. He had no intention of being blackmailed out of the three thousand pounds asked, but the idea of going to the police never entered his head.

Here was a chance for some excitement, and he would handle the matter himself in conjunction with certain friends whose outlook on life was similar to his own.

PETER ASHTON was lounging in the reporters' room at the "Morning Mail" offices when the telephone message came through.

"That you, boy?" inquired a familiar husky voice. "Bellamy speakin'. Listen, I've got somethin' I want to tell you. Pop out and have a bite of lunch with me at one, will you?"

"Right-oh, Jacob," said Peter. "Where shall I meet you, at the club?"

"No," answered Mr. Bellamy. "I'll be in the bar at——" He mentioned the name of a hotel in Fleet Street. "Meet me there."

Peter went back to his chair thoughtfully. It was a long time since he had seen the old man, and he wondered what lay behind this sudden invitation.

In the past he had been indebted to Jacob Bellamy for many a good story, for the bookmaker was friendly with all sorts and conditions of people, ranging through every stratum of society, and items of news came his way that were usually interesting.

It was one o'clock precisely when he turned into the entrance of the hotel in Fleet Street where the old man had arranged to meet him.

"Hello, boy!" the bookmaker greeted him with an enormous grin.

When they were seated at a corner table, which Mr. Bellamy had diplomatically engaged, and the bookmaker had given the order for their lunch Peter leaned forward.

"Now spill it!" he said.

Old Jacob took his wallet from his breast pocket and extracted a folded paper. "Don't let anybody see it," he said cautiously, pushing it towards his companion.

Peter nodded and unfolded the sheet. It was an exact replica of the one he had seen before, except that the amount in this case was three thousand pounds and the date May 12, the following Monday.

"What are you gong to do?" asked the reporter. "Notify the police?"

Mr. Bellamy shook his massive head. "The perlice?" he said. "No bloomin' fear! What d'you take me for? I'm gonna deal with this on me own, or rather you and me and a couple of pals will deal with it together."

He waited while the waitress placed before him an enormous steak and brought vegetables and fish for Peter, and then, when she had gone, continued:

"This is my idea, an' it's what poor Arbinger ought to 'ave done in the first place. I'm goin' to pretend to fall in with these people's demands, wait for their messenger at midnight on Monday, give 'im the doings, and let you follow 'im. See the idea? You could note where he goes, pop along and tell the perlice, and we'll nab the whole bloomin' bunch!"

"It's a good idea, Jacob," said Peter enthusiastically. "You're going to draw this money from your bank, and have it ready when their messenger arrives?"

"Oh, no, boy!" The old man smiled broadly. "Not on your bloomin' life! I'm drawin' no money from my bank. There's a feller down at Greenwich, and I'm not telling you 'is name nor 'is address so you needn't ask me, what can turn out quid notes that you couldn't tell from the real thing. He passed one on me once and that's 'ow I came to know 'im.

"But except for that he's a good feller. I'm goin' to get three thousand of 'is stock, and then, if anythin' goes wrong, I shan't be losin' nothin', See?"

"Fine," said Peter. "I'm with you, Jacob. It'll be a colossal scoop if we can pull this off!"

Already his mind was thinking in headlines:

"'Morning Mail' Reporter Puts An End To Horseshoe Menace."

. . . . . .

Superintendent Budd was in no pleasant mood as he sought his favorite little cafe for lunch.

He was pouring out his first cup of tea and staring at the tea-pot when a man came through the swing doors and stood for a moment looking about him. He was short and stout and jovial-faced, with little twinkling eyes that shone brightly from behind a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

He caught sight of the table at which the big Superintendent was sitting, and coming over dropped into the vacant chair opposite him.

"Lucky to find an empty seat," said the newcomer cheerfully. "Most places are full up at this hour."

He turned to give an order to the waitress who had come up and was standing at his elbow expectantly.

"I'm a great believer in luck," he said, when the girl had gone to execute his order. "My friends call me 'Superstitious Sam.' I wouldn't walk under a ladder or open an umbrella in the house or pass a horseshoe without picking it up. I'm particularly superstitious about horseshoes."

Mr. Budd's moving jaws ceased abruptly and his sleepy eyes opened a little wider. The man had spoken quite naturally. There was no emphasis on the "horseshoe," but the eyes behind the glasses were regarding him searchingly.

"It's surprising," went on the little man blandly, "what a lot of superstitious people there are in the world —specially in the racing world." The waitress set down a cup of coffee and a bun in front of him and he beamed his thanks.

"I know quite a lot of punters and bookmakers who go in for charms," he continued. "Black cats and lucky beans, and sometimes—silver horseshoes."

AS he spoke, the stranger was staring deliberately at Mr. Budd, a broad smile on his round face.

"Silver horseshoes, eh?" said the stout Superintendent, stirring his tea slowly. "Well now, that's funny, because I've been hearing a lot about silver horseshoes lately."

His companion took a sip at his coffee.

"Maybe you agree with me that horseshoes aren't always lucky, eh?"

"Maybe," replied the big man. "What's all this leading to?"

The other cut his bun in halves.

"What you're wondering," he said calmly, "is who the heck I am and what I've been saying has got to do with the death of John Arbinger. Isn't that right?"

"Well, it did cross my mind," admitted Mr. Budd. "Supposing you tell me, instead of shooting all this stuff about luck and superstition?"

"That's not an unreasonable request," said the little man, carefully buttering his bun. "My name's Samuel K. Piggott, and I'm a citizen of the United States of America. Possibly you guessed that."

"I guessed the American part of it," murmured the Superintendent.

"I read about the murder of Arbinger and the horseshoe letters in the 'Evening Comet'," continued Mr. Piggott, "and I was curious. It said that you were in charge of the case and I thought I'd like to make your acquaintance."

"So you guessed I was in the habit of coming here and followed me," said Mr. Budd, "or did you just choose this place and trust to luck?"

"I knew you were in here because I saw you come in," retorted the little man. "I've been standing on the opposite side of the street for the last hour for just that purpose."

"And now you've got to know me," said the Superintendent, "what then?"

The American leaned forward earnestly.

"This," he answered seriously. "Be careful! These 'Horseshoe' people are dangerous—how dangerous you've yet to realise."

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"Is that intended for a warning?" asked Mr. Budd, and the other nodded.

"You've had no experience of this kind of racket over here," he declared. "It was born and bred in America. This is the first time it's crossed the Atlantic. You can't handle it with kid gloves."

"I never wear 'em," said the big man. "See here, Mr. Piggott, just what do you know about all this?"

"I know nothing, but I guess a lot," answered Piggott quickly. "And my guesses remain my own property. Maybe we shall see quite a lot of each other in the future."

"It seems quite likely," said Mr. Budd significantly. "But I would like to know just why you've gone to all this trouble."

Mr. Piggott was in the midst of consuming his bun, and he finished the last crumb before he replied.

"My reason is a personal one," he said slowly. "The time is coming—sooner or later—when we may be of mutual assistance to each other."

"How?" asked Mr. Budd curiously.

"You'll know when the time comes," declared Mr. Piggott emphatically. "Yes, sir! You'll know!"

. . . . . .

Peter Ashton rented a little cottage in a fold of the Berkshire Hills to which he was in the habit of retiring whenever the exigencies of his profession permitted. The boundary of Lord Sevenways' fine estate touched the small garden, and the cottage was approached by a laneway.

On the Saturday night following his interview with Mr. Jacob Bellamy, Peter took his shabby little car and drove down to this haven of rest, glad of the opportunity which the week-end offered for getting away from the bustle and turmoil of Fleet Street.

He returned to London in the early hours of Monday morning, and his first action on reaching his flat in Gray's Inn Road was to telephone the bookmaker.

"Listen, Jacob," he said. "About to-night, I think ten o'clock is a bit late for me to come along. They'll probably have someone watching your house, and if I'm seen going in they'll get suspicious."

"Maybe you're right, boy. Whatcher goin' to do, then?"

"I'm coming at seven," said the reporter, "and I'm coming by the back way. Isn't there a little alley at the foot of your garden or did I dream it?"

"If you did you dreamt right," replied Jacob. "There is. It runs along at the end of my garden and divides the others that back on to it."

"Then look out for me that way," said Peter, and rang off.

He had left the cottage without waiting for breakfast, and going into the kitchen he put the kettle on to boil and searched in the larder for bread, butter, and eggs. When he had finished his meal he walked down to his office and interviewed Mr. Sorbet.

Jacob Bellamy had been averse to the news editor being taken into their confidence, but on Peter's assurance that nothing would be printed that might endanger the scheme, had rather reluctantly consented.

"I think it's a wise move," said Mr. Sorbet, when Peter had explained the slight alteration he had made in the arrangement. "You've got the chance of your life, Ashton. Don't bungle it! I'm expecting a big story from this."

"You won't be disappointed," answered the reporter optimistically.

It was raining in torrents when he reached Wimbledon and sought out Mr. Bellamy's tiny villa. It was a small, semi-detached house, standing in a road of similar houses. Peter passed the end of the turning and brought his car to a halt in the deserted street into which the entrance to the alley he had spoken of emerged.

Leaving the machine he turned up the collar of his mackintosh and walked slowly back towards the narrow opening which gave admittance to the little paved walk, keeping a sharp look-out for anyone who might be lurking in the vicinity. But he saw nobody, and concluded that if the house was being watched, the watcher was concentrating on the front.

He passed along between the high fences and presently came to the end of Mr. Bellamy's garden.

The water was dripping from his hat and his mackintosh was shiny when he reached the green-painted back door and knocked softly on the little brass knocker. The door was opened almost immediately.

"Come in," greeted the husky voice of Mr. Bellamy. "Leave your hat and coat out here."

REMOVING his dripping raincoat, Peter hung it together with his hat on a peg behind the door.

"We're all on our own," continued the bookmaker, "so you'll have to be content with cold grub. I sent the woman away as soon as she'd laid the table." He led the way through a spotless kitchen, along a passage, and into a pleasant little dining-room.

"What'll you have?" he said, going over to the sideboard. "Sherry, cocktail, or whisky?"

"I'll have a sherry," said Peter, and while the bookmaker filled two glasses went over to the window and cautiously looked out.

"Lookin' to see if the place is being watched?" said Mr. Bellamy, holding out a glass.

Peter nodded.

"I looked, too," said Jacob, "when I came in, and I didn't see no one. Well, cheerio."

He gulped half of his sherry, waved Peter to a chair, and took his place at the table. When they had finished the meal he suggested an adjournment to his study, and they crossed the little hall to the comfortable, untidy apartment.

It was a cosy room, full of photographs and relics of Mr. Bellamy's chequered career, and the principal article of furniture consisted of a huge roll-top desk that stood in an angle by the window. The bookmaker crossed over to this, pulled open a drawer, and took out a thick packet.

"There y'are, boy," he said, throwing it into Peter's lap. "Three thousand quid and every one of 'em 'slush'."

The reporter examined the bundle curiously. The workmanship was perfect. Mr. Bellamy's mysterious friend was undoubtedly an artist.

They sat chatting, waiting for the time to pass until the messenger from the "Horseshoe" should arrive. Old Jacob Bellamy had a fund of stories and anecdotes, and Peter became so interested in his apparent inexhaustible experiences that he almost forgot the real reason for his visit. It was with something like surprise that he saw the bookmaker suddenly rise to his feet.

"Time we got busy," said old Jacob. "It's just eleven." He opened the door and led Peter out to a lobby on the right, a tiny room where Mr. Bellamy kept his hat and overcoat.

"Here y'are, boy," he said. "This is the place for you to keep watch in. If you leave the door ajar you can see the hall, an' I'll put the light on."

He went into the study and Peter settled down to wait.

As the minutes slowly passed his excitement grew, and his nerves were strained to their utmost when a soft whirr and a muffled bell from somewhere in the silent house told him that a clock was beginning to strike twelve.

The last note died away, and as it did so there came an uncertain knock on the front door. Peter's heart leaped and he almost held his breath.

The knock was repeated, and Mr. Bellamy came out of his study, passed across the reporter's line of vision, and fumbled with the catch. The front door swung open under his hand and Peter, with his eyes glued to the crack of the cloakroom door, waited tensely to see who would enter.

He heard a murmured whisper, saw the huge form of old Bellamy start, and then, as he stood aside, a slim figure came hesitantly into the light of the pendant which hung from the ceiling. Peter saw the shining green raincoat, the little green hat, and the white face beneath, and caught his breath in a gasp of astonishment. The messenger was Marjorie Arbinger!

Peter blinked incredulously, unable to believe the evidence of his senses.

It was impossible, yet there was no mistake. She stood clearly visible under the light, obviously nervous and ill at ease, while old Jacob Bellamy stared down at her, his ugly face almost ludicrous in its expression of dismay and astonishment.

"You—you have something for me?" She spoke in a low voice, but so distinctly that Peter heard every word.

The bookmaker's face hardened.

"You've come from these Silver Horseshoe people?" he demanded harshly.

The girl's big eyes widened.

"The Silver Horseshoe?" she repeated wonderingly, and shook her head. "No, Mr. Bellamy. I came because of this! I'm Marjorie Arbinger, John Arbinger's daughter."

She fumbled in the pocket of her

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raincoat and produced an envelope which she handed to the old man.

As he read the letter his face changed, the harshness faded and was replaced by a look of perplexity.

"When did you get this?" he asked.

"This morning," she replied. "Didn't you write it?"

He shook his head.

"No, Miss," he said gruffly. "Is this why you came?"

"Yes, of course," she said. "For what other reason would I come at this hour?"

Bellamy turned helplessly towards the door of the little cloakroom.

"You'd better come out, boy," he called, but Peter had already left his hiding place, to the amazement of the girl, who stared at his sudden appearance in blank astonishment.

"Look at that and see if you can make head or tail of it. I can't!"

Mr. Bellamy thrust the letter into Peter's hands and the reporter scanned it swiftly:

"15, Oak Apple Road,
Wimbledon.
May 11th.

Dear Miss Arbinger,

I was a friend of your late father's and am in a position to give you certain information regarding the people responsible for his unfortunate and tragic death. Please call at the above address at twelve midnight on Monday, the 12th.

Come alone, and come exactly at the time I have mentioned. You may be surprised at this stipulation, but believe me circumstances make it imperative. If you wish to see your father's murderers pay the penalty for their crime do not fail to come.

Yours sincerely,
Jacob Bellamy."

With the exception of the signature the letter was typewritten.

"This is not your signature," said Peter, and old Jacob shook his head.

"Of course it isn't, boy!" he declared. "I never wrote the thing. I know nothing about it!"

The girl looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Then—then what does it mean?" she asked.

"It means that they've had us for a lot of mugs!" replied the reporter bitterly. "You got this this morning, Miss Arbinger?"

"Yes," she said. "By the first post. I was a little astonished, but I've heard Daddy talk about Mr. Bellamy and I thought perhaps there might be something in it. You see I'd give anything to find out who—who killed him." There was a trace of huskiness in her voice.

"So would I, Miss Arbinger," said Peter grimly, "and I was hoping we might have got somewhere near tonight."

"You're Mr. Ashton, aren't you?" she said. "The reporter who came to interview me?" And when Peter nodded: "What are you doing here?" Her eyes strayed from Peter to the burly figure of the old bookmaker. "If you didn't write that letter why was it you were expecting me?"

"I wasn't expecting you, Miss," he growled. "I was expecting somebody quite different."

"Let's go into your study, Jacob," said Peter quickly, "and explain the situation to Miss Arbinger. I think she's entitled to know."

"What about our scheme?" said Jacob.

"That's gone west!" said the reporter.

"You mean the person we were expecting won't come?" said Bellamy.

"Not now," answered Peter wearily. "Don't you see what's happened? These Horreshoe people got wind of our idea somehow and sent Miss Arbinger instead of the messenger we expected. They faked that letter, guessing she'd come and keep the appointment. They're probably laughing up their sleeve at the way we've been had!"

The old man muttered something below his breath.

"Well, let's go into the study," he said.

Installed there, Peter took on himself the duty of explaining what had led up to this surprising denouement.

"I wonder what their object was in bringing me here?" said the girl thoughtfully at the end of the recital. Peter made no reply.

That was worrying him. If they'd known what Bellamy and he had arranged between them, why had they taken this means of retaliating? Was it in order to try to throw suspicion on the girl, or more in the nature of a contemptuous gesture to prove their omnipotence?

PETER was more inclined to accept the latter suggestion, since these people would realise that no suspicion could attach to Marjorie Arbinger for longer than it would take her to explain the reason for her presence. And yet the contemptuous gesture didn't seem an entirely satisfactory explanation. Perhaps there was something deeper after all.

Mr. Bellamy spoke, breaking the awkward silence that had descended upon them.

"Well, they've played us for a couple of suckers, boy!" said the old man. "And Miss Arbinger, too. But I haven't finished with 'em yet. Nobody's going to make a fool of Jacob Bellamy and get away with it. I'm going to find the people at the back of the 'Horseshoe' ramp if it costs me every penny I've got in the world!"

Majorie leaned forward, her eyes shining.

"Let me help," she said eagerly. "I'd do anything, anything I could!"

"You don't want to get mixed up in this," Peter said quickly. "You keep clear. This isn't a woman's job."

"I'm not afraid——" she began, and then, quickly, excitedly: "You think because I'm only a girl I wouldn't be any use, but there's lots of things I could do, hundreds of ways in which I might be able to help."

"It's not that we don't think you'd be any use," said Peter gravely, "but these people are dangerous, Miss Arbinger. You've had proof how dangerous they are."

"All the more reason why they should be stamped out," she interrupted.

"The police——" began Peter, but she stopped him with a contemptuous gesture.

"The police!" she said disdainfully. "Daddy went to the police and they let him be killed, Mr. Bellamy, you say you're willing to spend every penny you've got to find these people. Let me help. I've got money, too. Daddy left everything to me. It will give me a new interest in life, stop me brooding."

"But——" protested Peter, but she refused to listen.

"There are no 'buts'," she said. "You and I and Mr. Bellamy can fight these people. Surely we've got as many brains between us as they have? Let's fight them——and crush them!"

There was a silence, and she waited, breathing quickly.

"I'll agree, on one condition," old Jacob said at length. "That is that you do nothing without consulting us."

"I'll accept your condition," she retorted, "provided you make a similar promise, and also that you allow me to put up half the expenses."

"No, no!" argued Bellamy. "That's my pigeon."

She argued and protested, but he was adamant, and she saw that in this nothing would move him.

"Very well," she said reluctantly at last. "I've gained the most important point, anyway."

"And now, Miss Arbinger," said Peter, "I'm going to take you home. It's after one o'clock and we can't do anything to-night. We'll meet tomorrow and discuss a plan of campaign."

The girl nodded.

"Come and have tea with me," she suggested; and this was agreed upon.

Peter fetched her coat, and the bookmaker accompanied them into the hall.

"I think it's stopped raining," he said, as he opened the door. "Yes, it's a fine night now."

"Wait here, Miss Arbinger, while I go and find my car," said Peter. "It's——"

He broke off as he caught sight of something white attached to one of the panels. It was a square of paper, pinned below the knocker with a drawing-pin. On it were three lines of typewritten writing:

"John Arbinger defied us and died. You will suffer the same fate unless you are wise."

Beneath was the stamped impression of the Silver Horseshoe.

. . . . . .

As arranged, Peter and Jacob Bellamy held a conference with Marjorie at her house the next afternoon, but it was not very successful in forwarding the campaign against the Silver Horseshoe. The failure of the previous night's plan had left them with nothing whatever to go on.

"We've just gotta be patient," said old Jacob. "I've got a hunch that somethin' 'll turn up before long, an' in the old days my hunches were as good as cast-iron certainties."

"I suppose you're right," said the girl. "But I wish we could do something."

She tried to persuade them to stay to dinner, but Bellamy had already

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arranged to meet a friend at his club and Peter had to return to his office to clear up some work which he had left to keep the girl's invitation.

Mr. Bellamy spent a pleasant evening at his club, which numbered many of his old cronies among its membership, and set off home shortly before eleven in a complacent mood.

He garaged his car in the main thoroughfare, which was about five minutes' walk from his little villa, and when he had handed it over to the man in charge set off to cover the distance on foot.

He had turned into his quiet street when, without the least warning, he was surrounded by half a dozen men, who seemed to spring from nowhere. Instantly on the alert, he stopped, his huge fists clenched.

"Now then, what's the game?" he demanded.

"The game's a little timely warning, Bellamy," said a flashily dressed man who appeared to be their leader. "You know me, eh?"

"I know you all right, Sellini," growled old Jacob, his jaw setting. "Bit out of your district, isn't it?"

"Never mind about districts," snarled Tony Sellini. "We've got you proper, Bellamy, and by the time we've finished with you your own mother won't know you. Go on, boys, beat him up!"

"It 'ud take more than a gang of racecourse toughs to do that!" growled Bellamy, and flashing out with his right caught the leering face in front of him a smashing blow on the point of the prominent jaw.

The sudden and unexpected attack on their leader disconcerted the others, but only for a moment, and then, with a rush, they came upon the bookmaker.

The odds against him were eight to one. His eyes, wary and watchful, flickered about him and saw something that might turn the scales in his favor.

On the corner of the street stood the red pillar of a fire-alarm. If he could reach that . . .

WITH the idea came a glimmer of hope. Stooping quickly, Bellamy gripped one of the attackers' ankles, and with a prodigious effort swung the screaming man up over his head. For a second he was held there struggling, and then hurled full at the others, who had concentrated on an ugly rush. The impact sent them back off their feet and gained for Bellamy the advantage he had looked for to put his plan into execution.

Panting heavily the old man darted towards the fire-alarm, smashed the glass, and tugged at the handle. A warning cry came from the injured Sellini as he saw what had happened.

"Beat it, boys!" he shouted. "He's done us!"

The warning took effect. The fallen members of the gang scrambled to their feet and hurried after the retreating forms of their companions. Sellini was following when a hand gripped him by the collar.

"No you don't!" growled Mr. Bellamy breathlessly. "I want to have a word with you!"

In spite of Sellini's frantic endeavors to free himself, Bellamy dragged him towards the alley that ran along the back of the row of houses in which he lived. As he entered the narrow way a jangling bell warned him that the fire brigade which he had summoned was on its way.

Spitting curses and trying desperately to release himself, Sellini was propelled along in front of the old man and flung through the gate into the garden.

"Now!" said Jacob Bellamy. "You and me's goin' to have a little talk, see."

The amount of malignancy which he infused into his tone brought a look of alarm to the bruised face of his captive. Like all his kind he was a coward at heart, and without the support of his satellites was no longer the blustering bully that he had been.

He began whimpering with pain and terror as he was marched up towards the house. The bookmaker flung open the back door and thrust his prisoner into the kitchen with such force that he fell up against the table and slid to the floor.

"Now," said the bookmaker, "who put you up to this, eh?"

Sellini groaned.

"Nobody," he whined. "We was just having a little fun."

"Well, this is where you start enjoying the joke," said the old man, "and I'm warnin' you, Sellini, you'll talk or I'll tear the hide off you."

He began calmly to remove his coat.

Sellini glanced wildly about him like a trapped animal, but he said nothing. The bookmaker shot out a huge hand, gripped his coat, and with one wrench tore it from him. This broke the last remnant of Sellini's nerve.

"All right!" he almost sobbed. "All right, Mr. Bellamy. I'll tell you all I know. I will, really!"

"Come on then, let's hear it!" snapped the bookmaker.

"It was a feller I've never seen before," spluttered Sellini. "I don't know who he is or what he is. He met me in a little club in Frith Street and offered me fifty pounds to beat you up. He was a youngish feller, and that's all I know. We was to give you a good beatin'."

"And he paid you fifty pounds?" demanded Bellamy.

"He paid me twenty-five down," answered Sellini, "and the other twenty-five he was going to give me to-morrow night."

"At the same place?" asked the bookmaker, and the other nodded. "What's the name of this place?" said the old man.

"The Green Parrot," muttered Sellini sullenly. "And that's all I can tell you, Mr. Bellamy. Now, you let me go."

"I'll let you go after to-morrer night," answered the bookmaker calmly. "Until then you're stayin' 'ere. My housekeeper bought a new clothes line yesterday and there's a good cellar with very little in it but coal. I'm interested in this feller who offered you fifty pounds to beat me up and I think I'll go along to the Green Parrot and collect that other twenty-five he owes you meself, personally!"

He proceeded to put this plan into action at once, with the final step of calling on Peter next morning and telling him the whole story.

"And d'you think this man who arranged the beating is connected with the Silver Horseshoe?" Peter asked.

The old man nodded.

"I'm sure of it," he said. "Don't you agree, boy? These people tried to get three thousand quid out of me and failed, and they thought they'd teach me a lesson. We'll be at the Green Parrot to-night and find out just who this feller is."

Peter frowned. "I don't think you ought to come," he said. "If he sees you about the place it may make him suspicious. I'll go. I'm likely to learn more."

MR. BELLAMY was not at all pleased with this suggestion. Peter, however, had his way in the long run. The old man was forced to see he was right, and reluctantly gave in.

"All right," he growled. "Have it your own way. I suppose you're talkin' sense, really. And anyhow"—he brightened at the thought—"when you've found out who this feller is I can take a hand again."

Peter agreed with this, and left him to go to the offices of the "Morning Mail." Almost at once the telephone rang. It was Marjorie Arbinger.

"I hope you don't mind my ringing you up, Mr. Ashton," she said, and Peter was almost incoherent in his assurances. "I thought I'd better because a most peculiar thing has happened," she went on. "I received a registered packet this morning containing five thousand pounds in notes, and I can't understand who can have sent it or why."

"Wasn't there anything with it?" asked Peter quickly.

"Nothing," she answered. "Nothing at all except the money."

"Extraordinary!" muttered the reporter. "Where are you phoning from, Miss Arbinger?"

"From home," she replied.

"May I come and see you?" he went on quickly. "I'd like to have a look at the envelope."

"I wish you would," she answered. "When will you come?"

"Now!" said Peter promptly.

He hung up the instrument and, racing down the stairs, hurried out of the building and round to the side turning where he had parked his little car. Half an hour later he was facing Marjorie Arbinger in the little drawing-room at Putney.

"I can't understand it at all!" declared the girl, her forehead wrinkled in a puzzled frown. "There's nobody I can think of who could have sent so much money, or any reason why they should. Daddy, so far as I know, had no relations. Anyway, surely there ought to have been a letter enclosed."

Peter picked up the thick wad of five-pound notes and examined them.

"Queer," he said, frowning. "However, it shouldn't be difficult to trace. These notes are new and the bank who issued them will have a record.

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D'you mind if I take them round to Superintendent Budd? This is really a matter for the police."

She consented, and when he told her about Jacob Bellamy's adventure of the previous night and the arrangement they had come to, he took his leave.

Mr. Budd was sprawling in his usual attitude behind his desk when Peter was ushered in.

Peter pulled up a chair, sat down, and gave a brief account of Marjorie Arbinger's mysterious gift. Mr. Budd listened, although he gave no appearance that he was even awake.

"H'm!" he commented, when Peter had finished. "Interesting and peculiar. I wish somebody 'd send me five thousand pounds. Let's have a look at the wrapping."

Peter had produced both the notes and the paper in which they had been enclosed, and he pushed these across towards the big man. With a sigh, Mr. Budd hoisted himself to a sitting position and looked at them.

"H'm!" he remarked non-committally. "And you say the girl has no idea where this came from or why it was sent?"

"None at all!"

Mr. Budd tapped the pile of notes. "Very queer indeed."

"There shouldn't be any difficulty in tracing the notes, at any rate," said Peter.

"No," admitted the other. "There'll be no difficulty about that. I'll have it attended to right away."

"How are you getting on with the Horseshoe business?" asked Peter.

"To be perfectly candid," answered Mr. Budd, "I'm not getting on with it. But you don't want to go printing that in that rag of yours."

Peter was tempted to tell him about the contract which had been made between Jacob Bellamy, the girl, and himself, and the latest developments concerning Tony Sellini, but he refrained, mostly because he realised that his two companions would be averse to taking the police into their confidence.

He took his leave soon after and Mr. Budd turned his attention to the question of the mysterious notes.

The ultimate result was disappointing, however. It was a fairly easy matter to trace the fact that the notes had been sent to Marjorie Arbinger through the agency of a city solicitor, but the solicitor, when interviewed, stoutly maintained his legal right of refusing to disclose the name of the client on whose behalf he had acted.

. . . . . .

Broad Acres, the ancestral home of the Sevenways, is an estate of many acres; with its paddocks, its farms, and its flower gardens it covers a considerable acreage of Berkshire and is one of the show places of the district.

On the morning when Peter Ashton had his interview with Mr. Budd at Scotland Yard, Nicolas Melville, ninth Earl of Sevenways, came slowly down the big carved staircase, and, as was his invariable habit, stopped in the wide hall to inspect the barometer.

His face was lined and careworn and there were marks beneath his eyes that spoke of sleeplessness. In truth Lord Sevenways was undergoing a period of worry that was sapping his small amount of vitality. His financial position was acute, and the mortgage of which he had spoken to John Arbinger was the main cause of his distress.

The final day for payment of the interest was drawing rapidly near. The death of the bookmaker had closed the only avenue which had remained open to him to raise the money.

He passed across the big hall and entered the panelled breakfast-room. A footman followed with the morning's mail.

"Good morning, Thomas."

"Good morning, my lord," said the man, and arranged the letters he was carrying at the two places set on the long table.

"Her ladyship is not down yet?"

"I haven't seen her, my lord."

Sevenways strolled over to the table and looked idly at the letters beside his plate. There was one thick registered envelope at which he frowned, the others were so evidently bills.

Rather puzzled as to what it might contain, he picked up a knife and slid it under the flap. It was a big, linen-faced envelope, rather bulky. As he withdrew the contents his frown changed to a look of amazement, for they were Bank of England notes, a thick wad of them.

He eyed them, unable to believe the evidence of his senses, and then rapidly counted them. Ten thousand pounds! Who in the world could have sent him such a sum?

LORD SEVENWAYS searched in the envelope for a letter accompanying this strange gift, but he found nothing. The notes were the only contents.

He was still staring almost idiotically at the packet in his hand when the door opened and his wife came in. She was radiant, a fresh and lovely figure in a trim grey costume.

"Good morning, Nicky," she said cheerily.

"Good morning, my dear," he answered. "Do you know anything about this?"

She came to his side and rested a hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"What is it?" she asked, and then, as she saw the notes: "Where did you get those?"

"I really don't know," he answered. "It's most extraordinary, Sybilla. They came by post, in this envelope."

"But who sent them?" she persisted.

"That's the mysterious part of it," he said, shaking his head wonderingly. "I don't know. There's no letter with them. Just ten thousand pounds in fifty-pound notes."

"Perhaps you have an unknown friend who has heard of your difficulty," said Sybilla. "Don't worry, Nicky. You've got the money, and it's good money—at least I suppose it is."

"It seems all right to me," he answered. "But where can it have come from?"

"It's a gift from the gods," said his wife smiling. "You'll be able to send a cheque to Mortons to-day and another to Ledgers. You won't have to sell the horses after all."

Sevenways' brow cleared. The thought of having to sell his racers had worried him almost more than the possibility of losing his beloved Broad Acres.

"Well, I suppose there's something in that, my dear," he remarked. "Anyway, I'll pay them into the bank after breakfast."

He thrust the notes into his pocket as the butler came in with several covered dishes. When the meal was over he made an excuse to his wife and retired to his study, and here he spent a considerable time telephoning various friends and business acquaintances to try to trace the source of the unexpected gift.

But he found no clue. Although he tried everyone he could think of, none of them, including his solicitors, seemed to know anything about the mysterious ten thousand pounds.

He gave it up at last, and ordering the car was driven to his bank where he paid in the amount, causing no little astonishment to Mr. Leslie, the manager. It was some considerable time since Lord Sevenways had handled such a large sum.

After that, Sevenways sent off the cheque to Mortons and held a telephone conversation with his trainer, informing him, to that man's unconcealed delight, that there was no longer any need to dispose of the string of thoroughbred racers.

Throughout the rest of the evening he continued to puzzle his brain, and even after he had sought his room the extraordinary gift from the clouds kept him wakeful.

It must have been one o'clock when he heard the footfall. It came stealthily past his door, a soft creak, followed by the creak of a stair.

He got up quickly, pulled on a dressing-gown, and thrust his feet into his slippers. Going over to the door he opened it. He heard the rattle of a bolt and the tinkle of a chain. Someone was letting himself out by the main door.

He went quickly down the stairs, out the open front door, and on to the broad gravel of the drive, peering in all directions. But nothing stirred in the immediate vicinity. He reached the lawn, rounded a clump of shrubbery, and came to a sudden stop, with a queer, sick feeling.

Near the big acacia tree that stood in the centre of the smaller lawn, clearly outlined in the moonlight, stood his wife. She was talking to a man, a stranger.

So it was Sybilla who had crept furtively out of the house at that late hour, to meet—whom?

He watched, his mouth dry, his eyes straining. His wife was speaking rapidly, accompanying her words with little gestures, oddly familiar gestures that she used when she was excited. And the man was listening, interpolating a word here and there.

Presently he passed something to the woman and she slipped it into the bosom of her dress.

Sevenways found that he was trembling, and he gripped his lower lip between his teeth. Sybilla! Then he shook himself angrily.

Perhaps, after all, there was nothing in it. Perhaps she would explain. Maybe there was some explanation

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for this meeting which he had witnessed.

And then, even as the thought came to him, he saw how absurd it had been, for the man had moved nearer, slipped his arm round the woman's shoulders, and drawn her to him. As they kissed, Lord Sevenways turned away and went stumbling blindly back towards the house.

. . . . . .

Peter Ashton arrived at the Green Parrot at a little after eleven. It was not his first visit by any means. The cloakroom attendant-cum-reception-clerk greeted him with the friendly smile that he reserved for such customers as were welcome.

There were plenty of spare tables, for the night was young according to the habits of the patrons of the Green Parrott, and selecting one from which he could obtain a view of the entire room he pulled out a chair and sat down. A tired waiter came up and Peter ordered a whisky and soda.

When it was brought to him he lit a cigarette and leaning back in his chair took a more detailed stock of his surroundings.

AFTER a while, Peter's eyes lighted on a man who was sitting by himself at a table in a corner, and who hardly looked in keeping with the rest of the crowd that frequented the Green Parrot. He was a little, jovial-faced man, with large, horn-rimmed glasses and attired in immaculate evening dress.

Before him stood a tall glass of some yellow liquid which Peter concluded was whisky and soda, and from which he occasionally took an appreciative sip.

American, thought the reporter. Now what's his graft?

He tried to place the man, but found it difficult, and in the effort became aware, to his surprise, that the other was watching him with an equal interest. He became puzzled and not a little interested.

The band stopped in the middle, as it seemed, of a particularly untuneful din, and there was a little outburst of clapping from the dancers.

After a moment's pause the band broke into fresh and equally unmelodious noise, and as the couples once more became animated by the rhythm Peter saw the stout little man rise slowly to his feet and begin to make his way towards the table at which he was sitting.

He moved at leisure, dodging the dancers until he had crossed the stretch of polished floor and stood facing the surprised reporter.

"I guess you're Mr. Ashton," he greeted in a pleasant voice, which confirmed Peter's supposition of the country of his origin.

"I guess the same," said Peter. "In fact it's more than a guess on my part. I'm sure of it. Has my fame crossed the Atlantic?"

"No, sir!" answered the man who called himself "Superstitious Sam." "But you were pointed out to me the other day and I thought I hadn't made a mistake. My name's Piggott, Samuel K. Piggott, at your service, sir."

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Piggott," said Peter. "Sit down and have a drink."

Mr. Piggott bowed his thanks, pulled out a chair, and dropped gently into it.

"What'll you have?" inquired Peter pleasantly, and snapped his fingers to attract the attention of a passing waiter.

"I'll have a high-ball, or as you call them over here, a whisky and soda," said Mr. Piggott.

Peter gave the order and waited, his curiosity aroused, to see what was coming next. He was prepared for almost anything except his companion's next remark.

"Maybe he won't come," he murmured.

Peter started.

"Who won't come?" he asked.

"The fellow you're waiting for," answered Mr. Piggott, and his eyes, behind the big spectacles, met the reporter's astonished gaze solemnly.

"How do you know I'm waiting for anybody?" said Peter.

"Call it a guess," replied "Superstitious Sam," "and then tell me if I'm wrong." He continued to eye Peter steadily, and when the reporter made no reply: "Well, perhaps it isn't necessary to tell me. I guess I'm not wrong."

"You seem fond of guesses!" retorted Peter, and the other chuckled.

"Yes, sir, I am," he answered. "You'd be surprised at some of the things I've been guessing lately. Here's one of my guesses. I guess the fellow you're waiting for knows Toni Sellini isn't able to come here to-night and won't turn up either."

"You seem to know a great deal," Peter said. "Perhaps you can tell me who this man is I'm supposed to be waiting for?"

"Perhaps I can," agreed Mr. Piggott. He rested his elbows on the table and leaned across confidentially. "You're a friend of Superintendent Budd's, aren't you?" he said in a low voice. "Well, I'll pass on the warning to you that I gave to him. Be careful! Horseshoes can be dangerous things. Particularly silver ones. Get me?"

"I get you," said Peter, his eyes narrowing. "What do you know about the Silver Horseshoe?"

"Very little," said Mr. Piggott. "But I guess a lot. The man you're waiting for to-night is dangerous, and he won't come."

"Do you know him?" said the reporter quickly.

"Yes, I know him," answered Mr. Piggott slowly. "P'raps one day I'll introduce you, but it won't be yet."

. . . . . .

Peter Ashton reported his failure to Jacob Bellamy next morning, and received an invitation from the old man to come and talk things over at his house that night.

It was seven o'clock when Peter arrived, and was admitted by the bookmaker himself.

"Come in, boy," said the old man genially, "and let's hear what happened." He led the way into his study and splashed whisky into two glasses with a prodigal hand.

"Now go ahead," he invited.

When the reporter had finished his story he said, "I'd like to know more of this feller, Piggott. He seems to know a lot, don't he?"

"He knows a great deal too much, in my opinion," said Peter. "I can't place him at all. He's an American, but he doesn't look like a crook to me. Yet he certainly knew this fellow wasn't turning up."

"H'm. Well, we've learnt somethin', anyway," said the bookmaker. "So maybe it wasn't a wasted evenin'."

"What have we learnt?" asked Peter.

"We've discovered a man who does know somethin'," explained old Jacob, pointing his remark by waving his glass. "This man Piggott. We've got to keep in touch with him because he might lead us to the people we want."

"Well, he's easy enough to find," said Peter. "He lives at the Gresham Hotel, Norfolk Street."

Bellamy looked surprised.

"What, did he tell you his address?" he asked.

Peter shook his head.

"No. But I left before he did," he explained, "and waited for him to come out. He took a taxi and I followed in another, and that's where he went to. He's staying in his own name, too. I inquired of the night porter."

A sharp rat-tat sounded from the hall, and he looked inquiringly at the bookmaker.

"Postman," said old Jacob laconically. "'Alf a tick."

He went out, returning with a letter which he ripped open. His face changed as he read the contents, and then he tossed the single sheet over to his friend.

"Take a look at that!" he growled, and Peter obeyed.

NEITHER date nor other heading graced the sheet of common typing paper, and the letter began abruptly:

"You have been lucky up to the present, but your luck will not hold for ever. You have defied us and therefore you must pay the penalty. Between now and Friday the sixteenth you will pay the sum of five thousand pounds in pound notes and in the manner stipulated below.

"On Thursday you will be attending the race meeting at Gatwick in the usual course of your business. To a man who will present you with a card bearing the insignia of the Silver Horseshoe you will hand over the sum mentioned.

"If any attempt is made to evade this liability, invoke the aid of the police, or detain the messenger you will be killed within an hour of any such disobedience of these orders."

Below the line of typing was the stamped impression of a Silver Horseshoe.

"What d'you think of that?" demanded old Jacob, when Peter had finished reading. "Got some nerve these people, ain't they?"

"I think," said the reporter seri-

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ously, "they mean business. I shouldn't treat this lightly, Jacob, if I were you."

"They're not gettin' any five thousand quid outer me!" said the bookmaker decisively. "But it gives us another chance. If we're clever we might pinch the lot this time."

. . . . . .

The first day's racing of the season at Gatwick was signalised by unusually fine weather, and in consequence the Surrey course was crowded. The going would be better than it had been for many years.

Lord Sevenways reached the course a few minutes before the first race, and after escorting his wife to the stand made his way to the stables to seek his trainer.

He had entered Golden Gleam, a promising three-year-old, for the Alexandra Handicap, and although he had very little hope of winning the race it would give the horse an outing and test.

As he made his way through the chattering throng in the Paddock Sevenways' eyes were downcast and his face looked pale and haggard. He had been a different man since that night when he had stumbled back to his bedroom in Broad Acres, sick at heart and almost disbelieving the evidence of his own eyesight.

Wakeful and restless, he had grappled with his problem until, as the grey of dawn came stealing through the window, he had come to his decision.

He would say nothing. He would allow his wife to think that he was unaware of that midnight meeting which he had witnessed. There might be others. He would be watchful and vigilant in the future until he had complete proof.

"Good day, m'lord." Lord Sevenways looked up, startled out of his unpleasant thoughts, and saw his trainer standing by the entrance to the saddling enclosure.

"Good day, Morgan," said Sevenways. "How's Golden Gleam?"

Joe Morgan beamed.

"First-class condition, m'lord," he answered. "If it wasn't for Dawn Light I'd say we had a chance."

The horses were going down to the gate for the first race when his lordship rejoined his wife.

"What does Morgan say? Does he think Golden Gleam has a chance?" she asked, and he nodded. "Wouldn't it be lovely if we won?" Her eyes sparkled. "Have you backed him, Nicky?"

"Only a pony," he answered dully, scanning the crowd through his glasses. "I don't think he'll win."

"They're off!"

The familiar cry came thundering up as the bell rang and a bunched mass of horse-flesh and silken jackets came hurtling towards the post.

The race was over in a flash, for it was only a five-furlong event.

Among those who watched it with interest was Superintendent Budd, attended by Sergeant Leek.

"What's won?" demanded Sergeant Leek, stretching his long neck over the heads of the people in front of him, in an endeavor to catch a glimpse of the number board.

"Whatever it is you haven't," grunted Mr. Budd unsympathetically. "Your horse was last."

The sergeant's jaw dropped.

"Are you sure?" he asked anxiously.

"There go the numbers," said the stout Superintendent, and consulted his card. "Scotch Mist, one. Monsoon Love, two. Marico, three. Come on."

"Where are you going?" asked the sergeant mournfully as he realised that his money had gone to swell the coffers of Mr. Bellamy.

"I'm going to draw my winnings," answered Mr. Budd complacently. "I had ten bob each way on Scotch Mist."

He halted beside Jacob Bellamy's stand and produced his ticket. As his winnings were handed to him he saw Peter Ashton, accompanied by Marjorie Arbinger.

"Hello!" said the reporter. "You seem to have been lucky."

"I've won twenty-five bob," answered the stout man. "Not so bad for a beginning. Good afternoon, Miss Arbinger."

The girl acknowledged his greeting coldly. She had not forgotten her father's violent death and still, quite unjustly, attributed it to the laxity of the police.

It had been a great blow to her that Mr. Budd, by his persistent investigations, had ferreted out the story of Peter's meeting with Mr. Piggott, and Peter had then thought it advisable to tell the superintendent his full story, and work in with him, at this meeting, in endeavoring to apprehend the writer of the letter Jacob Bellamy had received.

Peter took Mr. Budd to one side.

"Well," he said, in a low voice, "seen any suspicious characters about?"

"You can't go to any racecourse in the world," answered the fat man, "without seeing suspicious characters. But if you mean have I seen anyone that I think is likely to be mixed up in the Silver Horseshoe business, no."

"Well, I hope there won't be," answered Peter. "I'd hate anything to happen to old Jacob."

"Nothing'll happen to Mr. Bellamy. You can take my word for that!" declared Mr. Budd emphatically.

He looked at the bookmaker and winked, but Peter was not so sure.

"I've spotted two suspicious-looking fellows," he said seriously. "They've been hanging about Bellamy's stand ever since he arrived."

He pointed to two men, immaculately dressed, who were chatting in low tones nearby.

"Those two?" Mr. Budd surveyed them sleepily. "Sergeant Marshall and Sergeant Burns."

"Your men?" Peter was surprised.

Mr. Budd nodded.

"Yes," he answered. "There are two more over there. I'm not taking any chances, Mr. Ashton, so you needn't worry. Where's that sergeant of mine got to?"

"There he is," said Peter Ashton suddenly, and pointed.

Following the direction of his arm, Mr. Budd saw the lean form of the sergeant over by the stands, talking earnestly to a short, stoutish man, who was immaculately dressed in grey.

"Who's he got hold of now?" muttered Mr. Budd.

At that moment the grey man turned so that both he and Peter were able to see his face. It was Mr. Piggott.

"That fellow certainly gets about," muttered Mr. Budd. "Now I wonder what he's doing here?"

He moved over towards the jovial-faced little man, and after a word to Marjorie Arbinger, Peter followed him.

"How d'you do, Superintendent?" greeted Mr. Piggott with a beaming smile. "Now you're the last man I should have thought would have played the races." His expression was innocent; his eyes behind the thick lenses of his spectacles twinkled genially.

"I'm not playing anything," replied Mr. Budd wearily. "I'm here on business."

"Is that so?" Mr. Piggott raised his eyebrows, and transferred his attention to Peter. "Are you here on business, too, Mr. Ashton?"

"In a way," answered the reporter vaguely.

"I guess I thought people only came racing for pleasure," said the American, shaking his head.

"Are you here on business?" asked Mr. Budd bluntly.

"Now what business should I have on a racecourse?" inquired Mr. Piggott. "I'm neither a bookie, nor a trainer, nor a jockey. I'm here for the love of the sport, sir. Purely for the love of the sport."

Sergeant Leek, who had appeared rather dismayed when he discovered that Mr. Budd and the American knew each other, broke into the conversation.

"He says Inquisitive Lass is a cert for the next race," he remarked.

"I didn't know you two were acquainted," murmured Mr. Budd. "How did you come to know each other?"

"I recognised Sergeant Leek and spoke to him," answered the American. "I'm naturally of a sociable disposition. Well, I guess I'll be going. I want to back that horse."

Mr. Piggott moved away with a cheery nod, and the big man stood gazing after him until he was lost to sight in the crowd.

"Who is he?" asked Leek, with a puzzled expression on his melancholy face. "D'you know him?"

"Yes, I know him," said Mr. Budd, "and I'd like to know a lot more. It's a funny thing the way he turns up whenever there's likely to be anything doing."

"He knew me all right," said the sergeant. "But I don't recollect ever seeing him before."

"Well, I expect you'll see him again," murmured the stout man, "and maybe it won't be under such pleasant circumstances, either."

"I think I'll have a bit on this horse he was talking about," said Leek. "I've got to get my money back somehow."

He went off disconsolately to place his bet, and Mr. Budd accompanied

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Peter back to where they had left Marjorie Arbinger. The girl was standing by the side of Jacob Bellamy's stand watching the crowd interestedly. The bookmaker was apparently too busy to more than grunt a word to her now and again, and she welcomed Peter's reappearance with obvious pleasure.

"The horses have just gone down to the gate for the next race," said Peter. "I think I'll have a pound on Inquisitive Lass. I think that fellow knew something."

"I think he knows a lot," said Mr. Budd. "And I'm not referring to horses."

"Who are you speaking about?" asked the girl, and when Peter told her: "Put me a pound on, too, will you?" She opened her bag and extr "ed a note.

The reporter nodded as he took it.

"Look after her, Budd, will you? I'll join you in a minute," he said, and elbowed his way through the crowd.

With the girl at his side the stout detective began to walk slowly towards the stands. Peter rejoined them as they took their places on the stand, and he had barely done so when the bell clanged and the second race began.

For a few seconds after the start the nine horses engaged were bunched together, the jockeys' colors indistinguishable, and then two drew away from the ruck and an excited roar went up from the crowd. Peter glanced quickly at his card.

"The green and orange jacket is Inquisitive Lass," he said. "And the pink and white hoops is the favorite, Orange Blossom."

The girl, her lips parted and her eyes sparkling, craned her neck.

"It's a close race," breathed Peter. "I think the favorite's going to do it. Yes, Orange Blossom!"

The cry was taken up by the crowd as the pink and white came level with the orange and green, and drew ahead.

"Orange Blossom! Orange Blossom's won it!"

But she hadn't. With a burst of surprising speed Inquisitive Lass, her jockey lying almost flat on her outcranned neck, came creeping up alongside. The orange and black and the pink and white blended as the two horses flashed past the post.

"Inquisitive Lass! Inquisitive Lass wins!"

Peter went and collected his own winnings and Marjorie's.

"It was a wonderful race," she said, as she put the money away in her bag. "I——"

She broke off as Mr. Budd uttered a low exclamation.

"What is it?" asked Peter quickly.

"Look!" muttered the big man. "That's the feller we're waiting for, I think."

The little knot of people in front of Bellamy's stand had thinned, and approaching it was a smart-looking man in a chauffeur's uniform carrying in one hand a white envelope.

Mr. Budd edged closer and made an almost imperceptible signal to the two loungers who had never moved very far away. They sauntered over until they were within a few yards of the chauffeur.

"Are you Mr. Jacob Bellamy, sir?" The man looked up at the huge figure of the bookmaker and put the question respectfully.

"That's me," was the reply. "What d'you want?"

"A gentleman gave me this note," said the man, holding out the envelope. "He said there would be a reply."

The bookmaker took it, ripped open the envelope, and withdrew a card. He gave one glance at it and snapped his fingers. Mr. Budd jerked his head and the two men came up on either side of the startled chauffeur.

"Come along, we want you!" said one of them sternly, and took the man by the arm.

"What's the idea?" demanded the chauffeur indignantly.

"We're police officers and you know what the idea is well enough," said the man who had spoken before. "You'd better come quietly."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't done anything." The chauffeur's face was pale and he looked frightened. "A gentleman asked me to bring a note to Mr. Bellamy and wait for a reply. There ain't nothing wrong in that, is there?"

"You'll see what's wrong in it," grunted the other detective.

PETER and the girl, watching interestedly, saw Mr. Budd take a card from the bookmaker's hand and read it, and consumed with curiosity Peter crossed to his side.

"Is it from the Horseshoe?" he asked, and the big man nodded, and without a word held the card out to him.

It was a plain square of thin pasteboard. Typed neatly on one side was the following:

"Give the thousand pounds to the bearer of this and there will be no more trouble. Fail to do so and we shall carry out our threat."

The familiar impression of the horseshoe took the place of a signature.

"Now," said Mr. Budd, as he took back the card and placed it carefully in his pocket-book, "we'll see what this fellow has to say."

The chauffeur had a lot to say. In his fright he became extremely voluble. If there was any trouble he didn't know anything about it. A gentleman had come over to him in the car park and asked him if he would mind taking a note to Mr. Jacob Bellamy, the bookmaker.

He had demurred, but the gentleman, who had been very pleasant spoken, had offered him a fiver, and he had eventually agreed. The gentleman had told him to wait for an answer, and that's all he knew.

"Who's your employer?" asked the Superintendent. "I don't mean this fellow who gave you the note. I mean your regular employer."

"Lord Sevenways," answered the man. "He's here somewhere." He looked round. "Yes, there he is, over there." He nodded to where Sevenways was chatting to some people.

"Just a minute." Mr. Budd moved ponderously across. "Excuse me, m'lord," he said, and Sevenways turned in surprise. "There's a man here who says he's your chauffeur. Would you mind coming and identifying him?"

The pale, thin face of his lordship expressed astonishment.

"My chauffeur?" he said. "What the deuce is he doing here?"

Mr. Budd drew him to one side and in a low voice rapidly explained.

"Good heavens!" gasped Sevenways. "Certainly I'll come. Excuse me, my dear." He turned to his wife, who was watching curiously. "I'll be back in a second."

He followed Mr. Budd back to where the chauffeur stood in the care of the detectives. He glanced at the man and nodded.

"Yes, this is my chauffeur," he said. "He can't know anything about this business, Superintendent."

"I'm beginning to think you're right, m'lord," said Mr. Budd wearily. "All right, let him go. Now," went on the Superintendent, "I'm rather anxious to meet this man who gave you that note. Do you mind taking a reply back, and we'll follow you."

"O.K.," said the chauffeur.

The fat man stepped over to the bookmaker's stand and returned with a small parcel.

"Here you are," he said. "Give him that. I'm sorry to have troubled you, m'lord," he added, turning to Sevenways. "But it was necessary to make sure."

"That's all right," said Sevenways. "Only too glad to have been of assistance." He fingered his little smear of moustache nervously. "Go on, Simpson. Do anything the Superintendent tells you."

The chauffeur touched his hat and turned away. Mr. Budd and the two detectives followed at a respectful distance. The man passed out of the enclosure, skirted the paddock, and entered the car park. Pausing beside a big saloon he looked about him, but except for a scattered collection of his own fraternity the place was deserted.

For a quarter of an hour they waited, but nobody put in an appearance, and Mr. Budd gave a sigh.

"I'm afraid we've lost him," he said, shaking his head sadly. "He must have had somebody watching, saw what happened to his messenger, and cleared off." He beckoned to the chauffeur. "Can you give me a description of this man?" he said.

The chauffeur did his best, but it was not very helpful. He had been of medium height, very well dresssd, and aged about thirty-five. Complexion was rather fresh and he had a little fair moustache.

"I'd recognise him again if I saw him," ended the man confidently.

"You won't see him," murmured Mr. Budd. "Nothing is more certain than that. You won't see him."

He came back to where he had left Peter and the girl, a disappointed man.

"Well, that's that!" said the reporter when he was told of the failure. "What do we do now?"

"We watch Bellamy," said Mr. Budd seriously. "These people's orders have been disobeyed, and they know it.

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They've got to do something to keep up their reputation."

Marjorie's face went pale.

"You mean that Mr. Bellamy is in danger?" she asked, fearfully.

"You can take it from me," said Mr. Budd, choosing his words carefully, "that nothing will happen to Mr. Bellamy. Keep that in your mind."

The betting for the next race had begun.

The race was only six furlongs, and, to the surprise of everyone, was won by a rank outsider, Golden Gleam. The shouting had barely died down when a dull explosion shook the ground.

"What the deuce was that?" muttered Peter, and Marjorie's face went white.

"It came from the enclosure," she muttered. "Do you think——"

PETER was already elbowing his way through the crush. He could see nothing, but he heard the screams of women and the cries of somebody in pain. As he drew near to Jacob Bellamy's stand he caught sight of a policeman amid the crowd.

He forced his way nearer, and reaching the fringe of the excited throng, his breath left his lips in a gasp at what he saw.

A cordon had been formed round the spot which had lately been occupied by the bookmaker's stand. But of the stand nothing was left but a heap of splintered wood and blackened, smouldering canvas. The huge figure of the bookmaker lay sprawled amidst the wreckage, and a pall of smoke drifted sluggishly in the still air.

"Great heaven!" Peter caught sight of Mr. Budd and signalled frantically.

The big man, his face stern and set, came over, and at a word the uniformed policeman allowed him and the girl to break the cordon.

"What was it?" whispered Peter aghast.

"A bomb!" said Mr. Budd grimly.

"Good heavens!" The reporter stared at him. "And Bellamy—is—is he dead?"

The stout Superintendent shook his head.

"No, sir," he answered. "He isn't dead. He isn't even injured."

"Then what the deuce is he lying there for?" demanded Peter.

"He isn't," said Mr. Budd. "That's not Jacob Bellamy, and it never was Jacob Bellamy. That's Sergeant Gayling!"

Marjorie was horrified, but relieved when she learned that old Jacob Bellamy was uninjured.

Peter got her out of the crowd and escorted her to the luncheon tent, and then went back to find out all he could concerning the outrage.

"It must have been a time-bomb," said Mr. Budd when he eventually succeeded in getting hold of that harassed official. "Somebody succeeded in slipping it under the stand without being seen. Not a very difficult thing to do in this crowd. Luckily there was nobody near the stand when the thing went off."

"What about the clerk?" asked Peter. "Was he hurt?"

"He wasn't there," said the fat detective, shaking his head. "He'd gone away for a few minutes. I'm sorry about Sergeant Gayling."

"Why didn't you tell me it wasn't Bellamy?" demanded the reporter.

"Because I thought the fewer people who knew about it the better," said Mr. Budd. "I had great difficulty in persuading Mr. Bellamy to keep away. In fact I nearly had to lock him up."

"He was very like old Jacob," muttered Peter. "I had no suspicion——"

"He was like enough. Sufficiently so, anyway, to deceive these people," said the stout Superintendent.

The stewards had arrived, three anxious and horrified men, and Mr. Budd went off to pacify their righteous indignation.

Peter waited until he learned that racing was to be abandoned for the rest of the day, and then he sought out a telephone and poured into Mr. Sorbet's willing ears an account of the tragedy. When he had done this he went back to find the girl, and put a suggestion which had occurred to him.

"Look here," he said, "when Budd is through here suppose we go back to my cottage? It's quiet there. It'll only take half an hour. We can talk without being disturbed."

She agreed, and he hurried away to find the Superintendent, and put forth his suggestion.

"I tell you what you might do, Mr. Ashton," Budd said. "Telephone Bellamy and ask him to come down to your place. You'll find him at the Yard. I arranged with him to stop there all day. Leek had better come too."

By a quarter-past five they were all at the little cottage. Peter set about making tea. Marjorie insisted on helping him, and when they were all supplied with tea and biscuits Peter opened the subject which was uppermost in all their minds.

To the surprise of everyone it was Sergeant Leek who made the most sensible contribution to the discussion.

"It seems to me," he said mournfully, "that the only way we can hope to trap these people is to work in the dark. I mean, pretend to be doing something else."

"You mean, can't we lead 'em off on a false trail,' said Mr Budd.

"Attack 'em in the rear," said old Jacob "It's an idea, Budd."

"It's an idea," echoed Peter. "But how are we going to do it?"

They became so interested in the discussion that followed that it was only the darkness of the room that warned them of the passage of time.

"Who's that in your garden, Mr Ashton," Leek said suddenly.

Even as he spoke there was a sudden rush of footsteps, the crash of breaking glass, and silhouetted outside the shattered window they saw the figures of three men.

"Keep still! Don't move, any of you!" snarled a muffled voice, and they saw that the thing which had broken the glass was the ugly muzzle of a sub-machine gun.

The occupants of the little sitting-room stood rigid as though suddenly turned to stone. Mr. Budd was breathing heavily, his eyes fixed on the shadowy figures outside the window.

Marjorie, one hand gripping Peter's arm convulsively, was staring in the same direction, her face ashen.

"I guess you're for it!" said the muffled voice of the spokesman. "A nice bag, boys! All the birds with one stone. What a bit of luck!"

He leaned a little forward, and Peter saw the forefinger crooked round the trigger move.

Almost mechanically he jerked the girl behind him though he knew the action was futile. No one could escape the hail of bullets that the next second would bring.

"Well!" breathed old Bellamy, "I'm not goin' to die without makin' a fight for it!"

He sprang forward, and the muzzle of the machine-gun belched flame.

Involuntarily Peter closed his eyes. He felt something splattering about him and waited for the red-hot agony that would tell him he had been hit. But it never came. Instead he heard the throaty voice of Mr. Budd utter a surprised exclamation.

The rat-tat-tat-tat of the machine-gun suddenly stopped. There were confused shouts and a pandemonium of noise, and he opened his eyes to see the stout Superintendent, covered in white plaster, make for the window.

A shot, outside and close at hand, reached his ears.

"Grab that gun and follow me!" snapped the big man, as, heedless of the broken glass, he began to scramble through the shattered window.

Peter flung up the sash, flung his legs over the sill, and disappeared into the darkness, with Bellamy at his heels.

"There's one of them!" cried old Jacob, pointing to a blot of shadow creeping along by the hedge.

"Make sure it isn't Leek," said the stout Superintendent, as Peter dashed off towards the moving blot.

AS he drew level with the shadow in the hedge, the whine of a car reached Peter's ears.

"Stop!" he ordered, raising the heavy gun. "I want to have a look at you, my friend!"

The man stopped.

"You can have a look at me without threatening me with that thing," said a gentle voice.

Peter almost dropped his weapon as he recognised it. It was the voice of Mr. Piggott.

"So you were in it, were you?" Mr. Budd demanded.

"Yes, I was in it, sir," said the American. "You ought to be very thankful that I was in it. If I hadn't slugged that feller with the gun just as he was going to open fire you'd have been a nasty mess."

"Come and do a little explaining," suggested Mr. Budd.

They went back to the house and when they reached the sitting-room Mr. Budd turned to the captive.

"Now," he said. "Spill it! Was that you doing the firing?"

"I guess it was," said Mr. Piggott.

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He dropped his hand into the pocket of his coat and produced an automatic. "It's all right," he said with a smile as Peter made a gesture with his gun. "It's empty now. I used the last shot trying to wing one of those fellows."

"You seem to turn up at most unexpected moments," said the stout Superintendent. "What were you doing here?"

"Just taking an evening stroll, sir," said Mr. Piggott innocently.

"It's quite a distance from the Pigeons to this cottage," said Peter meaningly.

"Exercise is good for all men," said the American, "and I'm naturally fond of exploring." He turned sharply. "What was that?" he asked curtly, and they heard the sound that had disturbed him, the crunch of a footstep outside.

Alert and watchful they faced the window. Into the dim rays of the lamp came the figure of a man, his white shirt-front startlingly clear. It was Lord Sevenways.

"Is there any trouble?" asked his lordship querulously. "I was walking in my grounds when I heard the sound of shooting. What's been happening?"

Mr. Budd gave the others a warning glance.

"Nothing very much, sir," he answered. "Mr. Ashton was taking a few pot-shots at some rabbits."

"They were pistol shots I heard," said Sevenways suspiciously. "You don't shoot rabbits with pistols."

"Mr. Ashton's got curious habits," murmured Mr. Budd. "He was trying to prove to us what a good shot he is."

"Well, I'm glad it was nothing serious," said Sevenways. "I was afraid there was some trouble. Good night!"

He moved away, and they heard his footsteps receding in the distance.

"Why did you tell him that story about rabbits?" asked Peter, and Mr. Budd shrugged his broad shoulders.

"No need to alarm him unnecessarily," he said. "And we don't want to make a song about to-night."

"I think you're wise, sir," said Mr. Piggott. "That gentleman was Lord Sevenways, wasn't it?"

"Yes," answered Peter, and the American sighed.

"He's got a lot to answer for," he said sadly. "Yes, sir, he's got a lot to answer for."

"Now just what do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Budd.

"I mean," replied Mr. Piggott gravely, "that if it hadn't been for Lord Sevenways there'd have been no Silver Horseshoe. No, sir! That fellow is responsible for all the trouble! You'd never think so to look at him, would you?"

. . . . . .

The bomb outrage at Gatwick created a sensation among the general public; while the various developments prompted Mr. Budd to send Sergeant Leek to Broad Acres to keep an eye on Lord Sevenways.

"I've arranged with Mr. Ashton for the use of his cottage," he said. "You can make that your headquarters, and Sergeant Eaton 'll come down later so as to relieve you."

The lean sergeant departed, not very happy at the task which had been assigned to him, and when he had gone Mr. Budd became a very busy man indeed.

Picking up the house telephone he put through half a dozen calls to various departments and interviewed a number of men whose duties covered a wide and varied field. To each he gave detailed instructions regarding what he wanted, and when he had finished with the last he drew a sheet of paper towards him and wrote out a long cable.

When this had been despatched he leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. He was apparently sleeping when Peter Ashton was announced.

"I'm meeting Miss Arbinger for tea at the Metro Palace," the reporter explained, "and I thought perhaps you'd like to come along."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Ashton. What time are we meeting Miss Arbinger?"

"Four o'clock." Peter glanced at his watch. "Which means we ought to be going."

QUITE a little crowd filled the lounge of the Metro Palace when Mr. Budd and Peter arrived there, but there was no sign of Marjorie. They waited until a quarter-past four, and then Peter began to get impatient.

"What can have happened to her?" he demanded.

Mr. Budd, sprawled comfortably in a deep armchair, smiled.

"She's only fifteen minutes late," he murmured. "That's nothing in my experience of women. If she gets here by five she'll think she's early."

They waited another quarter of an hour, and then Peter's impatience changed to uneasiness.

"I'll ring up and see if she's left," he said, and went over to a row of public call boxes.

He was back in less than three minutes, his face drawn.

"There's something wrong," he said huskily. "You didn't send a man for her at half-past three, did you?"

Mr. Budd sat up, his sleepy eyes wide open.

"No!" he snapped. "Why?"

"They tell me that a man called for her at half-past three," said Peter. "He said he was from Scotland Yard, and Marjorie left with him in a car. Where are you going?" he demanded, for the big man was moving with surprising rapidity towards the exit.

"I'm going to Putney," said Mr. Budd grimly. "I don't like the sound of it, Mr. Ashton. I don't like the sound of it at all!"

A taxi took Mr. Budd and Peter to Putney, and throughout the journey the big man sat silent and stern, and for once there was no sign of his usual sleepiness. When they reached the house on Putney Hill Peter was out of the cab almost before it had stopped and pulling violently at the bell.

"Somebody called for Miss Arbinger. Who was it?" demanded the reporter, when a servant opened the door.

"A detective from Scotland Yard, sir." The maid stared at him in mingled astonishment and annoyance. "She went away with him in a car."

"What was this man like?" Mr. Budd, breathing a little heavily, put the question. "Can you give me a description of him?"

But the girl was vague.

"Short and fattish," was all she could muster in the descriptive line.

"What was the car like?" demanded the stout Superintendent, and here again she was not very helpful.

"It was a closed car, one of them saloons."

"And the color?"

"It might have been black, or perhaps dark green."

"Or red, white, and blue," growled Mr. Budd. "What was the number?"

She shook her head helplessly.

There was nothing more to be learned in Putney, and going back to the taxi which they had kept waiting they were driven to the Yard.

"They failed last night," said Mr. Budd gloomily, "and this is the result."

Reaching the Yard they went up to his office and within a minute of settling in the chair behind his desk he was starting the vast organisation for inquiries which police headquarters has at its disposal. To every police station in the country went a hurried call, containing descriptions of Marjorie and the car.

Peter telephoned an account of the kidnapping to his paper, and then waited, hoping against hope that some news would break. But no trace of the car or the girl was reported. It was twelve o'clock when he finally left, to go wearily back to his flat, a tired and dispirited man.

He was up soon after five and made himself some tea. The thought of breakfast sickened him.

At eight o'clock he heard the rat-tat of the post, and went listlessly to collect his mail. There were three letters. Two were of no consequence, but the third, when he opened it, drove the color from his face and brought a startled oath to his lips.

It was written on cheap paper without any heading and it was from Marjorie.

"Dear Mr. Ashton," it began. "I am writing this at the dictation of the person responsible for my abduction this afternoon. I am unharmed at present, but unless you can comply with his demands I am not likely to remain so long. I shall not be hurt in any way if you, Mr. Bellamy, and Superintendent Budd are prepared to give up your campaign against the Silver Horseshoe.

"A promise to this effect in writing must be made at once and should be delivered to a messenger who will be at Holborn tube station at eight o'clock to-night. He will wear a sprig of lavender in his buttonhole. Any attempt to molest the messenger will result in my death.

"I am sure they really mean this, so please do not fail me.

"Yours sincerely,

"Marjorie Arbinger."

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Peter was round at the Yard before Mr. Budd had put in an appearance, and waited impatiently for the stout man to arrive.

Mr. Budd's face set sternly as he took in the contents of the letter.

"What can we do?" asked the reporter.

"Well, we can't agree to what they want, anyway," said the big man, shaking his head. "At least I can't. Whatever happens to Miss Arbinger, Mr. Ashton, I've got to go and try and find these people. You realise that."

"But you can't risk them carrying out their threat! You can't!" Peter's voice was shrill in his fear.

"I've got to," said Mr. Budd. "You and Mr. Bellamy needn't, but I've no choice."

"Then you're going to let them do what they say?"

"Just a minute." The big man dipped his fingers into his upper waistcoat pocket, produced a cigar, and lighted it. "Just a minute, Mr. Ashton, and let me think. We've got till eight o'clock to-night before we do anything."

"Why not pretend to agree to what they want," suggested Peter. "At least it would give us a breathing space."

"I was considering that," said the stout man nodding. Yes, I think that's what we'll do. We'll draft out a letter to Miss Arbinger and we'll all sign it. See if you can get hold of Mr. Bellamy. Then we've got to find that girl, and find her quick! Though, how we're going to do it I'm blessed if I know!"

. . . . . .

Sergeant Leek went off to carry out the instructions his superior had given him in no optimistic frame of mind. He reached Peter Ashton's little cottage, deposited the bag he had brought with him containing the few essentials necessary for his toilet, and went out to survey the land.

He was certain in his own mind that Mr. Budd was making a big mistake. It was a sheer waste of time to send him and Sergeant Eaton to keep a watch on Lord Sevenways. What would a fellow like that be doing mixed up with a gang of crooks? It wasn't reasonable.

The lean sergeant was, however, sufficiently conscientious not to let his own predilections interfere with his duty. He discovered a point of vantage from which he could watch all exits and entrances to Broad Acres, and here he took up his stand.

He caught sight of the man he was watching several times, but he only strolled about the grounds and never attempted to leave the confines of the estate. Once he was accompanied by a dark-haired woman whom Leek rightly decided was Lady Sevenways.

He spent eight long and rather boring hours at his vigil, and then he was relieved by Sergeant Eaton. He went back to the cottage, cooked himself a meal, and slept. There was an alarm clock near his head that would wake him when it was time to resume duty.

It woke him, or so it seemed, about ten minutes after he had fallen asleep, and he thought at first that something had gone wrong with the timepiece. A glance at the dial showed him that he was mistaken, it was half-past two in the morning.

He went to the sink, had a wash, and putting on his coat went out to take the place of his companion.

"Anything happened?" he inquired when he came upon Eaton.

The sergeant shook his head.

"Nothing at all!" he declared. "The place is in darkness and everybody's asleep. Well, so long. You've got it now till eleven and I hope you enjoy yourself." He waved his hand and disappeared into the darkness.

The night was a little chilly and very dark. No lights showed in any of the windows at Broad Acres, and there was nobody stirring abroad.

"Might just as well be in bed," said Leek miserably.

He heard a clock strike the half-hour, and then, to his surprise, almost immediately after, the sound of whispering voices. He drew back into the concealment of a clump of bushes in which he had taken up his position. Two figures grew dimly against the darkness.

"It may be bluff." The words came distinctly to his ears. "I wouldn't trust them."

"You don't suppose I have any intention of doing so, do you?" came the answer. "That wasn't the idea at all. The idea was to get this girl Arbinger and use her as bait. We want to draw——"

The voices faded in the distance.

BOTH men were still faintly visible, dark splashes against the darker background. Leek crept after them. They emerged into a narrow lane that skirted the borders of Lord Sevenways' estate, and increased their pace.

Leek followed warily, a little doubtful now whether he had done right. His orders had been to watch Broad Acres and its owner, and neither of these men was Sevenways. The voice of one was rough and uncultured. The other held the faintest trace of an American twang. But that mention of Arbinger was worth further inquiring into.

He held steadily to his purpose. His quarry came out of the lane on to the main thoroughfare and turned in the direction of the village. A few yards farther on two dim lights showed suddenly round the bend. As he came nearer Leek saw that they emanated from the headlights of a standing car.

A feeling of dismay came to him. If these men had got a car he was done, helpless, unless——

An idea occurred to him. The road was bordered by a low hedge and searching quickly he came upon a place where it was sufficiently thin to enable him to scramble through. He tore his coat and his hands badly, but he managed it and found himself in a ploughed field.

Swiftly he hurried forward. He was level with the car now, he could see the lights. It was a saloon and, by a stupendous piece of luck, there was a luggage rack attached to the back. This was what he had hoped for.

The two men were coming towards the car, and as they passed into the light of the headlamps Leek gasped. He knew the smaller! Harry Young! The man had suffered many convictions for robbery with violence.

There was a gate a yard or so in front of him, and reaching this he waited. The two men came level with the car, opened the door and got in. The starter whirred and Leek, scrambling over the gate, crept silently into the roadway.

The engine picked up with a rhythmic throb. Stretching out his hand he pulled at the luggage rack until it came down, and then perched himself precariously on the grille.

The car moved forward, increased its speed, and tore through the night.

Leek never forgot that ride. For days after he was stiff and sore and his body bruised from the discomfort of the iron grille.

But he clung on desperately. Just before dawn they reached London, passed through the deserted streets of the West End into the City. On into the Whitechapel Road.

They turned off the main thoroughfare and began to negotiate dark, evil-smelling streets. The tang of tarred cordage reached Leek's nostrils, and presently the lap-lap of water. He saw the bulk of moored vessels, then the car stopped abruptly by a rotting wharf.

He slipped from his perch into the shadow of a warehouse. The men got out, walked to the wharf, and began to climb down what must have been a ladder.

Leek waited until they had disappeared from view and then he, too, cautiously made his way to the end of the wharf and, lying flat so that he couldn't be seen, peered over the edge.

A dinghy containing his quarry was moving away, the dip-dip of its oars came plainly to his ears.

There was only one thing to do, so far as he could see. Making his way down the ladder he let himself slip gently into the water. It was icy cold, but he clenched his teeth, and guided by the faint creak of the rowlocks struck out in the dinghy's wake.

Presently the two men pulled in under the shadow of a barge that lay moored to a buoy, and hanging on to the slimy pile of a wharf, panting and nearly exhausted, Leek watched them secure the dinghy to a trailing rope and swarm up another on to the deck.

He waited a few minutes, to make sure that he was unobserved, then cautiously and without noise he began to climb up the dangling rope hand over hand. This was an easier proceeding than he had imagined, for he discovered that it had been knotted at regular intervals. A few seconds later he was standing on the deck.

Looking round, he saw that there was a low cabin amid-ships, from the side of which a dull gleam of light shone. On tiptoe, fearful that the flop-flop of his sodden shoes would be heard, he made his way over to this dim splash of radiance. It came from an oblong window almost flush with the deck.

Stretching himself full length, the sergeant peered in through the dirty

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glass. At first he could make out very little, for the heat from inside had coated the pane with moisture, but presently he was able to see dimly a table, over which swung an oil lamp.

On the table stood a bottle of whisky, and sitting facing him was Harry Young. He was talking to the other man, who was perched on the edge of the table.

Leek watched eagerly. He could hear nothing of what was being said, and he wondered what he should do next. He was shivering with cold, and as he moved with the intention of rising to his feet a hand gripped him by the collar and jerked him up.

"Now then," greeted a harsh voice, "what do you think you're doing?"

Leek twisted his head. The grip was so tight that it was almost choking him.

"Come on, answer!" snarled his captor, shaking him violently. "Who the devil are you? And what are you doing spying about this barge?"

The sergeant decided to bluff.

"I ain't doin' nothin'," he whined nasally. "You let me go, Guv'nor."

"How did you get on this barge?" demanded the man suspiciously.

"Fell into the river," answered Leek, searching his brain for a feasible story. "Was looking for some place to doss and fell off the wharf in the dark."

The grasp on his collar relaxed.

"Well," grunted the other, "you'd better fall into the river again. We don't want you here." He gave the sergeant a push and sent him staggering up against the cabin.

The voices had evidently reached the ears of the two men inside, for the door opened and a stream of light cut into the darkness.

"What's all the row about?" asked someone sharply. "Are you mad or drunk?"

"Neither," said the man who had discovered Leek. "I found this feller spying into the cabin."

There was a muttered exclamation.

"Who is he?" said a voice sharply.

"Here he is." The man caught Leek by the arm and swung him round into the light. "Says he fell into the river while he was looking for somewhere to sleep. Best thing is to throw him back."

"Throw him back nothing," replied a voice, and the taller man he had seen with Harry Young peered at him intently. "I've seen this fellow somewhere. Take him down into the cabin."

LEEK set his teeth. Apparently the man knew him, and once in the lighted cabin it would be all up. There was only one thing to do—make a dash for it.

Suddenly wrenching his arm free from the man who held it, he clenched his fists and lashed out. The blow caught the other full in the chest and he staggered backwards. Before he could recover, Leek had swung round and made a spring for the side.

The other man was, however, quicker than he. Like lightning he reached down and gripped Leek by the knee. Jerked off his balance, the sergeant crashed to the deck, and the next moment a well-timed kick in the ribs drove every vestige of breath from his body.

"Now," said a voice, "bring him into the light."

They hauled him down the steps and flung him on the floor of the cabin.

"He's a busy!" snarled Harry Young. "I know 'im. 'E got me a stretch once. He's a feller called Leek."

. . . . . .

The stout Superintendent had laid his plans, as far as he could. It had been decided that Ashton should deliver the letter Mr. Budd concocted to the messenger of the Silver Horseshoe who would be waiting at Holborn tube station at eight that night. Mr. Budd and Jacob Bellamy, in a closed car, would wait nearby and trail the "lavender man," as Mr. Budd dubbed him, to his destination.

At a quarter past seven the trio left the Superintendent's office and went down to where a car was waiting in the courtyard. It was twenty to eight when Mr. Budd slowed down and brought the car to a halt in Kingsway.

"Slip out," he said to Peter, without turning his head, and the reporter obeyed.

The big man sent the car forward again, stopping it presently at a place where he could command a view of the tube station. Peter bought an evening paper, and, strolling casually on, took up his stand, scanning the printed sheets.

It was eight o'clock precisely when they caught their first glimpse of the messenger. He came from the direction of Southampton Row, walking quickly, a taffish, shabbily dressed man, wearing in the lapel of his overcoat a sprig of lavender.

Reaching the main entrance of the station he stopped, glanced quickly about him, and lighted a cigarette. The watchful Mr. Budd saw that Peter had already seen him. The reporter closed his paper and strolled towards the man. He said something and the other nodded.

Peter put his hand in his pocket and produced the envelope containing the letter. The other took it, stowed it away inside his shabby coat, and with a curt nod made off down Kingsway.

Mr. Budd started his engine and slowly turned the car. As he came snailing along, Peter stepped forward, opened the door, and sprang in.

"What did he say?" grunted Mr. Budd, his eyes still watching the receding figure of the messenger.

"Nothing!" grunted the reporter. "He took the letter and went off."

"He doesn't seem to be afraid of being followed," muttered Bellamy. "He hasn't looked round once."

They moved slowly in the wake of the hurrying figure.

A long trip followed. They trailed the man as he made his way by one bus, then another, eventually entering a house in a dingy side street off Whitechapel Road.

"D'you think that's where they've got Marjorie?" asked the reporter, and the big man shook his head.

"I should doubt it, Mr. Ashton," he answered. "I should very much doubt it. These are ordinary lodging-houses by the look of them. No, I should think it was merely the place where this fellow lived."

"How long is he goin' to stop there?" grumbled the bookmaker, "that's the question."

It appeared that the "lavender man" was going to stop there all night, for there was no sign of his reappearance.

Ten o'clock came and went. Eleven . . . Twelve . . .

The hours passed slowly and there was no sign of the "lavender man," or of anyone else for that matter. The narrow street and its surrounding neighborhood had settled down. And then, at half-past four they heard a sound.

IT was a slight sound, the gentle thud of a closing door, but it brought the three men to alert watchfulness. A figure came out of the narrow entrance of the house into which the "lavender man" had vanished, and as it passed into the dim radiance of the street lamp they saw it was their quarry.

He slunk off rapidly down the street, in the opposite direction to the main road, and the three weary watchers followed.

"He's making for the river side," murmured Mr. Budd as they plunged into a narrow opening between the shadowy bulk of two warehouses. "We'll have to be careful or we'll be losin' him."

His warning was justified. In coming out of the alley they discovered that their quarry had given them the slip. There was no sign of him anywhere.

"Come on," said Mr. Budd. "Maybe we'll be lucky and pick him up again."

They proceeded cautiously down the first of the narrow alleys. It brought them eventually to a strip of wharfage, but it was deserted.

"There's no doubt he's slipped us," said the Superintendent gloomily. "I——"

He broke off and stared across the gloomy expanse of dark water, trying to pierce the blackness. A sound had reached his ears, the sound of voices from somewhere in the darkness.

"Listen!" he whispered.

They heard a muffled altercation, and then the unmistakable sound of a struggle.

"I ain't doin' nothin'!" came a whining voice distinctly. "You let me go, Guv'nor!"

Mr. Budd started and his jaw dropped, for he had recognised the voice as belonging to Sergeant Leek.

. . . . . .

The three men glared down into the upturned face of the unfortunate sergeant, and their leader, who went by the name of Stanmore, nodded shortly.

"So that's who he is, is he?" he remarked softly.

"Get some rope and tie him up," he went on to his two companions. "And gag him. Was he following you, Marks?"

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The man with the sprig of lavender in his coat shook his head.

"No, he wasn't following me, Boss," he answered. "He was here when I arrived, crouching down by the cabin window."

Stanmore frowned. "I wonder what he was doing? How he got here? What about the others?"

Marks grinned.

"They're here all right," he said. "Followed me from the tube station, thought I didn't see 'em, but I did. I give the perishers a good wait, anyhow! Left 'em watching while I went into me digs and had a sleep."

"All three of them, eh?" said Stanmore.

"That's right!" said Marks. "I shouldn't be surprised if we didn't see something of 'em before long."

"Tracey 'ull attend to them," said the tall man. "Did you get the letter?"

"Yes," replied the other. "The reporter feller brought it. Here y'are."

He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out the envelope which Peter had given him at Holborn. Mr. Stanmore ripped it open, read the contents, and tossed it aside.

"So," he said sneeringly, "they did exactly what I expected them to do, followed you, under the impression that we'd believe this letter and that they'd agreed to our terms. You got that fellow tied up?"

He turned to the man who had accompanied him from the neighborhood of Broad Acres.

"Yes, and he'll be clever if he can wriggle out of it," was the reply.

"Shove him over there," said Stanmore, "and then come up on deck. I think we shall have some visitors in a minute or two, and I'd like to give them a good welcome!"

. . . . . .

Mr. Budd turned a wondering face towards Peter.

"That was Leek!" he declared. "I'll stake my reputation on it! I'd know his voice anywhere."

"It can't be," said the reporter. "I thought you sent Leek down to my cottage."

"I may have sent him there," said the stout Superintendent, "but he's not there now. He's somewhere out there, and I think he's in trouble."

He moved away towards the edge of the wharf and began peering about in the darkness.

"What are you lookin' for?" said Bellamy below his breath.

"A boat," answered Mr. Budd. "I want to find out what's happening."

It took them some time to find what they were looking for, and eventually it was Peter who discovered a battered dinghy moored to a crazy landing stage several yards farther along. He reported his discovery and Mr. Budd turned to Bellamy.

"Can you row, Mr. Bellamy?" he inquired, and when the bookmaker nodded: "That's good, because I can't!"

"I can, anyway," said Peter, "and I'm younger than Jacob."

"But you're not coming with us!" said the stout Superintendent quietly. "It's no good the three of us going in case there's any trouble. Mr. Bellamy and I will go, and you can pop along to the nearest police station."

Waving Peter's protests aside, he added quickly, "Tell 'em to put a call through to the information room at Scotland Yard, mentioning my name and asking that all squad cars in the vicinity should be wireless to meet at this place. Find out the name of that road we came down as you go back. No argument, now. I'm in charge of this."

"Oh, all right," said Peter, "if you're going to get all official. Have it your own way."

The darkness had given place to a faint grey when old Jacob, closely followed by Mr. Budd, scrambled on to the deck of the barge. The old man was panting heavily.

"Didn't think I could manage it," he whispered triumphantly. "Well, here we are."

"Here you are, gentlemen!" said a voice. "Put up your hands, please. And keep 'em up! There are three automatics covering you. At the slightest movement you'll be as full of lead as a clock weight!"

Mr. Budd went rigid. He could dimly make out the three shadowy forms that had emerged from behind the low structure of the cabin.

Keeping his voice level, he said: "I suppose you're part of this Horseshoe outfit?"

"You've guessed right!" said the man called Stanmore. "We were expecting you. There's a cabin downstairs." He made a gesture towards the opening. "Go on, down you go!" he snapped. "And if you try anything funny it'll be the last thing you do!"

IT was useless arguing, and with a twitch of his shoulders Mr. Budd obeyed. The first thing he saw as he entered the dimly lighted cabin was the bound figure of Leek. He had expected to see the girl, but there was no sign of her.

"Now," said Stanmore, as he came down the steps behind them, "one more and the party is complete. Tie 'em up, Young."

Harry Young advanced, an unpleasant grin on his face, and Mr. Budd raised his eyebrows.

"So you're in this racket, are you?" he murmured. "Well, it looks as if you'll go down for another stretch, Harry."

"You keep your mouth shut!" growled the man angrily.

He picked up a length of rope, and three minutes later both the stout Superintendent and the bookmaker were as helpless as Leek.

"Now we shan't need these any more," said Stanmore, pocketing his automatic and signing to the other two to do the same. "You're quite——" He broke off as a low whistle came from outside. "That's Tracey," he said, turning to Harry Young. "Go and help him, will you."

The man hurried up the steps and disappeared, to return presently with another man, carrying between them a limp form which they laid on the cabin floor.

Mr. Budd saw the white face in the light of the lamp and his heart sank. It was Peter Ashton!

"Good! Now everything's complete!" said Stanmore, and glanced at his watch. "We'll have to get a move on. You were later, Marks, than I'd reckoned."

"Me alarm clock let me down," said the man with a sprig of lavender in his coat.

"Never mind." The tall man waved the explanation aside impatiently. "You and Young fetch the girl and take her ashore. Tracey and I 'ull attend to these."

The two men nodded and disappeared.

"Bind that fellow and gag the others," ordered Stanmore, and Tracey carried out his instructions.

Stanmore came over and stood looking down at Mr. Budd.

"I guess your career is about to come to a finish," he said. "In a few minutes we shall be leaving this barge for good. But you and your two friends 'ull stay behind—also for good. I've no more use either for you or the barge, and you may as well go together. It's just a little matter of removing the bilge plugs before we leave."

"Going to sink the barge and drown 'em, eh?" said Tracey.

"Crudely put," answered his companion, "but that's the idea. Now let's scram!" He gave a quick glance round, picked up a glass half full of whisky and drained it.

"You thought you were being very clever," he said, "when you followed Marks, but I guessed what you'd do, and I had Tracey following you. He was watching all the time. He heard you give instructions for Ashton to notify the police, and he put a stop to that. I guessed what you'd do, took a chance on you doing it, and won!"

Mr. Budd felt his heart sink. There was not one chance in a million of their escaping. Bound hand and foot and unable to move, they would be drowned like rats in a sewer.

Stanmore came over, tested the cords that bound them all, and then, without a word, went out, followed by Tracey. The stout Superintendent heard the key click in the lock.

For a long time there was silence, and then faintly to his ears came the sound of gurgling water. The bilge plugs had been removed. Footsteps thudded on the deck, followed after a short interval by the creaking of oars, and then silence once more.

From somewhere in the distance came the faint hoot of a siren. The swinging lamp which had been growing dimmer flickered, turned blue for a moment or two, flared up with a last spurt of energy, and went out, leaving the four helpless men to face the rising of the waters in darkness.

Mr. Budd stared into the blackness, concentrating every atom of his intelligence in trying to evolve some means of escaping from this terrible predicament. He tried to see if he could loosen the ropes which bound his wrists and ankles.

But struggle and twist as he might the knots remained firm, and at last he gave it up, his wrists sore and chafed and his muscles aching from the strain of his cramped position.

He could hear the sounds of his

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companions' breathing and an occasional weird noise as Bellamy and Leek tried vainly to eject the gags which had been skilfully bound round their mouths.

Breathless from his exertions he relaxed for a second, and suddenly felt a cold, clammy touch stealing beneath his body!

The water had already entered the cabin! The floor was wet to his fingers!

At that rate it would be less than fifteen minutes before it rose high enough to cover his mouth and nostrils, and then . . . He shuddered! Death was very near and there seemed no hope, no hope either for himself or for his three companions!

His back was aching violently and his head throbbed. He felt his senses swimming, and then, suddenly, there came a sound, and the shock of it restored his mental alertness.

It was a stealthy step on the deck above!

FOR a moment Mr. Budd thought he was suffering from hallucinations, and then he heard the step again louder. A moment later the latch of the cabin door was rattled vigorously.

"Anyone there?" called a voice.

Mr. Budd tried vainly to reply, but he only achieved a hoarse rattle in his throat. The gag of cotton waste choked back all intelligible sounds.

There came a tremendous thud on the door, followed by another, and then, with a splintering crash, it gave way. The light of an electric torch spread fanwise wavered through the darkness and came to rest on the figure of Mr. Budd.

Someone behind the light uttered an exclamation, and then came splashing through the water towards him. The gag was torn from his mouth and an arm supported him.

"I guess I'm only just in time!" said a familiar voice, and the stout man recognised the nasal accents of Mr. Piggott!

The torch was set down on a ledge and the American produced a clasp knife which he opened quickly and slashed through the ropes. In a few minutes they were all free.

"How did you get here?" demanded the fat detective, eyeing his rescuer.

"Never mind that now!" answered the American. "We've got to look slippy and get off before this old hulk goes down."

Peter had recovered consciousness, but he was still shaky, and they had to help him between them up the steps and on to the sloping deck. The barge had already developed a list, which, in a way, proved providential, for there was less distance between its deck and the boat which had brought Mr. Piggott.

They lifted Peter, dropped him into the swaying dinghy, and followed one by one.

"Where's Marjorie?" Peter whispered huskily. "They've still got her."

"Now that's where you're wrong, Mr. Ashton!" said the American. "Miss Arbinger's quite safe and sound."

"Where is she?" demanded the reporter.

"In my car," said Mr. Piggott with a chuckle. "In a moment or two you'll be seeing her!"

He refused to say any more, and a short time after that the proprietor of the Pewter Pot, that resort of seafaring men in the Whitechapel Road, received the biggest surprise of his life when at half-past six he was called to receive five men and a girl in the dingy vestibule of his unpretentious establishment.

"We want a private room, a fire, and some hot coffee," said Mr. Piggott curtly. "And we want it quick!"

When they were duly installed, the Superintendent addressed Piggott.

"Now, sir," he said, "I should like you to do a little explaining."

"What do you want to know?" asked the American.

"Lots of things," answered Mr. Budd. "For instance, I should like to know how it is you always manage to turn up when there's any trouble about."

"Call it instinct," said Mr. Piggott blandly.

"I can call it a lot of things," grunted the big man significantly. "How did you manage to be on the spot in time to get us out of that death trap?"

"Never look a gift horse in the mouth," said Mr. Piggott. "That's one of your sayings, isn't it? And it's a very good one."

"Meaning that you're not talking?" said Mr. Budd.

"Meaning that I'm not talking," agreed Mr. Piggott, nodding gently. "I was there, luckily for you, and that's sufficient."

"It's not sufficient for me," murmured the Superintendent. "But if you won't talk I suppose you won't. Perhaps you won't mind telling us how you managed to rescue Miss Arbinger?"

"No, I don't mind that," said Mr. Piggott generously. "I saw those fellows bring Miss Arbinger ashore, and put her in a car. They went back to the wharf for something or other and while they were gone I slipped along and carried the lady to my own car, which I'd hidden in a side turning a little distance away."

He chuckled softly. "You've never seen anyone so astonished as those guys were when they came back and found she'd gone," he remarked reminiscently.

"H'm!" said Mr. Budd, and took the cigar which he had just lighted from between his lips and looked at it thoughtfully. "H'm! Now let's hear your story, Leek. How did you come to be on that barge, when I thought you were watching Lord Sevenways?"

Leek made his explanation, and the stout Superintendent nodded.

"You said something about Sevenways being at the bottom of this business after that schermozzle at Mr. Ashton's cottage," he remarked, looking at the American. "Now what did you mean?"

"I didn't say he was at the bottom of it, I said he was responsible for it," corrected Mr. Piggott.

"Well, it's the same thing," grunted Mr. Budd.

"No, it's not the same thing at all!" retorted the American quickly. "It's quite a different thing. Lord Sevenways is responsible for the Silver Horseshoe, but I don't suppose he knows anything about it."

The stout man sighed wearily.

"It would be a good thing if some people would speak plainly," he remarked.

The waiter brought the coffee at that moment and nothing more was said until he had taken his departure.

"You seem to know a lot about this Horseshoe business," said old Jacob Bellamy, frowning at the smiling Mr. Piggott.

"I know a little about it," agreed the American. "Or perhaps I should say I guess a little about it."

"I'll bet you do!" said Mr. Budd. "If I did my duty I ought to arrest you."

"You can if you like," said Mr. Piggott amiably. "But it won't do you any good. What have you got against me? Nothing! I haven't done a single thing against the law."

"You're withholding information that might lead to the capture of a dangerous organisation," said the stout Superintendent officially. "And that's an offence!"

"But you can't prove that I am," retorted Mr. Piggott. "There's a deal of difference between guessing and knowing, and what I think isn't evidence."

He was right, and Mr. Budd knew he was right.

"Well," he said, after a tremendous gulp of the hot coffee which Marjorie had poured out, "you're not a detective, by any chance, are you?"

"No, sir!" said Mr. Piggott emphatically. "I am not a detective."

That was all the information Mr. Budd could drag from him, and the party presently dispersed.

The waiter was sent to secure a taxi, since Mr. Piggott's car was not big enough to hold them all. When this, after some difficulty, had been found, they drove to the garage where Peter had left the police car, Mr. Piggott having elected to drive Marjorie Arbinger to her home.

LEEK was deposited at his lodgings in Kensington, and when Mr. Budd had been dropped at his Streatham villa, Peter drove back to his flat for a bath and a change.

It freshened him up a little, although there was a lot of work to be done before he could legitimately claim the rest his soul craved.

At twelve o'clock he was in the reporters' room at the "Morning Mail" typing furiously, and the account of the night's happenings which he presently took along to Mr. Sorbet brought joy to the eyes of even that usually pessimistic and disillusioned man.

Mr. Budd, meanwhile, refreshed himself by a bath, a change of clothes, and a good meal, and put in an appearance at Scotland Yard shortly after two. There was a long cablegram awaiting him on his desk and he read it slowly, with ever-increasing astonishment.

It was an answer to the one he had despatched to America, and it contained sufficient surprising in-

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formation to give him much food for thought, for here was a definite clue to the identity of the persons behind the activities of the Silver Horseshoe, and the mystery which lay behind those activities.

He read the cablegram through twice, then folded it carefully and put it in his pocket.

. . . . . .

Mr. Jacob Bellamy paced up and down the study of his small house, his shaggy brows drawn together, his huge hands clasped behind him. In the little lane at the back a patient man stood, watchful and alert, and in the front another supported himself against the lamp-post, equally alert and watchful.

The bookmaker knew they were there and the fact irritated him. He had rung up Mr. Budd demanding that these vigilant guards should be withdrawn, but the stout Superintendent had refused to listen.

Mr. Bellamy had slammed down the receiver in a furious rage. It annoyed him to think that he was being treated like a child. In spite of the very tangible evidence he had had that the Silver Horseshoe were not to be treated lightly, he was still convinced that he was capable of looking after himself.

At nine o'clock Peter Ashton put in an appearance in answer to a peremptory invitation from the old man.

"Did you see 'em?" grunted Bellamy, as he escorted his visitor into the study.

"You mean the detectives?" asked the reporter.

The bookmaker nodded.

"Yes. One at the front and one at the back, as if I was Royalty, or a blinkin' film star!" growled old Jacob.

"Budd's having Marjorie watched as well," said Peter.

"Well, that's sensible!" retorted the bookmaker. "She's a girl. But I'm capable of takin' care of meself."

PETER refrained from argument. He considered that Mr. Budd's precautions were wise.

"What have you sent for me for?" he inquired, as the old man poured out drinks.

"I've been thinkin'," said Bellamy. "I'm not goin' to sit down and let this matter quietly pass into the hands of the police. The idea was that we should fight these people ourselves. And I'm carryin' on!"

Peter made a grimace.

"How?" he demanded.

"You 'eard what thet feller Piggott said, the other night at your cottage," said Bellamy. "About Lord Sevenways bein' responsible for this racket."

Peter nodded.

"Well, and you 'eard what that sergeant said when he explained 'ow he came to be on that barge. He'd followed those two fellers from Sevenways' place."

"Yes, I heard all that," said the reporter.

"Well, it seems to me," continued the old man, "that this feller Sevenways is pretty well mixed up with these Horseshoe people. I sent for you because I wanted your permission to let me go down to the cottage and have a nose round."

"You can have permission, with pleasure, Jacob," said Peter. "But I don't think you ought to take the risk. I think you're in danger, Jacob. And I think you ought to realise it. These people have had several goes at you, and if it hadn't been for Budd they'd have got you at Gatwick."

"Maybe they would," growled the old man. "That doesn't say they're goin' to get another chance. I'm not goin' to sit here and let that lump of fat treat me as if I was a kid!"

"Well," said Peter reasonably, "what are you going to do when you get to the cottage?"

"See if I can't discover something," said Bellamy. "If this Lord Sevenways, or whatever his name is, is behind this racket I'll give 'im such a pastin' that he'll wish he'd never been born! It 'ud do me all the good in the world," he went on, his big face lighting up at the thought. "A real good scrap and I'd feel ten years younger!"

"You'll be followed," warned Peter. "You won't be able to go anywhere without those fellows knowing it."

The old man snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"If I ain't capable of givin' a couple of busies the slip my name ain't Jacob Bellamy!"

Peter shrugged his shoulders. He knew the old man in this mood, and was aware that no amount of argument would dissuade him from his purpose.

"So far as I'm concerned," he remarked, "you can do as you like. But if you elude these two men you'll only run into two more. Leek and another fellow are down at the cottage."

"The whole of Scotland Yard can be there so far as I'm interested!" snapped the bookmaker.

The reporter left him. He was a little concerned in his mind as he drove back to Fleet Street, but Bellamy was one of those people whom it is impossible to argue with. After all, he couldn't come to much harm.

It was doubtful whether he would succeed in shaking off the experienced watchers, and even if he did there was Leek and another police officer at the cottage.

He reached the offices of the "Morning Mail" and made his way to the reporters' room. It was empty when he entered, and going over to a desk he sat down to type his copy.

It was twelve o'clock when he finished, and he was gathering up the sheets preparatory to taking them into the news-editor when the communicating door of the news-room burst open and a shirt-sleeved "sub" thrust in his head.

"The very man!" he cried as he caught sight of Peter. "Sorbet wants you, Ashton."

"What's up now?" demanded the reporter.

"The Cloudland Advertising Company," said the "sub." "Message just come through. Night watchman at the aerodrome clubbed and six planes stolen—vanished into thin air, literally!"

. . . . . .

Broad Acres lay under a night sky, still and silent, for it was past midnight and the household had retired to bed. But at least one member of the establishment was wakeful.

Lord Sevenways sat by the open window of his darkened room and stared into the warm night. He had slept very little recently, as the tired lines beneath his eyes testified.

The breach between himself and his wife, beginning on that night when he had witnessed her stealthy departure from the house to meet the unknown man in the grounds, had gradually widened, although no word had been spoken on either side.

But the canker which was gnawing at his heart affected his manner and subtly changed him. He was still polite, but with an aloofness which had not been present before.

AGAIN and again Lord Sevenways had caught sight of Sybilla regarding him with hurt surprise, but his pride had kept his lips sealed, and she had put his altered manner down to some worry which he had not confided to her.

Never for an instant did she suspect the real cause. She had no idea that that interview had been witnessed, would have been horrified had she suspected for a single instant it had been seen by her husband.

Many times since Sevenways had come to a decision to tax his wife and demand an explanation, but at the last moment his courage had failed him. He was reluctant to put the matter to the test, fearful of what he might hear.

He had surprised no more secret meetings, but he couldn't be sure that none had taken place. He bolstered up his self-respect with the thought that he must make absolutely sure before he spoke, but he knew it was an excuse, knew that he would never speak, that this gradual widening gulf between them would continue without explanation on either side.

If only he could bring himself to regard the matter sanely. He had planned so many times what he would do. In the morning, before she went downstairs, he would go into her room and face the thing with her, holding her hand, her friend and confidant.

Even if she loved this other man he could bear to know that, he told himself, if she did not conceal it from him. They could face the difficulty together, talk it over calmly and wisely. Somehow the trouble would pass if they faced it together. . . .

He started. Something was moving in the darkness of the garden. He could see it vaguely, a faint shadow superimposed on the darker shadow of the trees and shrubbery.

He rose to his feet, crushing his cigarette into the ash tray as he did so, and strained his eyes, his heart beating faster.

So to-night another meeting had been planned!

He moved over to the door, hesitated with his hand on the handle, turned it with infinite care, and stepped out into the dark corridor. Step by step he made his way down the staircase, crossed the hall, and noiselessly drew back the bolt of the massive door. The warm night air fanned his flushed face and he stepped out.

The night was very still, not a leaf

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moved. The faint rustle of some nocturnal animal startled him and he paused. A clock somewhere in the distance faintly struck a single note. One!

He crept forward, following the line of the shrubbery to the point where he had seen the figure emerge. But there was no sign of it now, no sign of anyone. The garden was deserted and still. There before him was the tree under which he had witnessed the previous meeting. There was nobody standing there now. Could he have been mistaken?

He shook his head. No, the figure had been real enough. It had been no illusion.

He took a step forward, another, and then swung round as a rustle came from behind him.

A dark figure loomed up and a large hand gripped him by the arm, while another was pressed suddenly over his mouth and nostrils, stifling the thin cry which rose to his throat.

"Keep still!" growled a voice. "If you try to shout I'll break your neck!"

Sevenways struggled, but he was helpless. He was hoisted up under one arm, the hand still covering his mouth, and carried through the shrubbery, his mind a conflicting whirl of surprise, indignation, and fear.

. . . . . .

Next to Ascot, Goodwood is, perhaps, the most beautiful course in the country. It is miles from anywhere and boasts magnificent views over parts of Sussex and Hampshire, and on a clear day the Channel and the Isle of Wight.

Provided the weather is fine "Glorious Goodwood" is not a misnomer, and on this, the first of the four days' meeting, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky and there was just sufficient breeze for comfort.

Everybody who was anybody, and a great number of people who were nobodies except in their own estimation, was present bent on a pleasurable day's racing under almost ideal conditions.

The majority of the people in the better class enclosures had had lunch and were strolling in the paddocks, smoking and chatting, when the low hum of the planes became audible. They appeared from the west, flying in rather scattered formation, six of them, little specks in the cloudless sky.

They were at a high altitude and no one took very much notice of them. They passed over the course and the faint noise of the engines receded and died away.

At that moment the horses were brought out to parade for the second race, and any small amount of interest the planes may have caused was forgotten in the all-absorbing occupation of picking the likely winner.

In the cheaper enclosures, however, the advent of the planes had produced a certain tenseness among a number of rather flashily dressed men. They coagulated into little groups and began to whisper excitedly, glancing furtively about them.

It was noticeable that each was equipped with a hiker's haversack slung across his shoulders, an incongruous article that contrasted rather peculiarly with the shoddy smartness of their attire.

The horses were moving slowly down to the start when the planes came once more in sight. This time they were flying low and spread into an almost straight line. They came on, heading for the course, the roar of their engines drowning the raucous cries of the bookmakers and sending heads turning in startled surprise in the direction of the din.

"B'gad, it's monstrous!" muttered a choleric old gentleman with retired colonel written all over him. "Monstrous! They'll scare the horses to death! Oughtn't to be allowed!"

Major Rinkman, one of the stewards, to whom he spoke, frowned angrily.

"You're quite right!" he said. "I shall certainly complain to the Air Ministry. Whoever's responsible, it's stupid. Look at that!" he said in stunned amazement.

The oncoming line of planes had reached the fringe of the crowd and suddenly, from the rear of each machine, shot billows of yellowish-green smoke. The mantle of vapor trailed out behind them.

Then as they advanced, roaring a hundred and fifty feet above the startled people below, they spread a canopy of thin, misty cloud that covered the stands, the course, the enclosures, everywhere, with a fog-like vapor.

It began to fall, gently and softly, a swirling, sinister, yellow-green smoke, enveloping the thousands of people present in an acrid cloud.

WHERE the cloud passed, people dropped like flies. Some tried to run, screaming, but they were caught in the deadly vapor before they could cover more than a few yards. Bookmakers fell from their stands to lie motionless amid the punters who had been betting with them.

In the stewards' room a frantic secretary tried desperately to telephone. The line was dead! Policemen, racecourse officials, and pressmen were powerless. They, in company with the light-hearted crowd, were taken unawares.

The planes passed with a noise of thunder, turned, came back, and landed one after the other on the course. The noise of the engines diminished, faded to silence, and when they were stilled a deathly hush hung over the whole place.

It was a nightmare scene, unreal, rendered the more so by the figures which descended from the cockpit of each stationary plane. Rubber masks with great mica eye-pieces covered their heads, which, together with the snout-like tube running to the oxygen bag, gave them the appearance of weird animals.

They carried sacks, and as they hurried up the course they were joined by fifty or sixty men with similar headgear. These came from the cheaper enclosures, and the gas masks provided a solution to the haversacks which they had carried on their backs.

From one of the planes more sacks were produced and handed round swiftly. A man who was apparently the leader of this gigantic enterprise spoke hurriedly, his voice muffled by the mask he wore.

"Be quick! Make a clean sweep. We've got roughly between fifteen and twenty minutes before the effect of the gas will begin to wear off. It'll wear off quicker because of this confounded breeze! Now jump to it!"

The men hurried away, and although there was bustle there was no confusion. Everything had been planned to the last detail. Each man had a section in which he worked rapidly, stripping the unconscious and recumbent figures in that area of every valuable they possessed and cramming them into the bag which he carried for the purpose.

The greatest robbery ever known had been successfully planned and carried out!

The news came through to the "Morning Mail" at half-past three, and was received by the entire occupants of that alert and industrious building in stunned surprise.

"It's incredible! It's impossible!" said Peter Ashton. "It couldn't have happened!"

"It's incredible, it's impossible, but it has happened!" snapped Mr. Sorbet almost dancing in his excitement. "Its the most wonderful, the most stupendous, the greatest sensation of the year, of any year! The greatest sensation ever! These people must have got away with thousands, millions! Get down to Goodwood as fast as you can and get me a story.

Peter's story appeared in company with dozens of others. Every newspaper in "The Street" vied with each other in the matter of startling headlines. Provincial correspondents kept the telephone wires crackling, and the excitement seethed through the country until it reached boiling point.

It was the size and audacity of the robbery which caused the sensation. Its actual carrying out had been simple, less difficult than breaking into a bank vault.

Mr. Budd heard of it from an agitated and shocked Chief Constable, and was not surprised to receive an instant telephone summons to the Assistant Commissioner.

He made his way ponderously to Colonel Blair's room. That dapper man was frowning, tapping irritably with his pencil on the blotting pad in front of him.

"Come in, Superintendent. Come in!" he said testily. "Now, there's no doubt that this Goodwood business was organised by the Silver Horseshoe. In several instances a little silver replica of a horseshoe was found on the people who had been robbed. We've got to do something! There'll be an outcry against police methods in all the newspapers."

"Yes, sir, I know that," replied the big man wearily.

The Assistant Commissioner clicked his teeth impatiently.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

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he snapped. "You're in charge of the case! What steps do you propose taking to apprehend these people?"

To his surprise the big man pulled forward a chair and, without asking permission, sat down.

"Listen, sir," he said. "I know the persons responsible, and I can 'pull' 'em in just whenever I like."

Colonel Blair gaped at him. "You know who is behind the Horseshoe?"

Mr. Budd nodded slowly.

"Yes, I know," he answered. "But I want to prevent a scandal. And if I move prematurely there's going to be one of the biggest scandals that ever happened!"

"Who is it? What d'you mean?" demanded the Assistant Commissioner.

The stout man leaned forward and began speaking rapidly, and as he proceeded Colonel Blair's face underwent a whole gamut of changing expressions. From uncertainty to incredulity, from incredulity to surprise, and eventually to open amazement.

"You're sure of this?" he demanded, when Mr. Budd stopped a little breathlessly.

"Yes, I'm sure!" said the fat detective. "But I'm not sure enough to make an arrest."

"No, no! We must be careful, very careful indeed," said the Assistant Commissioner, pursing his lips and stroking his small moustache nervously. "But we've got to have something as a sop for the newspapers, something we can tell them to show that we're doing things."

Mr. Budd said, "I'll have all of the little race gang crooks we know of 'pulled' in. The majority of 'em were assisting with this racket at Goodwood and that'll be enough to keep the public quiet for a bit."

Colonel Blair's face cleared.

"A very good idea," he agreed heartily. "Deal with that at once, Superintendent, and keep me posted concerning what you've just told me. Incredible!"

. . . . . .

By midnight the cells at Cannon Row were full of a collection of criminals of varying nationalities. In the small hours of the morning Mr. Budd went to survey the catch. They were brought up and paraded in the charge of guards in the charge room. They were mostly members of race gangs and he eyed them sleepily.

"Now look here," he said, in his best official voice. "You're in trouble, and you're in bad! You're wanted for being concerned in a robbery at Goodwood racecourse this afternoon. When you're brought up before the magistrate he's going to take a serious view of it. I can assure you of that. So if you're wise you'll tell all you know. Who put you up to this?"

"We ain't squealin'," muttered a greasy-haired, sallow-faced man sullenly. "You've got no proof we was mixed up in the Goodwood robbery."

"You don't know what I've got!" snapped Mr. Budd. "You were seen on the course and you weren't seen after. I've got enough evidence to put you all away for three years. But the man who gives me some help'll probably get off with a light sentence. Now, what about it?"

There was a shuffling of feet, but nobody replied.

The stout man shrugged his shoulders.

"Take 'em back to the cells," he ordered. "We'll see what they have to say in court to-morrow."

The prisoners were led away, and the big man went back to his office in Scotland Yard. A report had come in to the effect that the six aeroplanes had been found abandoned in a field on the outskirts of Hampshire. A farmer had seen them come down and had gone to watch curiously. He had been attacked and clubbed to unconsciousness.

Mr. Budd frowned when he read the report. It had been a walk-over, child's play!

The planes had been stolen in the first place, hidden somewhere until they had been used at Goodwood and abandoned afterwards and their valuable contents removed, probably by cars which had been waiting in the vicinity of the meadow in which they had come down.

There was a tap at the door and a messenger entered.

"The Inspector in charge at Cannon Row would like to see you, sir," said the man.

Mr. Budd stifled a weary yawn, for he was very tired, and nodded.

"All right. I'll come at once."

In the charge room he found the Inspector waiting.

"One of those men we pulled in, sir," said the man. "He wants a word with you."

The fat detective smiled.

"I thought somebody'd squeal," he murmured, "if we let 'em stew. Bring him up."

IN a few minutes, a man was brought in, a little, dark-eyed, wizened man, dressed in clothes that fitted him too tightly. He looked round nervously.

"I couldn't say nothin' before the others," he whispered in a low voice. "I'd get a bashin' if they knew. But if you can get me off I'm willin' to tell all I know."

"I can't promise anything," said Mr. Budd, "but I'll see that whatever you say is used in your favor."

"Well, listen. It ain't much," said the man, "but I can tell you where we're supposed to get our share."

The stout Superintendent became suddenly alert.

"Oh, you can, can you?" he said. "Well, spill it!"

The squealer, whose name was Garcio, looked nervously about him and his voice dropped to even a lower whisper when he replied.

"An office in Tilbury Street," he said. "Belongin' to a feller called J. Stanmore."

"You were to go there to get your share of this afternoon's business?" said Mr. Budd sharply. "When?"

"To-morrow night," answered the unpleasant Garcio. "Twelve o'clock we was to be there."

"How many of you were in this job?" demanded the big man.

"Sixty of us," answered Garcio, and Mr. Budd whistled softly.

"Sixty, eh?" he murmured. "You weren't all going, were you?"

The man shook his head.

"No," he answered. "Only one feller from each of us. Those ones was gettin' the whole boodle and dishin' it out to us after. You won't let on where you got the information, will you? The boys 'ud kill me if they thought I'd squeaked."

The detective looked at him a little contemptuously.

"You needn't be afraid," he answered. "We don't give that sort of thing away here."

It was a weary but satisfied man who left Scotland Yard when the chill of dawn was in the air to seek his small villa at Streatham for a well-earned rest, and for the first time since the advent of the Silver Horseshoe Mr. Budd slept dreamlessly.

He knew that the end was in sight, and that the morrow would bring about the destruction of the organisation which had been responsible for the death of John Arbinger.

. . . . . .

Although he had been so late in getting to bed on the previous night, or rather morning, Mr. Budd was at his office early next day.

A thin and lugubrious figure was perched on the hard visitors' chair when he entered.

"Hello!" growled Mr. Budd. "What are you doing here? Why have you left your post?"

"Bellamy!" answered the sergeant despondently. "I thought I'd better come and tell you at once. That feller's going to cause trouble. He's pinched Sevenways!"

"He's what?" said Mr. Budd, standing stock still and glaring at Leek.

"He's pinched Sevenways," said the sergeant. "And I don't know what he's done with him."

Mr. Budd compressed his lips.

"Tell me all about it!"

Leek rubbed his narrow chin.

"It's all a bit of a jumble," he confessed. "I was on duty the night before last, keeping an eye on Broad Acres as you ordered, when Bellamy turns up. He says that Peter Ashton had given him permission to use his bungalow——"

"Cottage," corrected Mr. Budd.

"Well, cottage, if you like," said the sergeant. "He said he'd already seen Sergeant Eaton and he wanted to give us a hand. Naturally I told him we didn't want any assistance. I said if we did we could get it from Scotland Yard, and he said well, he thought he might be able to help."

Mr. Budd grunted. "Go on," he said shortly.

"Well, he went away," continued Leek, "and I didn't see him again. I'd gone off to get a bit of a rest and Eaton had taken my place, but there was no signs of Bellamy at the cottage. I had a sleep and went back to relieve Eaton. I couldn't find him nowhere. I was wondering what had happened when I saw a man stumbling towards me. It was poor Eaton.

"His nose was bleeding and he had a black eye. And then he told me what had happened. He'd been watching, and seen Lord Sevenways acting suspicious, sort of prowling about the grounds of Broad Acres. He'd been

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watching him when there was a bit of a rumpus and a huge man sprang out of the shrubbery and attacked his lordship.

"Eaton couldn't make up his mind at first whether to interfere or not, but he saw this big feller, which was undoubtedly Bellamy, pick up his lordship and carry him off like a kid. So he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to interfere, and he tried to, but Bellamy pasted him good and proper. And now there's no signs of either of 'em. Bellamy's gone and so has Sevenways."

"Why didn't you report this before?" demanded Mr. Budd irritably.

"Well, I was hoping," explained Leek, "to find out something. Lady Sevenways telephoned the police, and they've been searching the country in the vicinity of the house. There's a rare to-do, I can tell you."

"Why will these people interfere?" demanded Mr. Budd of the ceiling. "Haven't I got enough to attend to without these amateurs putting their oar in and spoiling everything? What in the world did Bellamy want to interfere for?"

"I've been thinking," said Leek, "and it's my opinion that he's got it into his head that Lord Sevenways is behind the Horseshoe business. You remember what that feller Pigott said the night they nearly popped us off with the 'Tommy' gun."

"I remember what everybody said!" snapped Mr. Budd.

His brows drew down and he sat hunched up behind his desk lost in thought. After a few minutes he roused himself, picked up his telephone, and in a few seconds was speaking to Peter Ashton.

The reporter listened in amazement to his news.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I'd no idea the old man contemplated anything so drastic. I gave him permission to use my cottage, certainly. But I thought he was only going to mess about, and wouldn't do any harm."

"There's no knowing what harm he's done!" said Mr. Budd. "He may have spoiled everything. And I'd got all my plans nicely fixed up. This is going to lead to trouble, Mr. Ashton. You can't go kidnapping earls in this country without raising an outcry. Can you think of anywhere where he might have taken him?"

PETER considered for a while in silence at the other end of the line.

"No," he answered, eventually. "I can't. Have you tried his house?"

"Whose? Bellamy's d'you mean?" said the stout man. "No. But I'll try now."

"I'll be along in a minute," said Peter. "I want to see you anyway."

"Don't you go bothering me today!" snarled Mr. Budd. "I'm not in the mood for reporters!"

He hung up the receiver, then tried Jacob Bellamy's private number, but there was no reply. A call to his office resulted in the information that he had not been there for two days. The stout detective leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigar.

Under the soothing influence of the rank tobacco he regained something of his equanimity.

"Well, maybe it won't upset things so much after all," he said suddenly. "You get back to Broad Acres and report to me at once if anything's discovered concerning Bellamy's whereabouts or Sevenways'."

Leek had been gone about five minutes when Peter Ashton arrived. He looked tired and weary, as indeed he was, for he had had little rest since the news of the Goodwood raid had "broke."

"If I'd known Bellamy was going to do a stupid thing like that I'd have stopped him!" he declared. "The man must be crazy!"

"Never mind him for the moment," said Mr. Budd. "D'you want to be in at the death, Ashton?"

"Whose death?" asked Peter.

"Well, maybe it'll be somebody's death," said Mr. Budd, "but I wasn't meaning it literally. I mean, do you want to see the end of the Horseshoe?"

The reporter stared at him.

"Yes, of course I do," he answered quickly. "D'you mean you're near the end?"

"I'm very near the end," said Mr. Budd, nodding ponderously. "Yes, Mr. Ashton, I'm very near the end. I'm going to take the second in command of the Silver Horseshoe to-night."

The tired lines vanished from Peter Ashton's face.

"You know where to find him?" he asked.

"Well, if I didn't know where to find him I couldn't take him, could I?" grunted the stout man. "Yes, I know where to find him, Mr. Ashton. At twelve o'clock I shall find him in a little office in Tilbury Street. If you like to be here soon after eleven you can come with me."

"You bet I'll be here!" said Peter. "What about the big noise, do you know him, too?"

"Yes, I know the King Pippin," said Mr. Budd. "But I don't think the big noise is going to be there. I'm going to have difficulty about that."

"How d'you mean?" Peter was interested. "D'you mean you don't know where to find him?"

"No, that's not my difficulty," murmured Mr. Budd, shaking his head. "My difficulty is to prevent a scandal, and I don't see how I'm going to avoid it."

Peter tried hard to get him to explain, but he would say no more, and the reporter departed.

The evening brought rain, a thin, wetting drizzle that looked as if it was likely to continue all night. It had been necessary to request the co-operation of the City police, for Tilbury Street lay outside the area under the control of Scotland Yard.

Mr. Budd had a long interview with a Superintendent from the Old Jewry Headquarters. He was taking six of his own men, and the City force was providing an equal number.

"Twelve men should be sufficient," he said. "With me it's thirteen."

"You're evidently not superstitious," commented Peter Ashton, when he arrived soon after eleven and heard this. "Thirteen is supposed to be unlucky."

"Well, it's going to be unlucky for someone," said Mr. Budd. "Come on, it's time we went."

They went down to where the police car was waiting, the raiding party already in their seats. The driver had his instructions and when the stout man had squeezed himself into the already tightly packed car and found a place for Peter beside him, they started.

It was twenty minutes past eleven when they reached the City headquarters in Old Jewry, and here Mr. Budd held a brief consultation with the Inspector in charge of the City men.

"We'll leave the cars a hundred yards away in Service Lane," he said, "and cover the rest of the distance on foot. I want a man posted at each end of Tilbury Street and four at the back of the building in which Stanmore's got his office. I've been studying a map, and although there doesn't seem to be any way out that way I'm not taking any chances."

RAIN was falling more heavily. The narrow thoroughfare of Tilbury Street was desolate, and there was not a living thing in sight as the little band of men halted at the corner of the street and peered down the narrow, deserted length.

"Stop everybody from leaving," ordered Mr. Budd to the two men who were to guard either end. "It don't matter who it is. Nobody's to pass you, you understand?"

The detectives nodded.

"Now go and take up your positions," said the stout man, and they slunk off into the wet darkness.

"Come on, Mr. Ashton," he continued. "We'll go over to that doorway and keep an eye on the front of the building. As soon as anyone goes in I'll blow my whistle and the rest of you can follow me up the stairs. The office we want is at the top, and the name's Stanmore. I don't suppose there's anyone else in the building, so if you pinch all the people on the premises you won't go far wrong."

They took up their positions at the place Mr. Budd had indicated, and a second later the street was empty once more, to all intents and purposes as deserted as when they'd arrived.

Peter glanced at his watch, trying vainly to control the excitement which had taken possession of him. It was twenty minutes to twelve when Mr. Budd's hand suddenly closed warningly on Peter's arm and he breathed a word of caution.

Following the direction of his eyes Peter saw that a figure was moving slowly along on the opposite pavement. The figure of a man in a dark overcoat whose hat was pulled low over his eyes. There was something furtive about the newcomer. He walked slowly, shooting little darting glances about him.

At the door of the building which housed the offices of Mr. Stanmore he paused for a moment, and the watchers thought he was about to

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enter, but he moved on again, disappearing into the shadowy darkness of the upper end of the street.

"That fellow's like a Jack-in-the-box," murmured Mr. Budd. "Always popping up."

"Who was it?" whispered Peter.

"Didn't you recognise him?" said the stout man. "I did. I just caught a glimpse of his face as he passed under that lamp—Piggott!"

From the tone of his voice the reporter guessed that the American's appearance had not been anticipated.

"Didn't you expect to see him?" he inquired.

"No, Mr. Ashton, I did not," answered Mr. Budd. "And yet if I'd thought for a minute I suppose I ought. He's always turning up at odd places. He's the one thing about this business that I don't understand."

"You're lucky," said Peter. "There's quite a lot I don't understand."

"I daresay there is," replied the Superintendent. "But you'll understand all right before the night's over."

He relapsed into silence and the minutes passed slowly. A city clock struck twelve, and Peter felt the bulky figure beside him stiffen into more rigid attention.

The sound of the bell had barely faded to silence before they heard a quick step. It came hurriedly from the upper end of the street and presently a man appeared, walking rapidly towards them. At the main door they were watching he stopped, gave a peculiar, almost inaudible rap with his knuckles, and vanished.

"That's one of 'em," said Mr. Budd with satisfaction, "and they've got a man on the inside of that door waiting to admit 'em as they come. That's worth knowing."

His podgy hand dived into the pocket of his overcoat and he assured himself that the pistol which he had secured from the firearms department that evening was there.

"How long are you going to wait?" asked Peter, a little breathlessly.

"Some little time yet," answered the Superintendent. "We may as well bag the lot while we're about it."

There was a short interval and then another man arrived, followed by a third and a fourth. Two more came at the expiration of a further five minutes, and when these last had been admitted Mr. Budd braced himself.

"Now!" he said, and stepping out from his place of concealment whistled softly.

Instantly he was joined by six other men who had been lurking in various doorways up the street. Approaching the door through which Mr. Stanmore's visitors had entered Mr. Budd raised his hand and gave the peculiar rap that each of the others had done. The door opened silently.

"Who's that?" whispered a voice from the darkness within, and without answering the stout detective grabbed the custodian and clapped a hand over his mouth, jerked him out into the street, and thrust him into the arms of a waiting detective.

"Gag him and leave him here!" ordered Mr. Budd in a low voice, "and then follow me."

With Peter at his side he passed in to the pitch darkness of the passageway and stopped to listen. A faint ray of light pierced the gloom, a thread of radiance that Peter saw came from a torch in the stout Superintendent's hand, the lens of which had been covered with tissue-paper except for one tiny pin-point. Vaguely it illumined the beginning of a staircase.

"As quietly as you can," murmured Mr. Budd to the men with him. "We want to take 'em by surprise if possible."

He began to mount, slowly and cautiously. They reached a landing and the big man played his torch on the doors.

"Farther up," he whispered, and they continued up a second flight.

Another landing was passed without discovering the suite occupied by Mr. Stanmore, and then, as they were climbing the last flight catastrophe overtook them. One of the men, in his eagerness to move silently, stumbled, tried to recover his balance, and slipped down three stairs.

"That's done it!" said Mr. Budd, and the words had barely left his lips when a door above them was jerked open and a stream of light shot across the landing they were approaching.

"Is that you, Mayne?" said a voice. "Why the devil can't you be more careful."

A MAN appeared at the top of the narrow staircase, caught sight of the group, and uttered a startled exclamation.

"Look out!" he shouted. "The 'busies' are here!"

There was a rush of feet, accompanied by a babble of voices, and the light above went out. A shot reverberated in the confined space and Mr. Budd's torch went flying from his hand. Two more shots followed in quick succession and Peter heard the bullets whine past his head and thud into the wall behind him.

"Come on!" said Mr. Budd, and led a rush up the remainder of the stairs.

Peter never forgot that struggle in the darkness. It was impossible to see friend or foe. The stumbling of feet, the heavy breathing of men, the muttering of oaths and the thud of blows came from around him.

Somebody gripped his arm and kicked out at him, catching him an agonising blow on the shin. He lashed out with his right and heard a grunt as his bunched fist landed on flesh. An arm was flung round his neck from behind and he fell heavily, with fingers digging into the flesh of his throat.

His unknown assailant rolled over on top of him and Peter tried desperately to throw him off. The attempt was unsuccessful and he adopted another method. Letting himself go limp he suddenly shot up his knees with all his force. The grip on his throat relaxed as his opponent shot over his head and landed with a thud that shook the building.

The reporter staggered to his feet. It was impossible to go on fighting in the dark, unable to tell friend from foe. The brief glimpse he had had of the landing before the torch had been struck from his fingers had shown him a door to his right.

Crouching down to avoid the danger of a chance bullet he felt his way to this, found it, and turning the handle, pushed it open. Passing his hand up and down the wall inside he presently discovered the light switch and pressed it.

The single, rather dingy globe sprang to life and the light from the room spread fan-wise over the landing.

Such a picture of wild disorder he had seldom seen. Two of the raiding party were lying on the bare boards groaning. In one corner crouched an unpleasant faced man, spluttering blasphemy and nursing a leg from which the blood was streaming copiously.

A detective was struggling with a burly man and even as Peter looked he brought his truncheon down on his opponent's head and put an end to the fight. A furious uproar was still going on on the staircase.

Mr. Budd had lost his hat and his overcoat was half torn from his back. He came panting towards the reporter.

"It's all right," he said. "I think we're getting the better of 'em."

An outburst of firing greeted his words and the plaster fell in a shower from the wall near at hand. The man who called himself Stanmore, his face streaked with blood, appeared from the midst of the mass of humanity on the staircase. He held an automatic pistol and he faced the big man and Peter, his mouth twisted into a malignant grin.

"You can take yours!" he snarled, and the muzzle of the weapon jerked up menacingly.

Mr. Budd raised his automatic, but before he could pull the trigger two shots, following so swiftly on each other that they sounded as one, thundered from the lower landing, and Stanmore gave a convulsive start and staggered. The pistol in his hand exploded and the bullet passed Peter's cheek so close that he felt the wind of it.

A third shot came from the same direction as the other two, and Stanmore uttered a cry and spun round. He swayed unsteadily for a moment or two, his pistol falling with a clatter to the floor, and then his knees seemed to crumple and he fell forward.

"I guess that's the third time I've saved your lives," said a nasal voice, and they looked into the upturned face of Mr. Samuel K. Piggott.

Mr. Budd grunted.

"I'll talk to you in a minute," he said, and moved to the head of the staircase.

The battle that had been raging there and from behind which Mr. Piggott had fired, was practically over. A breathless and dishevelled sergeant detached himself from the melee and panted up to his superior.

"We've got 'em under, sir," he reported jerkily. "Is that the lot?"

"Yes, I think so," murmured the

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big man, peering down. "With this feller there should be seven."

"That's right, sir," called one of the City men, wiping the blood from his face as he spoke. "We've got six here." He indicated the battered and sullen-faced men who stood helpless in the grasp of his companions.

"Take 'em down to the police car," ordered Mr. Budd, straightening his coat. "You stop here with me, Atkins."

The sergeant nodded, and the stout Superintendent looked round for his hat. It was lying over in an angle of the landing and Peter picked it up.

"Who's this fellow?" he asked, jerking his head towards Stanmore. "Is he the brains of the outfit?"

"No." Mr. Budd took his badly treated headgear and jammed it on his head. "No, he isn't, Mr. Ashton."

The American had joined them.

"D'you know who he was?" he asked, glancing sideways at Mr. Budd.

MR. BUDD nodded slowly. "Yes, I think I know the man," he replied. "Kid Leeming, wasn't he?"

Mr. Piggot raised his eyebrows.

"I didn't know you knew that," he murmured.

"There's quite a lot of things I know that you don't know!" retorted Mr. Budd. "Now let's have a look round."

He entered the dingy outer office, accompanied by the American, Peter, and the sergeant. Glancing round the empty room he sniffed disparagingly.

"Not a very pleasant place, is it?" he said. "But I suppose it suited his purpose. A sort of clearing house. He only received his instructions and passed them on to the various members of the outfit."

He went over to a door and tried the handle. It was locked.

"Maybe he's got the key on him," he said. "Have a look, sergeant, will you?"

Sergeant Atkins went back to the body of the dead Stanmore, and through the door they saw him kneel and search him. Presently he returned with two keys tied together with string.

"One of these'll be what you want, sir," he said, handing them to Mr. Budd.

The big man took them, looked at them, and selecting the smaller thrust it into the keyhole. As he did so Peter heard a movement from within.

"Look out!" he warned quickly. "There's somebody in that room!"

A curious expression flitted across the face of the American, as he, too, heard the movement.

Mr. Budd paused in the act of fitting the key to the lock.

"You'd better stand back," he said. "I don't know who's behind here, but he may be dangerous."

As he spoke there came a creak from within the room, followed by a sliding noise, the unmistakable sound of a window sash being raised.

"Whoever's there is trying to escape by the window," said Peter, and without waiting any longer Mr. Budd turned the key and threw open the door.

The shabby office was empty but the window was wide open, and a dim figure showed for an instant as it swung across the sill.

"Come back!" cried Mr. Budd, and Peter sniffed the air, an incredible suspicion flashing to his brain. "Come back!" cried the big man again. "It's a thirty foot drop. You'll—"

The figure at the window laughed and swung sideways. They saw it disappear, and then, as they rushed to the open casement they saw a dark form clinging to a narrow iron ladder that was fastened to the wall.

"The fire escape!" exclaimed Peter, and even as he spoke the dark form faltered on its rapid downward journey.

It swayed outward, there was a shrill scream, and then a dark mass went hurtling to the stone-paved yard thirty feet below. They heard it strike with a thud, and almost immediately after excited voices broke the silence and a light flashed out.

"Come on," said Mr. Budd, as he withdrew his head, and Peter saw that his big face was unusually pale.

A few minutes later, in the narrow alley at the back of the Tilbury Street buildings, the Superintendent stood staring down at a sprawling heap.

"You want to know who was the brains behind the Silver Horseshoe, Mr. Ashton?" he asked soberly. "Take a look!"

Peter stepped forward, guessing what he would see, and looked into the white face of Lady Sevenways!

. . . . . .

Peter Ashton's dingy car sped swiftly up Putney Hill, swung through a wide gate, and came to a stop in front of the door of Marjorie Arbinger's house. The reporter got out and turned to the man who had accompanied him.

"We're the first to arrive, Jacob," he said, and Mr. Bellamy grunted.

"Well, you was in such a hurry," he growled. "I told you we'd be early."

Peter made no reply to this, and walking up to the front door rang the bell.

Three days had elapsed since the tragedy at Tilbury Street, and although the "Morning Mail" had come out with an exclusive story of the raid, at Mr. Budd's urgent request nothing had been printed concerning Lady Sevenways. Neither had any other newspaper mentioned her in connection with the Silver Horseshoe.

"Concentrate on Kid Leeming," said the big man, when Peter demanded information. "He's your story. I'll tell you the one that's not for publication when I've got this business settled."

The reporter heard no more until he received a telephone message asking him to be at Marjorie Arbinger's that morning.

He had been having breakfast when, to his surprise, Jacob Bellamy arrived at his little flat. The bookmaker was in a subdued and rather chastened mood.

"I was only tryin' to 'elp," he grumbled. "It was just bad luck that I was wrong. It seems that Budd's got the whole thing straightened out."

"He says he has," answered the reporter. "We shall know all about it when we see him this morning."

When they were ushered into the long drawing-room they found that in spite of being early they were not the first to arrive. Mr. Piggott was installed in a comfortable armchair talking to Marjorie Arbinger.

"Good morning, Mr. Ashton," said the American. "How d'you do, Mr. Bellamy. So it's all over, eh? Well, I can't say I'm sorry."

Peter looked at him curiously. He was intensely anxious to know how this genial-faced man was mixed up in the matter. Mr. Piggott seemed to read his thoughts, for his smile broadened.

"You're curious about me, aren't you?" he said, and chuckled. "Well, I don't suppose you'll have very long to wait before your curiosity is satisfied."

The stout detective was announced at that moment and came in, followed by the melancholy Leek. He still looked tired and a little careworn.

"Morning, everybody," he said, in his slow, ponderous drawl. "I'm glad to see you're all punctual." He looked round, selected a chair which he thought was in proportion to his size, and settled himself comfortably.

"So you're going back to America on Friday," he remarked, turning his head towards Mr. Piggott.

"How did you know that?" inquired the American.

"When a man books his passage I naturally deduce that he's going to travel on the boat," said the big man. "And I won't insult your intelligence by telling you how I know that."

"I thought I'd shaken off your watchers," said Mr. Piggott genially.

"Well, you hadn't!" retorted Mr. Budd. He rubbed his chin and looked from one to the other. "I suppose," he continued, "I'd better get on with it. Well, it's not a very long story, and some of it you know. It starts way back in America when Lord Sevenways fell in love and married the beautiful Sybilla Horton of the Ziegfeld Follies."

FOR a moment Mr. Budd paused, then he went on: "People thought Sybilla Horton married Lord Sevenways for his title, but they were wrong. She married him because she loved him. He had no money and his estate was mortgaged up to the hilt. It was as much as he could do to scrape together sufficient to live on. His father had been a heavy gambler on the race course, and when he died he left very little but debts.

"There was a horse running in the Lincolnshire Handicap which everybody thought was a certainty, and to try and make enough to settle all his creditors Sevenways raised every penny he could lay his hands on by borrowing and selling shares, and backed this horse to bring him in forty thousand pounds. Irish Fancy it was, and if you remember it was unplaced.

"That was the beginning of the Silver Horseshoe!

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"Sybilla Horton had been brought up in Chicago. She was the daughter of old Dan Leeming, the Booze King, and human life to her was cheap. She'd seen men shot down daily until it meant nothing, and she knew the money that was to be made in the 'pay and live' racket.

"Her one ambition was to retrieve the fortunes of the Sevenways, clear off the mortgage on Broad Acres, and save her husband from having to sell his horses. She could see how worried he was, and being fond of him it worried her, too.

"She worried and worried, wondering how she could help. And then she had a letter from her brother saying he was in England and could he see her.

"Now her brother was a fellow called Kid Leeming. He'd run several rackets in America and made the place pretty hot for himself. His last exploit was in a 'snatch' game. They got hold of the baby daughter of a millionaire in Philadelphia, and held her as a ransom. They got the money, but Leeming had to cut and run.

"He managed to get to England by devious routes and communicate with his sister. She asked him to meet her in the grounds of Broad Acres, and at that meeting the idea which developed into the Silver Horseshoe was born.

"It was her idea, but she couldn't run it without Leeming. He knew the ropes. She supplied the brains and he carried out her instructions. He took the office in Tilbury Street in the name of Stanmore and from there he used to control the organisation.

"Mostly she telephoned and he reported by telephone. Occasionally, when there was anything special on hand, they met at Broad Acres." He paused for a moment.

"You've got to remember," he went on, "if you think it's queer that a woman should lend herself to a racket like this, that Lady Sevenways had spent her childhood among men like Leeming. Her father, old Dan, according to the American police, was responsible for putting more men 'on the spot' than any other of the big shots. To her curious mentality the end justified the means, and she didn't care who suffered so long as Sevenways and the estate were saved.

"How she started the racket you know. She began with your father, Miss Arbinger. Curiously enough he was the one man who had arranged to get her husband out of his trouble, and she didn't know this until after. When she did she tried to make what reparation she could by sending you five thousand pounds through a shyster solicitor called Mervyn Holt."

"So that's where it came from," murmured the girl.

Mr. Budd nodded.

"Yes, that's where it came from," he said. "She also sent her own husband ten thousand, because that was her difficulty. She didn't know how to account to him for the money, so she sent it anonymously. At the back of her mind she had a plan.

"She invented a relation, who was supposed to be very rich, and I believe it was her intention, when she'd collected as much as she wanted, to pretend that this relative had died and left her his fortune. That was the secret behind the Silver Horteshoe. Just a woman's love for her husband that came out in a queer way."

"Does Sevenways know this?" asked Peter.

Mr. Budd shook his head.

"No, Mr. Ashton," he answered. "He doesn't. All he knows is that his wife's brother was behind the Silver Horseshoe. He didn't even know she had a brother. She kept that from him, having sufficient sense to realise that he wouldn't like having a gangster in the family. He thinks she was killed by accident, and it's broken him up.

"I've had a word with the Commissioner and we're going to keep her name out of it for his sake. She's dead and nothing can be gained by making a sensation. The whole thing has been explained to the Home Secretary and he's in agreement.

"I haven't got very much more to tell you. When Kid Leeming was running his rackets in Chicago he came up against a man who was at the head of a rival gang. They were both in Booze at that time, it was before prohibition was lifted. This man's name was Benion. He had a daughter, a very pretty girl, and she fell for the Kid."

AGAIN Mr. Budd paused. then he concluded, "Kid Leeming didn't treat this girl like a gentleman, and she was picked out of the water one night. She'd drowned herself because he'd left her and gone off with another girl. That's right, isn't it?" He turned sleepily towards Mr. Piggott.

"I guess that's right," said the American soberly. "Though how you found out beats me."

"I've been interested in you for a long time," said Mr. Budd, almost apologetically. "One of my men took a photograph on my instructions and we forwarded copies to the American Detective Bureau. It wasn't difficult."

"I see," said the man who called himself Piggott. "Yes, I'm Benion. I swore I'd get Kid Leeming, and I did! I traced him, and for weeks I've been waiting my opportunity." He paused, and then, in a different tone: "Well, I shall be glad to get back to America."

"You're lucky to be able to go," said Mr. Budd. "I could hold you if I wanted to, but I'm not going to. We all owe you something. You saved my life three times, for which I'm grateful. And from all accounts you weren't so bad as some of the others. You just went into the booze racket from a business point of view."

Marjorie, who had been sitting silent, looked up suddenly.

"Lady Sevenways was rather a wonderful woman," she said.

"Yes, she was," agreed Mr. Budd. "In her way and according to her lights, she was a wonderful woman, as you say, Miss Arbinger."

"What will happen to Sevenways?" asked Peter. "I suppose he's taken it badly."

"Very badly," said the big man, and there was a note of sympathy in his voice. "He's in hospital at the moment, suffering from shock. When he recovers I expect he'll go abroad." He sighed.

"Well, it's been a trying time," he continued, "but it's all over now. They're giving me three weeks' holiday, and I can do with it."

Mr. Piggott glanced at his watch and rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, "if you'll excuse me I'll be getting back to my hotel. I've got quite a lot to do before I leave, so I don't suppose I shall see you again."

"You won't find anybody trailing you now," said Mr. Budd and the American's eyes twinkled.

"I will say," he declared, "that your policemen are wonderful! Goodbye, Miss Arbinger." He looked slyly from the girl to Peter. "If you'll let me know when the wedding takes place I'll mail a substantial present."

Peter went crimson. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said gruffly.

"If you don't," retorted Mr. Piggott, "then you haven't got as much sense as I thought you had." He walked over to the door. "Good-bye, and good luck!" he said as he went out.

And that was the last they ever saw of him.

"I must be going, too," remarked Mr. Budd, hoisting himself with difficulty out of his chair. "Come on, Leek. Are you coming, Mr. Bellamy?" He looked at the huge figure of the bookmaker and his left eyelid drooped meaningly.

Old Jacob nodded.

"Yes, I must get along and attend to my business," he said. "I've been neglecting it lately. So long, boy!" He waved a large hand at Peter. "Good-bye for the present, Miss Arbinger."

He followed the stout man and the lean sergeant into the hall, and for some time after they were left alone neither Peter nor the girl spoke.

And then it was the reporter who broke the silence.

"If Piggott is leaving on Friday he'll reach New York on the following Wednesday," he said.

"Yes, I suppose he will." She looked at him a little surprised.

"So if I sent him a cable next week-end," continued Peter rapidly and a little breathlessly, "it'll reach him soon after he lands. D'you think if I said August 10th it'd be too soon?"

"No, I don't think so," she answered, and then she laughed. "If that's a proposal it must be the queerest that's ever happened," she said.

Peter walked firmly to the door, opened it, took the key from the outside, and turned it.

"Now," he said, as his arms went round her. "We can be more conventional."

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